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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

NOVEMBER 20, 1920

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

HOLWORTHY HALL – LAWRENCE PERRY – ROLAND PERTWEE
HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER – SIR PHILIP GIBBS – DR. E. J. DILLON

"THE GREAT AMERICAN DAILY"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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Westclox

Baby Ben

—the Westclox midget

He's only waist-high alongside Big Ben but he has scads of friends everywhere. One look and you'll want to adopt him. Get acquainted at your dealer's; see how jauntily he wears that bright orange and buff Westclox tag.

The America

Big Ben's oldest brother

The *America* alarm is the oldest Westclox in the line. It was designed and put out thirty-five years ago and is still going strong. It tops the sales record. A good-looking, clean-cut, substantial clock at a low price. The Westclox mark of good timekeeping is on the dial.

Big Ben

—just tell him when

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Sleep-Meter

—punctual and friendly

Sleep-Meter elbowed to the front in the alarm clock market in a remarkably short number of years. Good looks helped a lot; but the right construction inside is the real reason. The name Westclox, on the dial, *always* means faithful timekeeping.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

Makers of *Westclox:* Big Ben, Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, Glo-Ben, America, Sleep-Meter, Jack o' Lantern

Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont.

You want a stylish overcoat

at the right price

YOU'LL find it at the stores where our clothes are sold—all-wool quality; correct style; prices based on very low margin of profit

If you don't get all the wear, style, value and all-around satisfaction you think you ought to get—money back

Hart Schaffner & Marx

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE OTHER MR. BENEDICT

By Holworthy Hall

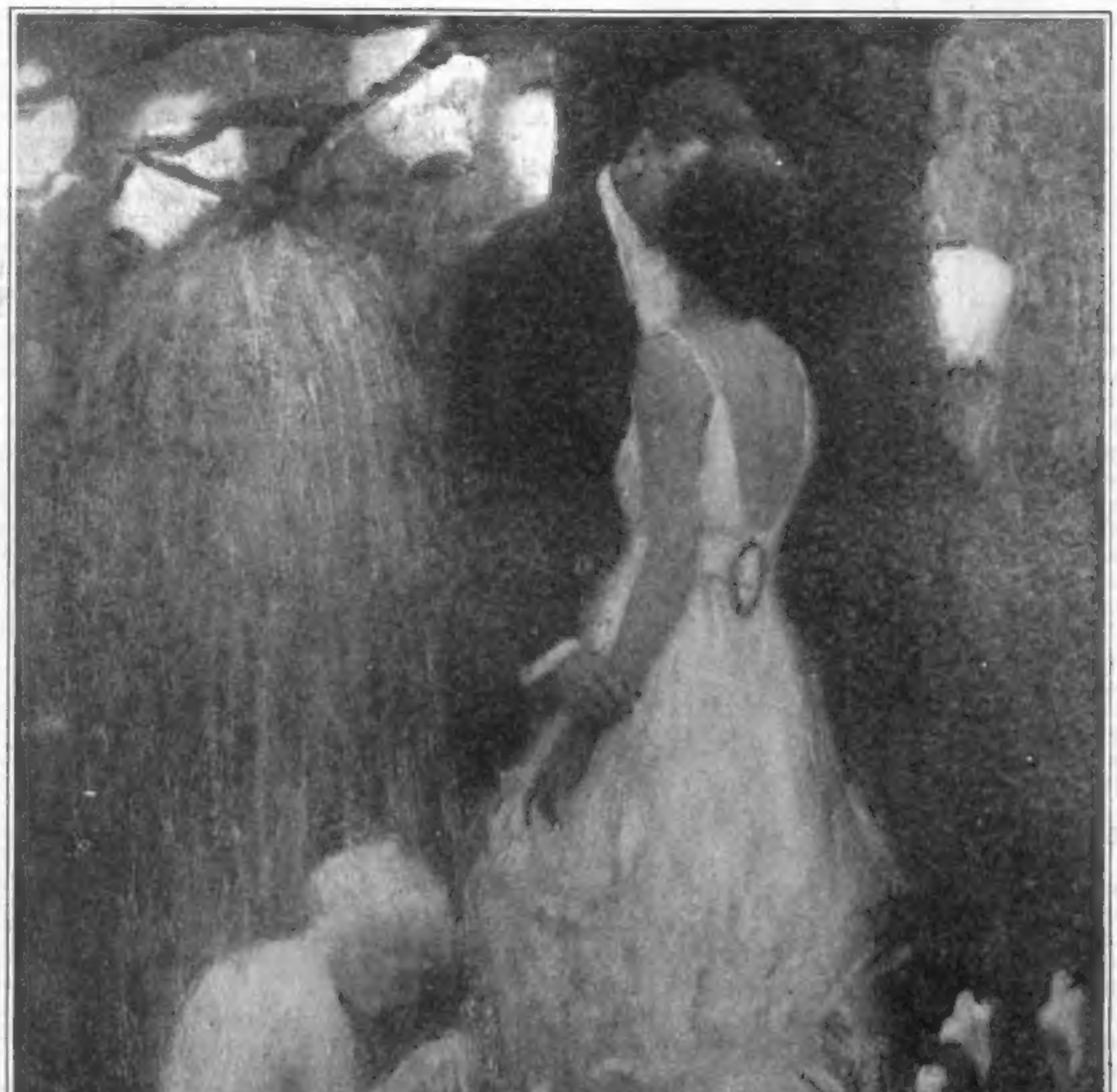
ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

WHEN Stephen was fully a quarter mile from the Oakmont station he heard a familiar sound which at first, in the depths of his gloom, he disregarded, but the sound kept on, and multiplied and echoed until at last it awoke a very definite meaning in his jaded brain, and he recognized it as the whistle of the eight-twelve local express. Instinctively Stephen crammed his straw hat on the back of his head and began to run, but his stride was broken and unsteady because of the conflict among his various emotions.

At the outset perhaps the strongest of these emotions was dismay, mingled with sheer mortification. He was unfamiliar with that sprightly epigram which says that punctuality is the thief of time; indeed, he would have flayed the author as a man of loose character. Punctuality was one of the credos of Stephen's religion; he was always waiting around for life to keep its appointments with him; and until this morning he had never in all his career been forced to run for a train, nor had he ever missed a train which he had planned to catch.

He was bitterly conscious, now, of a clear-cut paradox: He was late because he had overslept his alarm; and he had overslept it because he had lain awake suffering, until nearly dawn; and he had suffered because last evening a girl had told him that he was a man with a clockwork soul. She had told him that what he personally considered to be his greatest virtues were in reality his chief defects; she had called him a human chronometer, and implied that he was something of a miser, and very much of a bluestocking, and she had virtually asked him why he didn't transfer his affections to somebody stuffed with sawdust. Stephen had lain awake over this and suffered about it; not wholly on account of what Betty Paget had said to him, but partly because he didn't know how much of it she meant.

As he ran on he told himself that this was the worst of Betty Paget; she was almost impossible to interpret. Six months ago, when he had first come to live in Oakmont, he had regarded her from a distance and estimated her as the most fascinating young woman he had ever seen; there were as many sides to her nature as there are facets to a beautiful diamond; he had envied those who were permitted to be her friends. In the course of time, when he had been honored by her acquaintance, he enlarged that estimate and thought that she was one of the most intelligent of her sex; for she listened gravely to everything he said and evidenced a deep respect for all his views and principles. Later, he had learned, to his consternation, that she was laughing at him. He had gone directly to her and had it out with her, and she had been very contrite and pleaded a harmless disposition; and thereafter she had treated him in such a manner that he lost his heart to her. It now developed that she had merely been flirting with him and that she didn't approve of his character, which was flawless. It didn't seem consistent.



"Betty, I Can't Go On Like This Any More. I've Got to Know. Have I Got a Chance?"

He was positive that he loved her and he was willing to do almost anything in the world to improve his case, but as he pushed doggedly forward he told himself that if he missed the train it would be entirely her fault. He also claimed that he didn't give a continental whether he missed it or not. It was most undignified to sprint for a train, anyway, and especially on a hot and sticky July morning.

There was still another factor of the situation, and it was this—that half a dozen years ago Stephen had been a middle-distance runner of considerable merit. In his room at the Oakmont Inn he kept a pint of medals in his upper bureau drawer, and the finest of these trophies was his prize for winning the Conference quarter, in forty-nine seconds flat. Ahead of him, now, there was a straightaway path to the station, and moreover the sidewalk was made of close-packed cinders. Stephen was always in the best of physical condition, and he knew that even with his clothes on he could certainly cover the ground in less than a minute and preserve his sacred routine. The effort, however, would just as certainly cost him a great deal of personal discomfort and require him to abandon temporarily his whole supply of dignity. While he was struggling with the problem the whistle of the eight-twelve came once more to his ears, as though in challenge.

Ambition seized him, and he lengthened his stride and went flying down the straightaway as though the best of the Conference sprinters were on his heels again. His gloom was washed away by the exhilaration of speed; he could see, far ahead of him, the local express just coming to a standstill; he experienced a thrill of triumph to perceive that he should win his race regardless of

the girl who, by indicting him for his precious habits, had nearly caused him to break one of them involuntarily. His chin went up a little; he gathered himself for a whirlwind finish; and at that precise instant, when he was still a hundred and fifty yards from the lower platform, Stephen's hat blew off.

In a twinkling all his purposes were confused. To arrive hot and breathless at the station was a commuter's privilege, but to arrive with neither breath nor hat was ridiculous, and Stephen hated ridicule almost as much as he hated tardiness. He wavered, and he knew that by wavering he had lost the eight-twelve. His gloom returned in volume, accompanied by a dismal sense of failure, and Stephen slowed down gradually, so as not to pull a tendon.

As he sneaked back to retrieve his hat he hoped fervently that there had been no spectators to mark his sacrifice of schedule and dignity, both. Then as he became aware of his state of complete deliquescence he began to hope that no one would approach him too closely until he had returned to the inn for at least a fresh collar and, if possible, another cold bath and an entire change of linen. These ardent desires, however, were choked to death when he perceived on a neighboring lawn the portly figure of Mr. Anthony Hamlin, who waved his hand jocosely, and called out to Stephen across the hedge: "Well—sort of got left for once, didn't you?"

Stephen gave him a sickly smile, but thought of nothing appropriate to say. Some men, like all women, are mentally dependent upon their outward appearance, and Stephen was proving that he belonged in this class. He was the sort of man to whom a breach of etiquette or of convention was quite as serious as a misdemeanor, and he had never before presented himself in public except as a living definition of the word "immaculate." He continued to melt visibly, and to favor Mr. Hamlin with that sickly smile; he was unable to frame an answering sentence.

"Well," said Mr. Hamlin with indulgence, "it only goes to show you're human, after all, just like the rest of us. But I wouldn't have run that fast on a hot day like this, not if it was for the last train bound to glory. It's ninety-four in the shade, right on my piazza. I wouldn't have run that fast for anything."

Stephen, gazing over the hedge, was impelled to make a very personal comment upon these remarks, for Mr. Hamlin wasn't a particularly tall man, and he weighed perhaps two hundred and twenty pounds, net. But it so happened that Stephen owned a trade magazine devoted to the export industry, and that Mr. Hamlin was a partner in the firm that sold him his paper. It also happened that Mrs. Hamlin was the self-appointed but nevertheless the *de facto* social government of Oakmont, and that she was an old friend and a confidante of Miss Betty Paget. Stephen caressed his wilted collar and mastered his temper and attempted to capitalize the situation.

"When I owe anybody as much money as I do Hamlin & Co.," he said, "I like to get to the office before nine o'clock. Ten years from now maybe I'll meet you on the Bankers' Special."

For all his bulk Mr. Hamlin was as cool and placid as any proverbial cucumber, so that his air of indulgence was particularly maddening.

"Oh, I guess you could take it now if you wanted to, Benedict. Don't tell me a man with your habits hasn't salted away a nice little pile somewhere." His grin broadened. "And if you think you've got to hustle like that on my account—why, don't do it. It makes me hot just to look at you. I'd rather give you an extension of time any day."

"I may need it," said Stephen, and moved off with imitation nonchalance. He glanced at his watch, and discovered that the next train was due in less than twenty minutes. The next after that wasn't due for thirty minutes more. Briefly he debated whether to return to the inn or to continue on to town and stop at the first haberdasher's for replacements. The former course would snatch another hour from the already crippled morning; the latter would attract a certain amount of undesirable publicity en route.

Twice He Leaned Perilously Through the Door and Bribed the Chauffeur to Disregard the Speed Laws

Behind him a pleasant voice sang out his name. The voice belonged to Charlie Coolidge, a young vice president of Stephen's bank; he was popularly supposed to be a vice president because he could say "No" in more different ways and with more diplomacy than anyone of his age in banking circles. Incidentally he was the beau ideal of younger Oakmont.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "this marks another epoch in the history of our thriving community! What's the matter, Stephen—missed your train?"

Stephen looked at him. A solid encyclopedia of meaning was in that look; it contained a wealth of short, simple nouns and of ornate, double-barreled adjectives; it was Stephen's tacit arraignment of a man who could see anything funny in such an obvious occurrence.

"Yes—by an eyelash," he said.

Coolidge was unharmed by the arraignment; in fact, he was unconscious of it.

"Pretty luxuriant eyelash, seems to me."

Stephen fumbled for an apt rejoinder, and finally chose to repeat himself.

"Well, when I've got a five-thousand-dollar note discounted at the Urban Trust I sort of like to be at the office before nine o'clock in the morning. You'll notice I'm not so anxious about getting home."

"I've noticed it," said Coolidge. "You must work about three nights a week, don't you? That's too much."

"Too much for what?" demanded Stephen belligerently.

"Too much for anybody in this sort of weather. Well, are you going in on the eight-thirty-six?"

Stephen hesitated, shrugged his shoulders and finally made up his mind. Publicity had sought and found him, and he might as well swallow a little more of it and save the extra hour.

"Yes, I guess so." He endeavored to switch the conversation. "I'm coming in to see you on business one of these days."

"Fine. I'll be glad to see you. And by the way, that reminds me—I meant to speak to you about your personal account, Stephen. Why don't we get that as well as your company's account? We're pretty good people, aren't we?"

"Why, yes, but ——"

"And it strikes me that your personal account might be a good deal more profitable to us than the other one." He eyed Stephen with deep wisdom. "Lord! If I had the strength of character to live the way you do I'd save ninety per cent of my salary. Well—go on and pile up the shekels while the shekeling is good; but we want to have your personal account, Stephen, and I think you owe it to us. Think it over."

A fraction of Stephen's poise returned to him, for he was always secretly amused and flattered by the local supposition that he had an independent income. It was generally known that his business didn't amount to much, but it was also generally known that when he had bought it he had paid cash for it, and that the cash had come to him from the estate of his father, who had been a prosperous manufacturer.

What Oakmont didn't know was that Stephen had received a legacy of seventy-five thousand dollars, and that after buying his magazine for thirty he had been compelled to feed it the other forty-five in order to preserve its life. But he dressed meticulously, practiced a rigid economy of time and effort, spent never a penny that didn't advertise the spending, consulted no man about his intimate affairs, mentioned his business seldom and boasted not at all; so that in consequence he had acquired the rating that invariably goes with just such behavior. In his individual bank account he carried perhaps a thousand dollars, and it was for precisely this reason that he kept his individual account away from Coolidge's bank.

"All right, I'll think it over," he said.

At the station he moodily bought his newspaper and turned as usual to the editorial page, but Coolidge, standing at his elbow, wouldn't leave him in peace.

"Seen this new play of Lucile Cartwright's yet?"

"Umph!" said Stephen.

"She certainly's a corker, isn't she? I took Betty Paget Monday night. But the play's rotten. It's a good idea, but it's rottenly done. They thought it would run all summer, but I don't see how it can. It's too talky. Still, she's a wonder. That's what she is—a wonder. Don't you think so?"

"Umph!" said Stephen, and kept his eyes glued to a paragraph about next year's income tax. From time to time he wriggled, as in the trenches.

"I had a chance to meet her last year—that was in Detroit. Somebody gave her a tea and I had an invitation, but just at the last minute I had to jump back here. I'd like to meet her sometime. They say she's a mighty nice girl too. Not stagy a bit."

"Umph!" said Stephen, with one eye out for the eight-thirty-six regulars, who were straggling along the platform.

As they saw Stephen waiting there and trying to seem aloof they joyously fell upon the fragments of his reputation.

"Hello, Stephen. What's the matter—missed your train?"

"Why, Benedict, I didn't know you'd retired from business."

"Hello, Stephen. Go home and go to bed. To-morrow's trains aren't running yet."

"Oh, Benedict, here's an ad that ought to interest you. It's headed Why Perspire?"

"Say, old man, would you mind doing it regularly? You went past my house so fast you kicked up the first cool breeze we've had this week."

Stephen gave them a feeble smirk, which was intended to show them that his soul was above such badinage.

"Here she comes! Don't get excited, Steve, old boy, I'll see you on."

"Yes, for Pete's sake, don't let Benedict get left again!"

"Run, Stephen! You can just make her! I'll hold your hat."

Ordinarily Stephen rode in the foremost coach, because this naturally left him a shorter walk at the other end of the line; but this morning he deliberately swung aboard the rear car, because his tormentors were all going forward. He tramped stolidly down the aisle, paused at the first vacant place, and without so much as a glance for the woman who sat by the window he slumped down beside her, and shielded himself with his newspaper, fully unfolded.

Beside him he heard a smothered little laugh. "Why, Stephen!"

It was the very last person in the universe he wanted to meet.

In his immediate reaction Stephen only confirmed a discovery of last night; namely, that love, like the Gulf Stream, has a double current, hot and cold. But the inward chill of last night had been increased by the events of this morning, and it was further complicated by his physical sensations, which were the exact opposite of frigid. His cheeks glowed with embarrassment at the same time that his spirit congealed within him. Involuntarily he put his hand to his withered collar.

"Why—why, I didn't see you get on," he stammered.

One of her most devastating accomplishments was her ability to convey by her voice and by her eyes two utterly

different impressions. She offered him now his choice of the sweetest sympathy and of wicked banter.

"What's the matter, Stephen? Did you miss your train?"

As the camel was eventually beaten to its knees by one straw too many, so was Stephen's patience broken by the same question repeated once too often.

"Yes, I did," he snapped. "And I don't give a whoop who knows it either!"

Miss Paget had begun a playful smile, but she instantly canceled it. The tone of her next remark was a distinct reproof.

"You're too sensitive, Stephen."

Stephen's mouth was a straight line, and his eyes were insurgent.

"Well, maybe I am. But you and everybody else in Oakmont seem to think you can make all kinds of a fool out of me while I just sit still and bear it. Well, you're mistaken. I've had enough of it. I'm sick of it. If I were one of these sanctimonious gospel sharks with a washable white necktie and a face you could fit into a churn, maybe I could understand it. But I can't read your mind; I have to judge by what you say. The idea seems to be that you don't like me the way I am, but you might like me if I were somebody else. All right; let it go at that."

He wriggled unobtrusively, and avoided the back of the red-plush seat.

Miss Paget shook her head, and her intonation was slightly pathetic, as though it grieved her to be misjudged.

"That isn't what I said. I couldn't possibly have said it, because I don't think it. I said you let the clock and the calendar and the conventions run you, Stephen—and you do too. I saw you on the platform when they were jollying you. Didn't that tell you whether I'm right or not?"

He ignored the question and went on with the recital of his wrongs.

"And you said I'm too methodical, and too literal, and too puritanical; and you as much as called me a tightwad."

"Oh, Stephen!"

"Well, didn't you?"

She lowered her eyes. "What makes you so angry, then, if it isn't true?"

Stephen shook himself. "Angry? I'm not angry. I'm perfectly calm. I'm as calm as anybody. But when you talk the way you did last night you simply show that you don't know me half as well as you think you do."

There was a glint of mischief in her eyes, and she allowed Stephen to espy it.

"You're not trying to tell me you've been deceiving us all these months? You're not a gay Lothario in disguise, are you, Stephen?"

"As a matter of fact," he said sharply, "I think you'd like me better if I were."

"As a matter of fact," she conceded with the utmost candor, "I probably should. Even if it made me take back every word I said last night and eat each one of them separately, without any sugar. Because then at least I'd know you've got *some* sentiment in you and not just the machinery to keep you going."

There was passion in his eyes, but she pretended not to see it. After a moment he used the newspaper as an excuse to remove his attention. And, delicately, so as not to transmit any hint of his discomfort, he endeavored to draw away from his spine.

"Up to yesterday," he said, subdued, "I was pretty blind. I admit it. I'm not used to having women play horse with me. I took you seriously; I thought you'd do the same with me. And every time you fooled me I thought that would be the last time; I thought you'd at least return the compliment I paid you. It was silly, of course; I should have known better. But I'm not blind any more. Oh, I knew you flirted with everybody. I'd seen you enough with Charlie Coolidge and the rest of the crowd, but I—oh, well, it doesn't matter now."

And in the succeeding instant he lifted his head hopefully.

The most accomplished flirt in Oakmont gazed with deep innocence at the most gullible man in the world.

"You can be cruel, can't you? What I actually said was that I wished you could be more like other men—speak the same language, do what they do, act as though you enjoyed life. Could anything be more sincere than that?"

Stephen began to backslide. "Is that all?"

"Isn't that enough?"

He drew a long breath. "You want me to be more like—well, Charlie Coolidge, for example?"

She was looking at him from under her lashes, and Stephen, like many a better man before him, allowed his judgment, his intuitions and his common sense to be outvoted by a minority element, which was pure delusion. He possessed her hand and squeezed it violently. This act was in the nature of an apology and a vow combined.

"Why, Stephen—you devil!" she whispered.

"I'll show you," he promised. "I tell you, you don't know me! What are you doing in town, Betty?"

"Just shopping."

Stephen delayed for only a second and then he threw custom and principle into the discard.

"If you'll wait while I stop a few minutes at a haberdasher's I'll take you over in a taxicab."

She gave him a glance that nearly killed him.

"You're making a good beginning, Stephen."

"If you think the beginning is good, wait till you see the finish," he said resolutely.

II

BEHOLD Stephen, then, three-quarters of an hour later, arriving at his neglected office. Long since, his mood of recklessness had dropped away from him. To be sure, Miss Paget had appreciated his care of her, and she had thanked him prettily, but Stephen had been too nervous to absorb the blessing. His brain had twitched with impatience for its usual routine fodder; and, besides, during the side trip to the shopping district Miss Paget had been thinking primarily of bargains and not of Stephen.

As he hurried past the switchboard operator he heard her saying that she had thought he must be ill or something. Stephen frowned and went on to his private sanctum, where his secretary was fidgeting at a desk. She sprang up to greet him.

"Oh, Mr. Benedict! I'm so relieved! I was sure there was a wreck on the railroad. You never ——"

"Anybody call up?" inquired Stephen shortly.

"Nobody important. But when half past nine came, and then ten o'clock, and still you didn't ——"

"Anybody waiting?"

His secretary appraised his tone and became self-effacing.

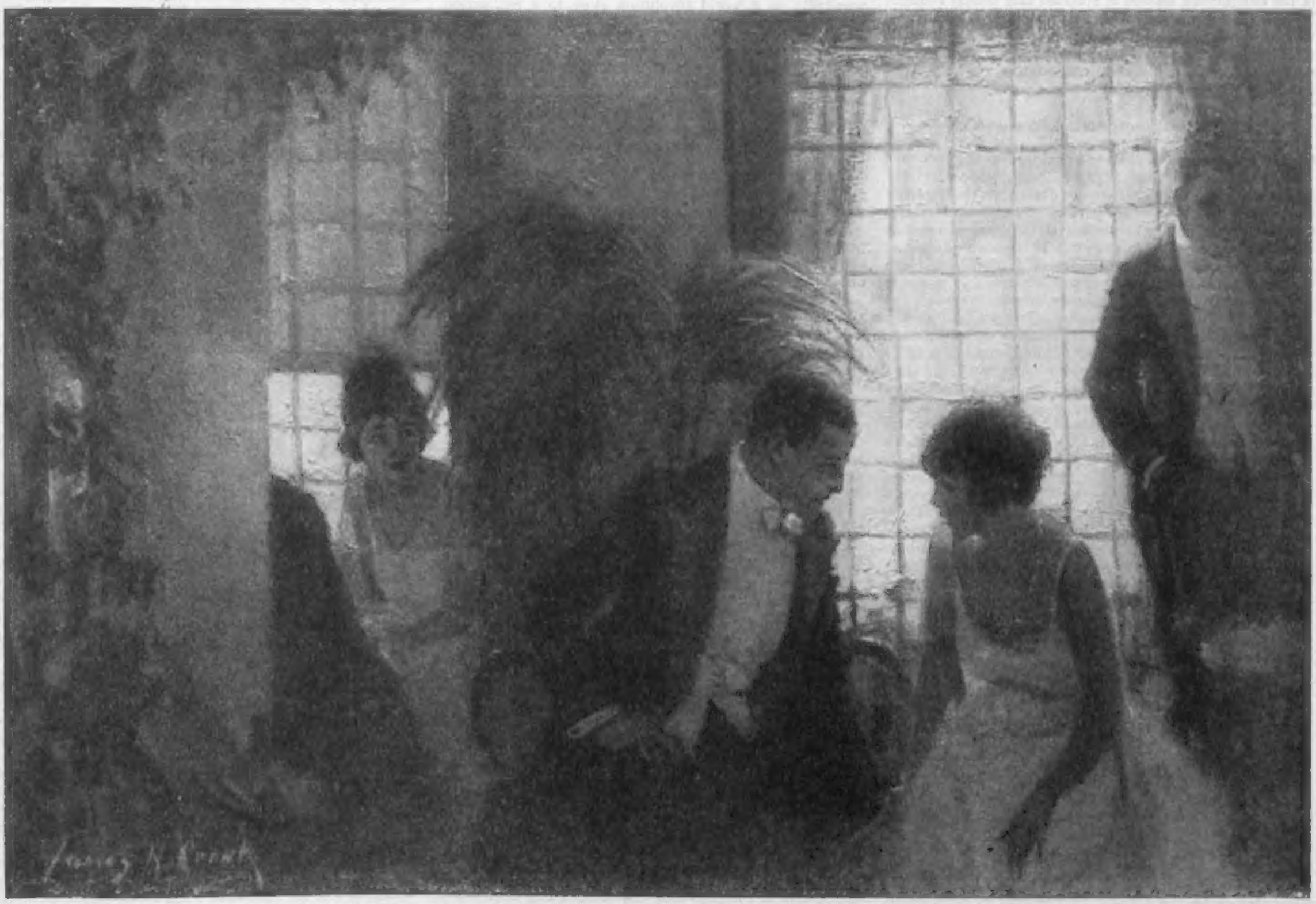
"One. He's been here all the morning."

Stephen was pawing over his mail. "What's he want?"

"He wouldn't tell me. He said it's a personal matter."

"Humph!" said Stephen. "Insurance solicitor! He'll have to wait." He selected a letter from the pile and

(Continued on Page 46)



Suddenly Stephen's Heart Turned Over, for He Saw That Her Right Hand Hung Idly by Her Side, While Coolidge's Left Hung Idly by His Side

Moscow's Bid for World Power

By LEO PASVOLSKY

A SMALL group of men, chosen by the Second Congress of the Third or Communist International, which had its sessions in Petrograd and Moscow last July and August, is prepared to make a bid for greater world power than was ever dreamed of by Kaiser Wilhelm or any of his historic forerunners in the domain of world conquest.

To this group, constituting the executive committee of the Communist International and having its headquarters in Moscow, extraordinary powers have been delegated by the last congress. The aims which these men are to pursue and the methods which they are to employ have been set forth with a remarkable degree of clarity in the proceedings and the resolutions of the congress.

These men, officially fifteen in number, have been designated as the general staff of the world revolution. Their committee is to be the coördinating and directing center of the communist activities the world over. In every country of the earth, every individual and group working openly or secretly for the cause of communism must take orders from this executive committee, obey those orders implicitly and unqualifiedly, and look to the committee as the master and the last court of appeal.

Taken individually or even as a group, these men do not represent outstanding figures. Were they to be considered on the basis of their individual merit, they would deserve very little attention. None of them is a person of unusual ability. None of them is even prominent in the affairs of his own country, with the exception of the five Russian representatives, whose claim to prominence in their country rests upon the foundation of tragic historic accident—namely, certain conditions growing out of the war, a foundation similar to that which constitutes the basis of the power of the whole committee and the International back of it.

And yet the Communist International and its executive committee represent to-day a force to be reckoned with, a power before which some of the statesmen of Western Europe stand in confusion and almost in awe, while many of the enlightened leaders of socialist and radical thought humble themselves before it. This power, which is already wielded by the Moscow International, and on the basis of which its leaders are ready to make a bid for much greater power, rests principally upon one positive and two negative elements of strength.

Three Elements of Strength

THE first element of their strength lies in the fact that they have behind them, under their complete control, the vast resources of Russia. They can draw upon the immense natural wealth of the major portion of what was formerly one-seventh of the earth's surface and upon what remains of Russia's economic equipment. The teeming millions of Russia's population are hostile to them, but are lashed into obedience by the harshest methods of terror and crushing discipline that civilization has ever known. Through the application of the same methods, only raised—if such a thing is possible—to an even higher degree of ruthlessness, the leaders in Moscow have created the Red army, a fighting machine held in leash like a ferocious mastiff. In their power Russia has ceased to exist as a nation and has merely become a powerful base of the world revolution. In their hands Moscow has ceased to represent Russia and has become the storm center of this rapidly gathering hurricane of destruction.

The other two elements of their strength are negative, because they represent primarily their opponents' weakness. The first of these is the lack of unity among the great democratic nations of the world, which had made their war effort so mighty and the disappearance of which makes their peace efforts so weak and ineffective. The second is the general slackening of moral and intellectual fiber which exists in every country as a reaction against the strain of the war.

A determined group, arrogant and daring, backed and inspired with confidence by its success in Russia, can utilize to the fullest extent these temporary weaknesses. Especially are the chances of such a group good, since its appeal is to the destructive rather than the constructive nature of man. Each nation faces grave difficulties as it passes through the period of convalescence from the war fever. Insidious and skillful propaganda of the kind of which the leaders of the Moscow International are past masters can easily turn the masses into the path of least resistance, the path of destruction. Let the masses lose confidence in everything there is, let them turn upon civilization itself and begin to demolish its very foundations, and before long we shall have Russia's experience repeated on a world scale, all the ties that hold civilized life together broken asunder in the orgy of destruction, the orgy itself soon over and the masses awakening from their frenzy merely to find themselves already in the grip of an iron discipline imposed by the determined group which alone had not lost its head during the orgy.

And then what? Oppression always breeds rebellion. And rebellion in conditions of hatred and persistently stimulated enmity, suppressed and suddenly breaking loose, can result in nothing but utter chaos.

The edifice of civilization is the work of centuries, the toil of countless and nameless generations. Its destruction and the diversion of the materials and forces thus released to purposes that are more than problematic is a matter of comparative ease, provided there is sufficient daring or sufficient madness.

The Communist International came into existence only a year and a half ago. It was a strenuous time for the whole world, when in the press of other problems there was an almost universal tendency to push the question of Russia and of the rising tide of communism or Bolshevism into the background. The peace conference in Paris was making its attempts to adjust the questions raised by the war. At the same time the leaders of socialist parties, which had supported their governments during the war, met for a conference in Bern, in an attempt to reconstruct their international organization, known as the Second or Socialist International, and shattered by the war.

Maxim Gorky's Analysis

THE formation of the Third or Communist International was a challenge to both Paris and Bern. In their proclamation, calling the first congress of the new International, issued on February 24, 1919, the leaders in Moscow described the world situations as follows:

> The revolutions in Russia, Germany and the countries of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire had brought the possibility of a world revolution close to a realization. This world revolution, however, was threatened from two directions. In the first place, there was danger and possibility of its being stifled by the association of capitalistic states, which are organizing for a struggle against this revolution under the hypocritical standard of a League of Nations. In the second place, attempts were being made by the social-traitor parties to make up their differences, to amnesty each other, and then help their governments and their bourgeoisie to deceive again the working class.

The communist leaders in Moscow proposed then to fight the Allies and the League of Nations by means of a world revolution, which would destroy the capitalistic states and establish in their place the dictatorship of the proletariat. At the same time Moscow proposed to make every effort to break up the Second International and to obtain control over the parties of which it was made up.

What the communist leaders were then trying to do, and still hope to do, was never expressed so well as in the following lines, written by Maxim Gorky in analyzing the psychology of Bolshevism and of its leader, Lenine:

> The working class cannot but understand that Lenine is merely trying to perform a certain experiment upon the body and the blood of the working class; that he is merely trying to bring the revolutionary attitude of the proletariat to the last degree of strain, and then see what would happen. And Lenine, of course, is not an all-powerful magician but a cold-blooded trickster who cares nothing for the life or the honor of the proletariat. The workmen of Russia should not permit adventurers and madmen to pile upon the head of the proletariat shameful, senseless and bloody crimes, for which the price will be paid not by Lenine but by the proletariat itself.

The first year following the creation of the Communist International at the Moscow Congress of March, 1919, did not bring any startling developments. In Russia it was a year of the acutest stage of the civil war, in which four anti-Bolshevist movements, mishandled both by their Russian leaders and by their Allied supporters, collapsed one after another. In the rest of the world, in the countries of Europe and America, as well as in the various countries and colonial territories of Asia and Africa, persistent propaganda was carried on under many and various guises. The preparatory work for a world revolution was proceeding ceaselessly.

At the beginning of the present year the soviet government found itself face to face with difficulties of very serious nature in the domain of Russia's economic life. Russia's agriculture, industry, commerce, finance—every branch of the country's national economy is admittedly disorganized. The communist leaders realize that their power cannot continue long unless the bases of economic life are reconstructed at least to some degree. And so at the beginning of the year they began to bend all their energies toward Russia's internal economic reconstruction. The world revolution was becoming a long-drawn-out process. In the meantime it was most important for the communist leaders to preserve their own power in Russia in order to have a powerful base for operations.

But the war with Poland interrupted this and introduced a new element into the work and the outlook of the leaders of communism. The startling success of the soviet forces during the second stage of the war, following the brief triumph of Marshal Pilsudski's offensive into Ukraine, brought two important revelations to the leaders at Moscow. In the first place, the Allied coalition and the League of Nations suddenly proved to be powerless. They could do very little toward saving Poland. If Poland finally succeeded in turning her defeat into a partial victory, it was because the Red army repeated the psychologically strategic blunder made by Pilsudski—that of marching so far into the enemy's country as to cause there an outburst of patriotism based upon outraged national feeling. The second revelation to Moscow was the sudden possibility of a rapid advance of the world revolution.

There appears to have been a gigantic plan back of the military movements of the Red army in Poland. The successes of the Red army, backed by necessary propaganda, were intended to sweep Poland into the fold of communism. A provisional Polish communist government was already designated. With Poland sovietized, it was expected that Germany and Italy would follow suit; and this would sweep the states of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire and of the Balkans also into the grasp of communism. Then all the forces of Central and Eastern Europe would be turned against France. The French workmen were even warned that it was immaterial for the masters of the Communist International whether they marched with German troops against France or with French troops against Germany, provided the object of the expedition was the establishment of communism. England could be threatened both at the metropolis, that is, on the islands, and through the colonies and the dependencies. The United States would then remain isolated, but surely scarcely a match for the combined and coördinated forces of Europe and of Asia.

Plans Delayed But Not Abandoned

AT THE time when the Second Congress of the Third International held its sessions in the latter part of July and the beginning of August the Red army was still victorious on the field of battle. In reporting the work of the congress to the Petrograd soviet, Nicholas Bukharin, a member of the executive committee of the Communist International, summarized in the following sentence the possibilities which the communist leaders saw opening before them:

> "Our Red army will march forward to new conquests, and the Western proletariat will march with it, clearing the way for it in the struggle with the world imperialism."

The reverses which the Red army suffered in Poland have delayed the execution of these ambitious plans, but they have not by any means obviated the possibility of their being carried out. For after all, military movements are but outward manifestations. The World War has demonstrated conclusively that the victory is prepared and assured not so much on the battle front as far behind the enemy's lines, by means of skillfully conducted propaganda. The Red army still exists; the organization that brought it into being and directs it is still active. What it may still do even on the battlefield is problematic. The negotiations for peace, even if temporarily successful, would be no more than temporary arrangements—and both sides know it. For the communist leaders are now apparently convinced that a continuous process of the world revolution is possible only if it becomes an extension of the Russian process through physical contiguity. Whatever moves Moscow makes in the West, Poland is her first step.

The Second Congress of the Third International marked the inauguration of a new epoch and a new line of procedure as far as the work of the International is concerned. The First Congress spoke of unity of action and coördination of effort as desirable; the Second Congress has made it imperative. The First Congress called for action by any group, isolated or not; the Second Congress wants only strictly coördinated and subordinated action, under unified and centralized control and direction. The First Congress worked in the hope of convincing the working classes of the world that they should follow the standards of communism; the Second Congress is prepared to compel them to fall in line for this. The First Congress hoped, as the outlook for the immediate future, to establish communist

authority in some countries and obtain a kind of alliance of such communist countries; the Second Congress lays plans for world power, not on the basis of a possible alliance but on the basis of a world communist state.

In order to achieve this the Second Congress of the Third International has laid the strategic plans necessary for action, and has also designated a general staff of the world revolution, charged with the execution of these strategic plans. These plans, set forth in the resolutions of the congress, indicate the direction which this latest bid for world power intends to follow.

What are these strategic plans of the Moscow Communist International?

In order to understand them clearly we must examine, first of all, the foundation upon which the Communist International bases its work. This foundation is the communist analysis of the world situation at the present time. In terms of this analysis the Communist International shapes its policies and determines the points of attack.

Some Misleading Computations

THE communist analysis of the world situation was given to the congress at Moscow by Nikolai Lenine, the undisputed leader of world communism, in a very long and loosely constructed speech. Lenine sees as the central feature or even the basis of the international situation the rapid growth of imperialism—that is, of domination, political and economic, exercised by the so-called Great Powers outside of their national boundaries. And it is particularly the economic phase of this world imperialism, being an outgrowth of the whole capitalistic system, that constitutes, according to Lenine, the very essence of the present-day condition of the world.

Internally—that is, within each particular country—capitalistic imperialism expresses itself in the growth of monopoly, which rapidly displaces free competition. Sources of wealth and means of production rapidly become the property of comparatively small groups of capitalists, particularly the bankers, who control them for personal aggrandizement and profit. But capitalism is not content with this internal monopoly. It seeks sources of profit outside of its own country. It becomes imperialistic *par excellence*. Externally—that is, outside the national boundaries of the Great Powers—imperialism finds expression in the development of the colonial policy.

Lenine calculates that thirty years ago the population of all the colonies controlled by the six Great Powers was not more than a quarter of a billion. On the eve of the World War, in 1914, the population of the colonies was already six hundred million. To this number Lenine adds also the population of Persia, Turkey and China, which he considers as already fallen at that period into a semicolonial condition, and gets a total colonial and semicolonial population of about one billion. The outstanding result of the World War has been a redistribution of the colonial and semicolonial lands from the point of view of ownership and control, and the reduction of countries which were formerly economically independent to conditions of economic dependence closely approximating those of semicolonial countries. Into this last class Lenine puts particularly Russia, with a population of one hundred and thirty millions, and Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria, with a total population of one hundred and twenty millions. Thus to the figure of colonial and semicolonial population already noted he adds another quarter of a billion, and gets a total of one and one-quarter billion as the population of countries totally or partially dependent economically upon the Great Powers.

Of the countries which have profited by the war and which now control this colonial and semicolonial population Lenine mentions particularly the United States, with a population of one hundred million; Japan, with a population of fifty million; and England, with a population of fifty million. To these three he adds the several less important countries. On the basis of this calculation he computes the total population of the controlling Great Powers as one quarter of a billion.

Thus Lenine conceives of the world as being divided substantially into two parts: One and a quarter billion people economically exploited and controlled by a quarter of a billion. Within the controlling quarter of a billion he finds small groups controlling and exploiting the rest. This state of affairs results in a series of fundamental contradictions inherent in capitalism and imperialism, which must lead to revolutions; and also in a series of similarly fundamental contradictions in the labor movement that does not follow the revolutionary methods, contradictions which lead to a bitter struggle of communism against reformist evolutionary socialism. Some of the contradictions in the first case, particularly glaring at the present time, are the increase of national indebtedness, economic disorganization due to lack of correspondence between wages and prices, the depreciation of money, and so on.

What Lenine Fears Most of All

IT IS doubtful whether this whole analysis of Lenine would stand the test of even a superficial scientific criticism or, for that matter, of a plain examination in the light of commonly known facts; and no doubt Lenine himself knows that he is inaccurate in the presentation of facts and unscientific in his deductions. But he wants his analysis for a definite purpose, and that purpose he achieves. He wants to prove that the methods of disposing of these manifest difficulties as applied by people of noncommunist political and economic ilk are inadequate. In proving this he first of all directs a diatribe against Wilsonism. Judging by the bitterness with which he attacks what Wilson stood for at his best and what Lenine now calls an illusion, it is this Wilsonism, this liberalism based upon justice and fair play, that Lenine fears most of all as an antidote for his communism. But Wilsonism, so Lenine assures us, has been swept into the scrap heap and no longer counts. The League of Nations, which had been brought forward as a solution of the world's ills, according to his view, no longer has anything to stand on. And by its obvious failure it merely serves as the best possible proof of the inadequacy of all means short of those preached by the communists, and consequently as the best agitator for Bolshevism.

And the conclusion which Lenine wishes drawn from all this, and which he himself draws, is that since the existing system has failed to dispose of the contradictions which are inherent in it the whole system must be swept away

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"You'll Have to Leave Those Outside"

VENETIAN LOVERS

"Somewhere, and Soon, I'll Find You Again," Said the Boy

By Sir Philip Gibbs

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

WHEN my friend Percival Goring said good-by to me and to Paula Ostuni on the steps outside the Hôtel Dandolo at Venice before jumping into his gondola I saw that the boy was absurdly overcome by emotion. It was not grief at parting with me, needless to say, though I was his friend.

He just shook my hand in his airy Oxford way, and said, "So long, old man." And then he turned to the girl, blushing up to the roots of his hair, and took her hand—a pretty hand, as I had often noticed, because one's eyes were drawn to it by the clustered diamonds of her rings—and raised it to his lips, and said in Italian, "*A rivederci, madonna.*"

Those words were commonplace enough, a formal *au revoir*, but they were spoken with an immense boyish tenderness and infinite regret for this parting, which I had arranged by a kind of treachery—he would have thought it that had he known—so that he should be taken away from this girl, the wife of Count Ostuni, who was also my friend.

"I hope to see you soon again," she answered in English, and then laughed a little as though at some secret joke.

I think that laughter hurt him, and I saw by the look in his eyes that he was surprised because she showed no touch of grief at his going. I was glad of it, and thought, "The minx is not so bad as I supposed. Perhaps she did not lead him on so fast as I imagined."

"Somewhere, and soon, I'll find you again," said the boy. "As soon as my mother is better ——"

He did not know that I had written to his mother, saying, "Make some reason why Percival should go home quickly. I am afraid of trouble here."

She had given the reason of ill health, which was true enough, dear lady, because she was always ailing. She had been very quick to take my hint, and her telegram had come to this Venetian hotel in less than two days after the receipt of my message, which was fast, as Italian wires were working then.

"*Pronto!*" said the gondolier, and with a stroke of his long oar sent his boat gliding out of the narrow canal by the side of our hotel to the broad sunlit water of the Grand Canal, where many gondolas lay in waiting by the landing stage, with their slim black bodies and steel prows shimmering in the glare of light.

The Italian girl and I, standing above the wet steps in the shadowy coolness of our waterway below the high blank walls of two gray old palaces—in the sixteenth century our hotel had been one of the most splendid palaces of this republic on the sea—watched Goring's boat shoot out into the sunlight, saw how the white jacket of the gondolier caught the first splash of that noonday glare, and how Goring's panama hat was touched by it before he took it off and waved.

The Countess Ostuni, reckless of hotel porters, hotel guests and of me, put the tips of her fingers to her lips and blew kisses with them to that boy in the boat, that English boy on whom I had promised his mother to keep an eye. He saw her message with those white finger tips, and I think he was tempted instantly to come back. I saw him rise from his seat and put his hand on the gondolier's arm with an eager imperative gesture. The gondola swung round a little, but then, after a kind of hesitation, answered another stroke of the blade, and disappeared from our view round the corner of the Grand Canal.

The Italian girl turned to me full-faced, and I saw that her eyes were wet with tears, which she did not try to hide. But she was in no melting mood. She spoke to me with a harshness of tone which was startling because often I had admired the sweetness and music of her voice.

"You are glad he is gone! You are much relieved in your stupid, suspicious mind! You are too old, perhaps, to understand a youthful friendship."

"Not very old, countess," I said, "but old enough to know that between an emotional boy and a young married woman friendship sometimes leads to tragedy."

She laughed, with a quick pretty hunch of the shoulders, graceful as neat in all her movements, whatever she did.

"You are very English!"

"And you," I answered, "very Italian!"

"Italian women have quick wits. I saw quickly that you disliked me very much. That amused me! I shall be more amused when Percival comes back and you are frightened again."

"He is going straight through to England," I told her, and at those words she made a funny face at me—she was a merry beauty, I must admit—and said in a mysterious and teasing way, "I wonder! You know your old proverb, 'There's many a cup 'twixt lip and ——' How does it go?"

"Not quite like that," I laughed. "But in half an hour young Goring will be in the train to Paris."

I was wrong. In half an hour young Goring was back again at the hotel. I was leaning out of my bedroom window on the first floor of the Hôtel Dandolo, listening to the band on the American battleship lying out there in the Grand Canal, and watching the coming and going of gondolas from the landing stage and the ceaseless procession along the quay side of Venetian girls in their long black shawls, barefooted boys, dandy Italian officers, American sailor boys, monks and nuns, merchants and laborers, beggars and cripples passing across the little stone bridge whose old stones have been hollowed by the footsteps of three hundred years of Venetian life.

I was not thinking of that human picture below me, though I did as a matter of fact notice a kind of sullen look on some of the faces of the Italian workmen who passed, and the hostile deliberate way in which a huge fellow spat on the stones as he passed the hotel. I was thinking of young Goring, with an immense sense of relief that he had gone.

During the last three weeks he had been far too much with Paula Ostuni. I had introduced them in the tea lounge, that wonderful room downstairs, with its marble pillars and painted walls and star-spangled ceiling and portraits of doges, cardinals and princes who once had moved across these polished boards. They had talked two minutes together, and then young Goring had said, "It's a pity to waste the music! Won't you dance?" She had given him her arms, and I had watched them making their way rhythmically through the little crowd of dancers who, between four and six, made a cosmopolitan throng in this room, beyond the tea tables.

A strange crowd—of Italian profiteers and their women, Italian actresses and dancing girls, officers of the Bersaglieri and Carabinieri, with English tourists, abashed sometimes by the startling frocks of the Italian ladies, American naval officers out for fun with their nurses of the Y. M. C. A. or with lady friends of a more expensive kind, and a sprinkling of Greeks and Israelites and Germans waiting at Venice a few days before going eastward or westward.

Young Goring and the Countess Ostuni were certainly the prettiest couple there. The boy was as good a type as any that comes from an English public school, fine and tall and clean in line—youth, as a sculptor sees it in his mind's eye. The girl was a match for him, but utterly un-English with her black hair and eyes and ripe lips and full white throat. Certainly she was beautiful and enticing. She had laughing, rather catlike eyes and a wonderful grace of body which does not belong as a rule to English girls. I remember that afternoon she wore a dress of gold-embroidered silk, with an old-gold fringe, which was the fashion at that time—the fringe, I mean. It was very low at the neck and not, I must admit, very low below the knee, but she was a slim and girlish creature who looked well in such a frock.

Goring and she danced together then for the first time, and many times afterward, as though they had been divinely matched. It was a pleasure to watch them, a perfect melody of rhythmic movement. A pleasure, though even at that first time I was startled by some look on the boy's face, as though he had been caught up into the seventh heaven. Afterward, when other people noticed how often they danced together, and how utterly oblivious of all but their own words and looks they were, I was worried. More worried when they went out at night for long gondola rides on the Grand Canal, and when Goring came back with an excited look and shining eyes. Count Ostuni was in Rome then, before the resignation of his office as Minister of Commerce, after a storm of popular fury, and he only came to Venice three days before to-day, when Goring left for England.

"Thank heaven the child has gone to England!" I said aloud, and at that very minute there was a sharp knock at my door, and in the child came, flushed and troubled.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Why have you come back?"

"An extraordinarily foolish thing has happened," he answered in his quiet way. "Somebody has pinched my passport. I swear I had it in my pocket half an hour before I left. At the station I felt for it, and I'll be hanged if it hadn't gone! Of course they wouldn't let me on the train. Without a passport one can't move a yard these days. What's to be done?"

"Find the thief," I told him. "I know who it is."

"You know?" He was astounded at that.

"Paula Ostuni," I said quietly. "I've no doubt about it. She played the pickpocket, the little devil, so that you should miss your train."

Percival Goring glared at me angrily for a moment, and then laughed.

"What extraordinary notions you do have! If there were a murder committed in this hotel you would think Paula had a hand in it. You're infernally prejudiced against her—for some unknown reason."

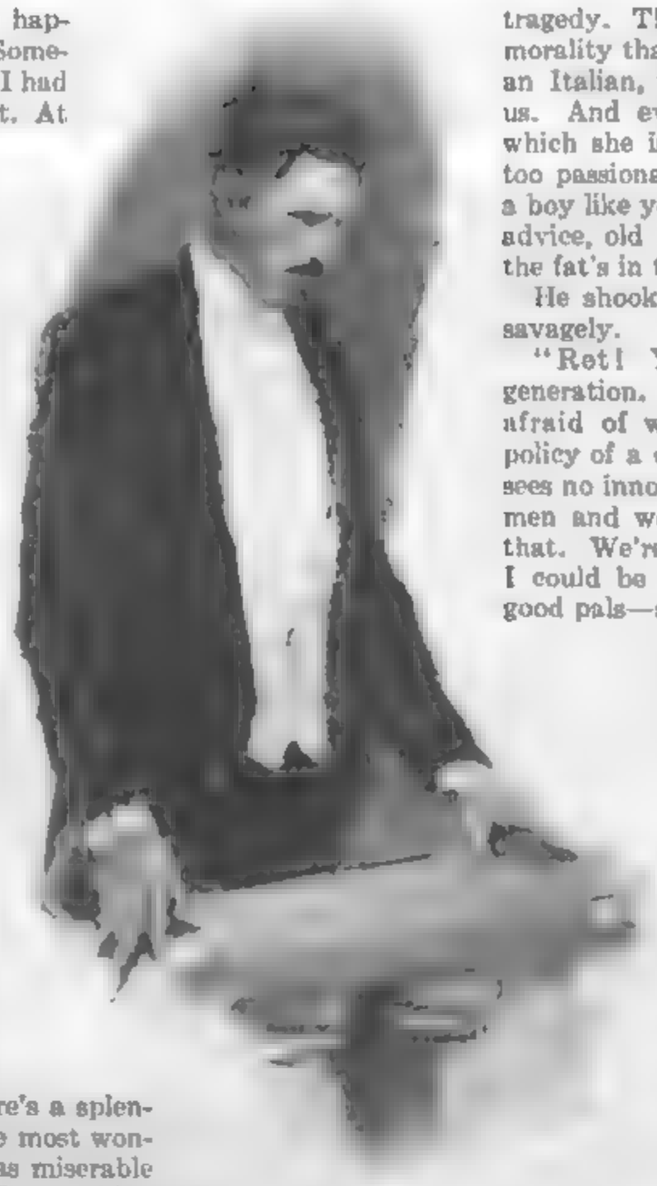
"I haven't told you my reason," I answered, "but I think you guess it."

His face flushed instantly, and he went over to the window and stood there, talking, with his back to me, while he stared out at the canal and tied knots in the window cord.

"You guess wrong. You've got an idea that I want to run away with Paula or do some fool's trick like that. As a matter of fact that's all rot. There's a splendid friendship between us, and she's the most wonderful girl I've ever known, and I'll be as miserable as hell if I can't see her pretty often. But nothing more than that."

I followed him across the room and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Look here," I said. "I'm almost old enough to be your father, and anyhow I've promised your mother to keep an eye on you. That gives me the right to say things which sound like cheek otherwise. What I want to say is just this: You don't know your own strength or your own weakness—when temptation will find the weak spot in your armor. No fellow does at your age. Some fellows learn by tragic experience. I want to save you that tragedy. That girl Paula has no more morality than a kitten. Anyhow, she's an Italian, with a different code from us. And even if she were a saint—which she isn't—she's too pretty and too passionate to be safe company for a boy like you or a man like me. My advice, old lad, is, cut and run before the fat's in the fire."



"I am Here. Do Your Killing Quickly"

He shook my hand off his shoulder savagely.

"Ret! You belong to the older generation. You were taught to be afraid of women—that cut-and-run policy of a dirty old Puritanism which sees no innocence in friendship between men and women. We've got beyond that. We're more healthy. Paula and I could be on a desert island and be good pals—and nothing more."

What can one say to words like that? Just nothing at all. That remark about the older generation was something of a body blow, and this boy's calm assurance of superior wisdom, due to having been born some years later in the world's history, was beyond argument, as youth is always beyond argument, and beyond warning, and always will be, according to the law of life, which makes human experience, the wisdom of the old, a million tragic lessons of the past, incapable of transmission.

"Anyhow, Paula has got your passport," I said. "You had better hurry up and get it from her or you will lose the evening train."

He denied utterly that Paula Ostuni could be capable of such a trick knowing that his mother was ill and needed him. But I saw, or think I saw, that my definite assertion caused him some uneasiness, and that, according to the way of youth, the thought that the girl should have pinched his passport to keep him back was not unpleasing, in spite of his anxiety about his mother. It showed her desire for his company. Poor kid! Still, as he repeated, the idea was absurd!

I am certain it was true, all the same, because of the wicked little smile the girl gave me across the boy's shoulder as they went dancing again in that room which I had come to hate in spite of its Renaissance beauty, and because Percival's passport was discovered tucked down the back of the sofa where they had been sitting before his false start for Paris

She found it by accident, with a very natural air of surprise, and cried out with a ripple of laughter, "How careless you are, Percival!"

It was found in time for him to have caught the night train, but by that time all of us in the hotel, and Paula Ostuni, knew that there would be no night train, because Venice had joined the railway strike, which had been spasmodic in Italy for several weeks.

The news had been telephoned through to the hall porter from Cook's office at the corner of St. Mark's Square, and had caused consternation among the little crowd of people who were already having their luggage put into the gondolas and had already said good-by to friends in the great hall.

An American business man said, "For the love of Mike! And they call this darned country the cradle of civilization!"

A rich Greek family, on their way to Liverpool, stood disconsolate among their hand baggage, and the father abused the hotel manager for not letting them know before. I noticed that two of the waiters laughed to each other, as though vastly amused by the inconvenience to people who did not give them tips, according to the new rule placarded in the rooms and in the lifts: "*Le Mance sono assolutamente vietati.*" Afterward I saw some of these fellows whispering together.

It was Count Ostuni who gave me a more serious view of the matter than I had first taken. He touched me on the arm as I stood in the hall, and said, "I want to talk to you. Let's find a quiet corner"

We found two of the big low leather chairs at the far end of the room, by the high stone chimney piece sculptured with the arms of the Dandoli, as far away as possible from the minstrels' gallery below the pointed arches where the orchestra was playing after dinner. Up there in the open galleries which looked down into this central hall were groups of people who had just dined and were sitting on the balustrades or leaning over them, watching the scene below, and chatting to each other and smoking cigarettes.

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"We'll Let the Lambkin Go If You Tell Us Where to Find the Wolf"

FOOL FOLKS — By an Old Guide

Looking Across Lake Rachel ——

—— in Yellowstone National Park

I HAVE been a hunting and fishing guide for forty-five years. At the age of sixty-eight I am still working at my trade. Just a few weeks ago on a hike across the meadows I had to stop to let a young infantry lieutenant have a half hour's rest. Yes, and though it is not true, some fellow has been spreading gossip in our little fishing village that I am about to get married again.

The fact that I have lived to be active at sixty-eight is not all due to my strong constitution, though. Luck has played a big part. I have had dealings with many fool folks in my time, and I dare say I have had more narrow escapes from accident than the average soldier had during the war. Incidentally I tried my best to get in that war just to see what it was like, but the best they would let me do was build speed boats and do the woodwork on airplanes. I thought a right smart about that medical officer who turned me down on account of age when I walked the legs off that lieutenant the other day.

As I say, just plain luck has saved me. In forty-eight years my only hurts have been a case of lockjaw due to a gun exploding in my hands and the loss of part of my shin bone when an excited duck shooter blew a hole through the bottom of my gunning skiff back in the nineties.

I never was really reckless, but I am getting more and more careful every year. I'd like to live to be a hundred. Nowadays I can size up these scatterbrained sportsmen the moment I see them coming to my dock, and I refuse to take them out. Even at that I sometimes make a slip.

Two months ago two young men, recommended by an old hunting friend in New York, came down to the marshes for plover and yellowleg snipe shooting. I took them upstairs in my boathouse to equip them in rubber boots. The fact that they had not thought of rubber boots should have tipped me off that they knew nothing about gunning—especially for snipe—but it didn't.

In the boathouse there is always a lot of old junk lying about—boots, clothes, caps, guns and things like that. On this day four or five guns left by some of my regular patrons were on the racks. One was still standing against the wall, a thing that caused me to stop and utter a cuss word.

"What kind of a gun is that?" asked one of the young fellows.

Out of curiosity he picked it up and tried it to his shoulder several times. He sighted it and pulled the trigger! The explosion sounded like the report of a cannon in the little boathouse. The load of bird shot blew a hole as big as your fist through the wall, taking with it parts of a gunning coat and an old slicker.

"I didn't know it was loaded," stammered the young fellow as he saw the expression on my face. He was as pale as a sheet.

"No," I spoke severely, "and you didn't know it wasn't loaded either."

"Of course not, but I had no idea that ——"

"Then why did you pull the trigger?"

"Why, I just snapped it to test the trigger pull!"

"People round here," I told him, "don't go round snapping strange guns, or their own for that matter. It is not only dangerous, but it ruins the plungers. Now, look here, don't you touch another thing in this boathouse! When old Mack sent you down here I didn't think you'd be like these other old fool folks who go round ——"

"Isn't that pretty strong?"

"No, it isn't strong enough. Now you and your friend go out there and sit on the landing until I tell you when to get in the boat. I'll put everything where it belongs, and don't you lay your hands on a thing. I'm going to take you out because I promised Mack that I would, but I'm not going far unless you do exactly what I tell you."

We have to talk rough to folks like that. Maybe I talk too rough sometimes, but I'm still alive, while some of my old friends are not. These young fellows took the call-down all right.

"As a rule," I told them after I had stowed them in the boat, "I would refuse to start with you fellows; but you are no more to blame than the fellow who leaned a gun up

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A Camp Near the Headwaters of the Falls River, Yellowstone Park

CORNERING CASCADES

Two Views of Cave Falls, Falls River

By WILLIAM C. GREGG

A BILL has passed the United States Senate and is pending in the House giving about eight thousand acres of the Yellowstone National Park to Idaho irrigationists.

This land is in the southwest corner, one of the most beautiful parts of the park. It is almost unknown. Only one park superintendent has visited this vicinity, and that was about twenty-five years ago. The present superintendent, Mr. Horace M. Albright, was going over this region in late September

There are more falls and cascades in this small corner than in all the rest of the park put together. Of more than forty of these features, thirty-five are unnamed and, so far as I can learn, not one of the forty was ever photographed before.

This region presents no unusual obstacles to the trail or road builder.

What is the explanation?

The superintendent of the park and his assistants are as busy as bees attending to tourists in the summer and to poachers in the winter. The former come into the park in great droves, the usual proportion asking questions, violating rules, scalding themselves in boiling springs, leaving dangerous fires, writing their foolish names in beauty spots and breaking off mineral specimens. It is night-and-day work for those charged with keeping the park where the good Lord placed it; otherwise it would be scattered from Maine to California.

On September fifteenth the tourist season ends; on October first the hunting season commences in the surrounding states. The park borders must be patrolled and the game protected from those hunters who have a strange optical ability to see the game but not a perfectly plain boundary line.

Wolves and coyotes must be shot when possible, as in the deep snow they kill even the biggest game.

The park administration has its hands full, and capable hands they are. Very little time has been allotted this busy crew for exploration and research. Hence the superintendents have not visited the southwest corner to check up the occasional statement of a lone ranger: "That's a fine country down there. You ought to see those waterfalls."

Of those rangers I have found only two, McBride and Little, who have ever been through this section and know all its beauty. So much for why it is unknown.

A glance at the map of the Yellowstone Park shows this southwest corner in black. Its nearest point of tourist travel is Old Faithful Geyser. With my two daughters, Mr. A. H. Dinsmore; Horace LaBree, a pack-horse outfitter; Jim Russell, a first-class cook; and sixteen pack and saddle horses, we left Old Faithful August tenth. We camped two days on the hot-spring-lined shore of Shoshone Lake. There I persuaded LaBree and Russell that I could not be diverted from my plan to cut right through a trackless country and do some real exploration work. They had

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Ouzel Falls, 350 Feet

Colonnade Falls, Bechler River—Upper 40 Feet, Lower 80 Feet

Unnamed Falls, Boundary Creek, 130 Feet

FOOLS FIRST

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

Answering Questions Put to Him by a Uniformed Man, He Called Them Bulls, and Hated Them, Despised Them

I have seen wicked men and fools, a great many of both; and I believe they both get paid in the end, but the fools first.—R. L. STEVENSON.

AS HE went out between the two placid men from Headquarters, men who appalled him by their calm indifference to the tragedy in which they were involved, Fraser discovered that Ann Whittaker hated him.

The others, from kindliness or embarrassment, took pains not to see him. Behind Ann Whittaker he observed Old McKenna submerged in his order books, Canty hammering away at the adding machine, Foster fingering his index cards—as if nothing out of the smooth routine were happening. Only the one face lifted and turned as his guards led him past the railing. For a pulse beat he braced himself to see compassion, hating and hoping for it. What he saw, instead, as their eyes locked, took his breath, sickened him as a boxer is sickened by a blow below the belt.

She was glad. There was no mistaking the message of those eyes, kindled with the first warmth he had ever seen in them; of the smile, which drew the thin lips back from white sharp teeth; of the color lifting in the pallor of the cheeks. She was glad—not with the frozen gladness he might have found almost normal in the Ann Whittaker he had known, but with something elemental, something as frankly cruel as the pleasure of a savage in the torture of a captive enemy.

It seemed to Fraser, as he obeyed the pressure of the steel ring about his wrist, that he had seen into Ann Whittaker's soul. The idea distracted his thought from himself. He would never have guessed that she had a soul. Certainly he would not have believed that she could hate anybody as he knew she hated him.

Gradually, during the short ride, he lost interest in the matter. He was too sorry for himself to think long about anything else. There was upon him a conviction of injustice, a sense of conspiracy against him, of a willful refusal to understand that he had merely borrowed, that he had done nothing dishonest, that he was perfectly willing and able to pay in full—if they'd give him a chance to turn round. He was so possessed by the idea that everything could be explained that he tried to tell the two plain-clothes men about it on the way to Headquarters.

They listened patiently. One of them was chewing gum lazily—a fattish, weak-chinned fellow, not in the least like a policeman. Fraser felt that he'd be willing to let a prisoner get away if it could be managed without any fuss. The other was harder—Fraser thought he might have made a capable longshoreman or something like that. Neither of them displayed any interest—not even disapproval. They nodded and agreed that it was too bad and the fattish man said that it would prob'ly come out all right. Lots of 'em did.

But something happened to Fraser as he walked past the white-haired amiable veteran who sat beside the doorway. He was distinctly conscious of a change in himself—something vital and permanent and complete, as if the Tommy Fraser he had been had stayed outside on the pavement and a different man had come in between the two bulls. The word carried a kind of spite into his mind. He had always thought of policemen as policemen or officers or, playfully, as cops. He had rather liked them, too, felt a kind of gratitude toward them as he crossed traffic streams divided by their lifted palms or heard the musical clang of night stick on pavement in still hours and lonesome streets. Now, answering questions put to him by a uniformed man behind a kind of bar, he called them bulls, and hated them, despised them, began to fear them.

"They've made a crook of me now."

He felt as if the two who had arrested him, the old doorman, the fellow behind the desk, had worked the change. Outside, even with the handcuff biting at his wrist, he'd been somebody else—an innocent, misunderstood victim of circumstances. Here, with his name and pedigree in that book—they called it a blotter, didn't they?—he was a thief and knew it.

Somebody spoke of getting bail, sending for a lawyer. He accepted the suggestion sullenly, annoyed by the complete want of malice. All a bluff of course. These men earned their living by this business. They might pretend to be friendly, but underneath they were intent on railroading him into the pen. That was their job, making crooks out of people. He mentioned Linc Dorner, and the desk man telephoned for him.

"He'll be right over."

Fraser understood the gesture. Again he had the sense of undergoing some chemical change as he submissively entered the narrow iron cage and watched its barred door shut. It was as if the atmosphere fixed his new identity in him. He'd never be anything but a crook now. They'd managed it quickly—old, fussy, horrified Simpson, kicking up a row like this over a measly two or three thousand; the bonding company, thirsty for blood; these paid man-catchers. Between them they'd done something to Tommy Fraser that couldn't be undone—ever. He sat on the plank bench and scowled at the bars. All right, if they wanted him to be a crook they could have it their way.

His mind jumped ahead. Sooner or later he'd be out of this. And then—he drew in his breath. If the world insisted that Tommy Fraser was a crook the world could pay for it. He'd make it come high next time. No small change after this.

It was the cheapness of the present disaster which enraged him now. Only three thousand or less! If he'd meant to steal he could have made it thirty as well as not! Because he'd been honest, because he'd only borrowed a bit, with every intention of putting it back, they'd made a thief of him! Even then he foresaw that there was no chance of an acquittal for him. Broke. If he'd taken a decent lump and put it away safely he could have dickered with them perhaps; fought it through the courts, anyway. As it was—well, it couldn't be helped. But it would have been cheaper to keep him honest. He was utterly sure of that.

Because if he hadn't wanted to go straight he could have cleaned up long ago. He chuckled at the memory of how eagerly Simpson had fallen for his suggestion of that short-cut system with the books—it saved him the price of one bookkeeper. Never occurred to him that it also gave Fraser a beautiful chance to cover up those borrowings.

The old fool never dreamed that Fraser had framed it up just so that he could help himself when he ran short.

It had always been that way, ever since Fraser could remember. He'd always had a sort of instinct for the crooked profit in any situation—from the time he'd spotted the way to beat the sixth-grade teacher at examination. He hadn't done it, because he could pass without it, but he'd known how it could be done. He hadn't had to doctor the grocery pass book, either, to get candy and chestnuts and cider for the gang, but he'd seen how to manage it—the first time he understood the system itself. At high school, when they made him treasurer of the athletic association, he'd rendered true account of every nickel, but always he had seen exactly where and how he could have helped himself. The clearness of these visions had given him a sort of active pride in his honesty; knowing that he could have stolen without risk, he had deliberately played straight.

So with the course at business college, when the science of bookkeeping revealed a dozen easy loopholes to his interested inspection; and with his early jobs, where he saw safe chances to steal at every turn—and looked away from them. Thinking it over, crouched behind the barred door, Tommy Fraser realised that he knew by instinct what most crooks had to learn by hard experiment. When this thing was settled, when they'd finished punishing him for perfectly innocent borrowings, he'd use that instinct to advantage.

Lincoln Dorner, considerably less friendly than he had seemed three nights before, when he'd won thirty dollars of Tommy Fraser's money in the weekly poker game, listened somberly to the history of the affair.

"And you're three thousand short?"

"Something like that."

"Got any of it left?" Dorner looked sidewise at his client. Fraser understood.

"You got the last of it Saturday night, Linc."

Dorner bristled. "Look here, if you think you can drag me into this ——"

"Forget it. What would that get me? Only I guess you'll do what you can for me, won't you? I would if I were you, Linc."

Fraser let his voice droop a little. It struck him that he was handling Dorner rather well. Just that much of a hint would do better than a fat fee—and Dorner had a reputation as a clever fixer.

"I'm here, am I not?" Dorner scowled. "And I haven't asked you to slip me any retainer, have I? But if you think I can square this you're kidding yourself. On your own story they've got you sewed up. And it's the meanest surety company on earth too. They'll see that I don't get bail for you without a fight. And they'll push the case to the outside edge of the limit."

Fraser nodded. "I see all that. But suppose you offered them a plea right now—before I'm even indicted? Suppose you put it up to 'em that I'm sorry and ready to take my dose without a whine? How would that work? Think they'd be willing to go easy?"

He seemed to stand away and listen to this new shrewdness, an impartial, approving auditor. Dorner's scowl faded, relief in his worried eye.

"That's talking! I thought you'd want to scrap it out to a finish. Sure—if you're game to face the music we can shave it down a lot. Leave it to me! And take it from me you're wise too. Why, with that layout there isn't a kid on the D. A.'s staff who couldn't nail you! The way you worked Simpson into putting in your own system makes it a clean case of premeditation. We'd never get an inch away from it." He got to his feet, brisk again. "I'll see the surety counsel and get him to help fix the D. A. Murdock'll do what they want. Saves him work. And about bail ——"

"Never mind any bail. I guess I might as well get used to it now. And I'm getting free board in here. Let it go at that. And hurry it up all you can. If I'm on the inside looking out I'd like to have the time count—you know."

He watched Dorner go, sourly amused at the man's relief. Dorner was afraid somebody might think he'd been too friendly with Tom Fraser; afraid somebody might whisper that Dorner himself wasn't exactly on the square. From his new position Fraser was able to see the compensation of being definitely classed as a criminal. You needn't ever worry again what anybody thought about you.

And instantly he remembered Ann Whittaker's stabbing eyes and the triumph in them, and wondered what lay behind that revealing look. He'd never done anything to justify her in that sort of hatred; he'd made rather a point of being decent to her, in fact. He recalled a succession of trivial courtesies on his part, of rebuffs on hers. That had amused him, back in that other life with which he was finished—a girl like that snubbing Tom Fraser, who had been pretty well able to suit himself in the matter of feminine approval. The thought brought a shadow. There would be quite a lot of busy little explainers by the time the evening papers carried the news. He had no illusions about this. They had liked him when he was free and in funds and undisgraced. They would be careful to forget him now that

Some of 'em would be sorry, of course. They weren't all just pretending. But they wouldn't say so, and Fraser didn't blame them. No nice girl can afford to be known as a friend of a crook—a jailed crook.

But Ann Whittaker—he could see her almost as if she were present in the flesh, and the vision of her puzzled him. Thin and cold and—he groped for the right word to describe the dominant quality—sharp, that was it. She looked as if she'd cut if you touched her. Edges. That thin-bridged nose and the tight line of the lips. Never letting herself go for a second. Funny how she'd always frozen him when he tried to be pleasant.

And she was glad he'd been caught. Why? He tried to remember some possible cause for the hate which would make her look as she had looked at him when he passed. There wasn't any sense in it. She must be just naturally soured on men.

The plank made a poor bed and the air was bad. He slept very little, and, lying awake, found a queer comfort in the riddle of that parting look. It gave him something to think about

He continued to think about it. He was still thinking when he began his three-year sentence—Dorner had been unduly optimistic in his estimates of judicial leniency to penitent and self-accusing embezzlers—and as the dullness of the prison settled upon him he came to be glad that somebody was interested enough in Tom Fraser to take pleasure in his disaster. Next to having a friend, a good enemy. And he had no friends. Not even a letter came to him while he bleached and choked in the gray wet caves, learned to move eyes instead of head, to whisper with motionless lip, to shuffle instead of walk, to hate the scheme of things which had made honest, cheerful, friendly Tom Fraser into a sullen thief.

The two ideas grew upon him together—Ann Whittaker's mystifying hatred and the settled acceptance of a status thrust forcibly upon him by the law and the surety company and Old Simpson, yammering as if he'd lost the money himself, as if every cent of the shortage hadn't been repaid by the bonding concern! Tom Fraser had been honest. That was tormentingly self-evident after months of surly meditations in the stone grave they called a cell. If he'd been a thief in intent he'd have taken enough to make it worth while. Only an honest man would have stopped at the few hundreds he'd borrowed. Again and again he came back to this. He'd been square. They'd called him a thief, marked the word on him, compelled him to be one.

He knew that they'd continue to compel him. When they let him go the affair wouldn't be closed. They'd watch him, follow him about, warning everybody who might befriend him that he was a convict, crowding him back to crookedness or starvation or suicide. He had absorbed an unshakable belief in the relentless persecution of the police which was not weakened by the irritating evidence that his case had no interest for the men who jailed him, the keepers who guarded him, that these knew him only as a number among eighteen hundred other numbers.

There was no chance for a convict to start over again and make good.

All right. Let 'em have it their way. They'd get the worst of it. They'd never catch him again, and somebody'd pay high for his liberty too. He could think of a hundred good schemes—safe, sure money getters. When he got out

And when he wasn't pitying himself and planning his future he generally thought about Ann Whittaker. What had he ever done to make her glad that he'd been branded thief? Why? Some day he'd hunt her up and ask her outright; make her tell. What was a woman like that doing with emotions, anyway? She was as cold-blooded as a weasel, he told himself.

And yet she'd watched him led out in handcuffs with a glow in her, a blaze as sudden and startling as the resurgence of red coals when a gust whipped away the gray ashes that had hidden them.

There was something almost pleasant in the assurance that she hated him like this. The others had forgotten him by now. They'd try to do it—choke any random memory of Tom Fraser that might flicker into their minds. But Ann Whittaker would remember. You might forget congenial friends without trying if you lost sight of them for a while; but people who hated like that didn't forget the men they hated—ever.

She came to stand in his mind as a barrier between the old Tom Fraser and oblivion, a link with the world which had done its best to cut him off.

Her attitude soothed another ache too—the affronted vanity which resented the refusal of the world to watch him while it punished him. He felt that he had a right to attention, interest; and the failure of the courts and the prison to manifest anything resembling this seemed like a gratuitous added cruelty.

He was glad that one person was interested enough to be glad of his downfall, though the mystery of her hatred continued to puzzle him to the day of his release on parole.

II

SCIENTIFIC humanitarianism reduced his sentence in mathematical proportion to what it termed good behavior; it permitted his hair to grow during the month preceding his conditional discharge, and provided extra periods in the exercise yard to lessen the prison bleach. It furnished him, finally, with the clothes in which he had arrived and a ticket back to Beaufort. There was, besides, a tiresome moral lecture from the warden, to which he listened courteously and agreed without qualification.

He used the Beaufort ticket to carry him two stations away from the prison town. Here he dropped from the wrong side of the train and waited in a dingy cigar store across the square until another local pulled in, headed in the opposite direction. He boarded this without buying a ticket and paid his fare to New York out of the ten dollars the warden had given him.

He had settled this in his mind long ago, down to the detail of the method. New York offered a criminal a hundred opportunities for every one he might find in a little city; it held out an even greater advantage in the matter of safety.

But from the moment he left the prison station he was unpleasantly conscious of surveillance, tempted to look over his shoulder, to break into a run. He knew that this was illusion and fought it stubbornly. No one had followed him. He was perfectly sure of it. He must get over the idea; it would help to make him feel uncertain of himself.

He carried out his preconceived plan carefully. He was sitting at a desk in the writing room of the newest and biggest hotel in the city, pretending to write a letter while he kept a shrewd eye on the registry desk, when the sense of being watched became too strong for him. He turned very slowly and looked into Ann Whittaker's level, chilling eyes.

For a moment he sat breathless and cold under the shock of it, rebelling helplessly against the freak of chance which had brought him, here in a city of millions, face to face with the one person who would take pleasure in making more trouble for him. The girl studied him, the old hint of contempt visible at the corners of her thin tight lips. She seemed to wait for him to speak, but when he remained stubbornly silent she whipped a single word at him. He could almost feel the cutting edge of it.

"Well?"

He rose to a poor pretense of unconcern. "Hello, Miss Whittaker. This world's getting too blamed small for any use, isn't it? What you doing here?"

"Waiting to hear what you're doing. We'll go up in the mezzanine. It's quite private there."

She seemed sure of him. Without watching to see that he followed, she walked across the marble lobby to a curving stair between elevator cages. He noticed now that she was thinner and sharper than ever; he observed that she wore neat but unimpressive clothes and hat—the sensible, serviceable garments of a worker. He even noted the fact that the stout shoes had been resoled and that a slight tear in the serge skirt had been darned.

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He Stopped Her as She Turned. "When They Were Jugging Me, Back There at Simpson's, You Looked Glad"

ALVARO OBREGÓN: AS MILITARY LEADER — By Dr. E. J. Dillon

IT MAY seem incredible to assert that the movement which drew Obregón from the tranquillity of his home and the joys of a pure family life in Sonora to the hardships and dangers of civil war in the sierras and deserts of the republic was the embodiment of principles rather than of interests. Yet this is a demonstrable fact. But it was such a startling innovation, and ran so counter to the general trend of things Mexican, that foreigners who judge men by labels and in groups are still unable to realize it.

For many years previously Mexican politics had lacked an ideal. The Diaz government, having made a splendid beginning, stopped suddenly short. Despite its undoubted asset of material progress—which, however, reposed upon the frailest of foundations—it was living from hand to mouth, allowing sleeping dogs to lie and hypnotizing or killing off those that ventured to bark.

It no longer stood for any social conception. It pursued but one ideal—that of dispensing with ideals.

The members of the administration—many of them honest, well-meaning, polished but shortsighted men—were gifted with too much intelligence for the task they had set themselves and too little for that which was becoming daily more urgent. In the spirit that moved them there was naught that could be termed constructive. It was impatient of every new tendency which had rendered human society progressive. It made no effort or pretense to think, act or feel in rhythm with the pulse beats of the contemporary world. In truth the government was less a viable organism than a huge mechanism for the perpetuation of the actual régime and the maintenance of such meager social forces as were deemed innocuous and had received official recognition, to the exclusion of all others. In short, it had become a process of decorous petrifaction.

Girls of Tehuantepec. Above—Ancient Maya Arch Among the Ruins of Uxmal, Yucatan

Mexico Under the Diaz Régime

IN THESE conditions the bulk of the people were hardly better off than under the Spanish domination. Indeed some sections were more miserable still, and they had no redress. Those who openly showed signs of disaffection, and many who were only neighbors of the discontented, were promptly silenced, sometimes executed and sometimes condemned to hard labor in what was considered to be the deadliest climate in the republic. A revolution from above was excluded from the program of the oligarchs, the slender base of whose scheme of government was the maintenance of Mexico's credit abroad and of outward tranquillity at home. Those were the principal needs of the country at one time, but that epoch had gone by, pressing forward other problems. The relations between master and servant, between the government and the governed and between the various heterogeneous ethnic elements of the population were never visualized as practical questions, but rather as skeletons in the cupboard to be kept hidden out of sight. Thus time, with its alternations of life and death, its silent burial of cherished hopes and the emergence of new aspirations, passed by the peoples of Mexico, bringing them no new birth. The dictatorship had indeed become an oligarchy, but this change of masters produced no surcease of misery among the population; and it was left to the partisans of the régime who had crushed out all legal opposition to sap the foundations of the fabric which they themselves had so laboriously built up. This, however, they duly accomplished.

A gifted North American observer published his impressions of these conditions as follows:

"There is not a Spanish-American state which has proved its capacity for self-government as yet. It is a fair question whether any one of them would have been worse off than it is to-day if Spanish rule had been maintained in it. The chief exception is Mexico, but Mexico has been for ten or fifteen years under a dictator, and the republican forms have been in abeyance. What will happen there when the dictator dies nobody knows."

Vague discontent was rife among the masses and concentrated hatred among the few intellectuals and politicians whose impulsive temperament, wild idealism and recklessness constituted the most formidable danger confronting the ruling class. Francisco Madero became the incarnation of these manifestations, after having risked his life in an attempt to focus, control and direct the rebellious elements in the country. Fallen into the clutches of the authorities and escaped to the frontier, he became the center of a nucleus of resolute men who took up arms against the dictator and the régime, and headed the revolution which culminated in the overthrow of the government.

From that movement Obregón, who, like many other intelligent Mexicans, evinced a keen and sympathetic interest in its success, held almost entirely aloof. He wished it well, lauded its champions and advocated its principles, but that was all. He was reluctant to fight for it. For by this time he possessed some land, on which he was successfully cultivating chick-peas, a house in which he lived with his two children and their aunts—his first wife having died some time before—and he was bending all his energies to the maintenance of his sisters and the rearing of his offspring. This attitude of his toward the revolution is outlined by himself with that frankness which is one of his most attractive qualities, as follows:

"The Maderist, or antireëlectionist, party was split into two sections: One composed of men responsive to the call of duty, who left their homes and severed every tie of family and of interest to shoulder a rifle, a shotgun or any other weapon they could lay their hands on; and the other of men who hearkened to the call of fear, who found no arms, who had children who would become orphans if their fathers should fall in combat and who were bound by a thousand other ties which even duty cannot suppress when the specter of fear grips the hearts of men.

"It was to the second of these classes that I unfortunately belonged."

The sense of his obligations to the narrow circle of his family was stronger than that of duty to the wider community.

The revolution against Diaz triumphed therefore without Obregón's active help, and this circumstance left him long remorseful. He felt guilty of gross remissness, and when two months later he was elected by his fellow citizens to the mayoralty of Huatabampo, this mark of esteem from the people in whose midst he had grown up and who were thoroughly conversant with his qualities and defects, seemed to carry with it a rebuke to his egotism as well as a tribute to his political creed.

"It did not," he writes, "reconcile me to my conscience, which continually whispered: 'In the work of emancipation you failed to do your duty as a citizen.'"

Chief of the Rich Battalion

SOON afterward one of the emancipators, Pascual Orozco, rose in rebellion against Madero, inflicted a severe defeat on the troops sent against him in Chihuahua and shook the belief of many in the stability of the new order of things. Thereupon the governor of Sonora called upon the mayors of the state to assist in the enlistment of volunteers to put down the revolt. In this summons Obregón seemed to hear the voice of duty calling out, "Here is your opportunity to set yourself right." He accordingly offered his services to the governor, and within a fortnight had about three hundred men, mostly inhabitants of the place, ready to march to the inhospitable desert, where a large section of the army had just perished of thirst. Obregón's troops were nicknamed the Rich Battalion, owing to the number of relatively well-to-do young men—agriculturists like himself—who composed it. He was unanimously recognized as their chief, taking unofficial rank as lieutenant colonel. During this first campaign, which was fought to a successful issue within less than a year, he distinguished himself so signally that his commander in chief, Victoriano Huerta, who was shortly afterward to play such an unenviable part in the history of his country, on receiving him exclaimed: "Let us hope that this chief may become the promise of our fatherland."

That campaign was fraught with hardships and dangers which by comparison with the life of ease and security he had enjoyed in Huatabampo surpassed those which confronted him later on when he was inured to privation and hardened to physical suffering. As a private citizen he was an inveterate smoker of cigarettes. In the sierras there were seldom any to be had. Occasionally a soldier

would smuggle in a few, together with a bottle of whisky, from the United States, and would sell a puff for five, ten or twenty cents, receiving several dollars for the whole cigarette. The food, too, though not exactly scarce, was far from varied, beef and flour being the staple foodstuffs on which the army lived. Obregón felt painfully at first the absence of cigarettes, but he promptly took the resolution never to indulge habitually in the habit of smoking again—and he has kept it ever since. Now and again he smokes a cigar, but he never feels the need of one, nor does he ever touch a cigarette.

This detail, trivial in itself, is worth recording only as a typical instance of his complete command over his appetites. It was during the same campaign that he acquired the useful habit, which he still retains, of being able to sleep at any hour of the day and practically in any posture.

When this first campaign was over Obregón returned to his home in Huatabampo, hoping to spend the rest of his days in peaceful pursuits. He arrived on the anniversary of his patron saint. In Mexico one's saint's day is celebrated with much greater solemnity than one's birthday.

A Patriot's Farewell to His Son

HIS sisters, his children and many of his neighbors had made extensive preparations to welcome him back; but hardly had he been an hour in the house when an urgent telegram summoned him to Hermosillo, the capital of the state. Without hesitation he forthwith mounted his horse, and before reaching the state capital he learned that President Madero had been arrested by Victoriano Huerta, and that the achievements of the revolution were about to be nullified by the usurper. Thereupon he summoned his men and hurried off on a campaign which was to last for years and take him thousands of miles over sandy deserts and sultry plains, exposed to hardships unknown in European warfare.

On this occasion there was no internal struggle between family obligations and duty to the larger community. Obregón started off unhesitatingly, without paying even a flying visit to his family. But from Hermosillo he hurriedly scribbled a letter to his boy, whom I have often met, which is worth reproducing.

My dear son: When you receive this letter I shall have begun my march, together with my battalion, to the northern frontier, in response to the voice of the fatherland whose very entrails are being torn out at present. No good Mexican can hesitate to answer the call. My sole regret is that your tender age does not allow you to accompany me. If fate should reserve for me the glory of dying for this cause, bless your condition as an orphan, for with legitimate pride you can call yourself the son of a patriot. Be ever the slave of duty. Let your country, your sister and the three women who have been mothers to you form a sodality which shall be ever sacred to you. To them you shall dedicate your life. Embrace Mary, Cenobia and Rose, and receive yourself, together with my dear Quiquita, the heart of your father.

General Obregón (Fourth From the Left, First Row), Doctor Dillon, General Jasso and Others Near the Uxmal Ruins

Huerta's treachery and the prospect of its obvious consequences roused bitter resentment in the hearts of the few who were inspired by principle, and found approval and aid among the many who were actuated by self-interest. For Obregón therefore to take up arms against the man who had so recently eulogized him was to enlist in a cause that relied upon a powerful backing and to breast a bloody flood which might at any moment engulf himself and his comrades.

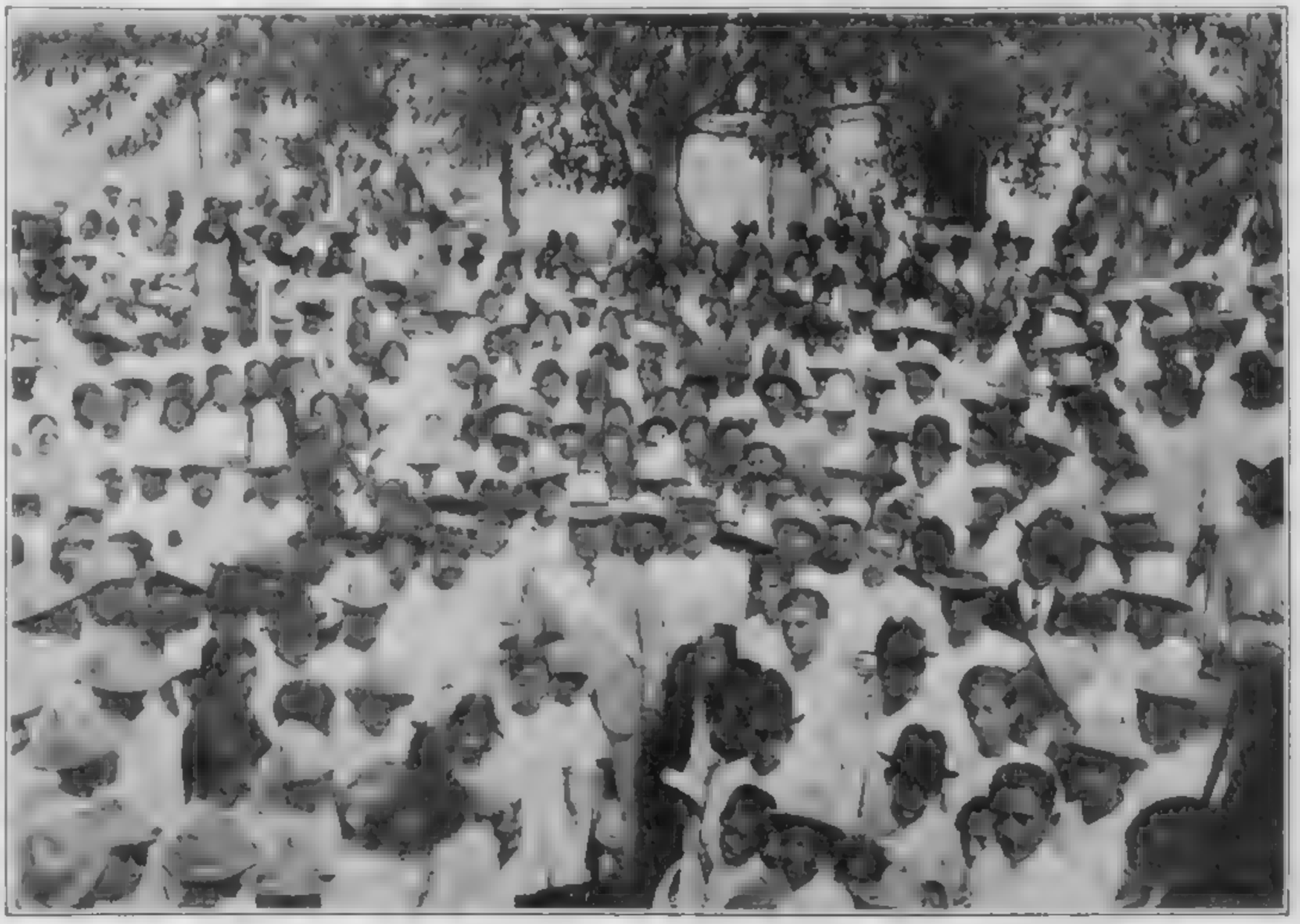
The two figures of Madero and Huerta have often evoked sympathy or disgust among foreigners upon grounds that are at variance with historical facts; and in the United States one is frequently confronted with the opinion that Huerta was the man whom President Wilson ought to have supported. I cannot share this view. Huerta was a highly shrewd desperado possessed by ungovernable passions. It was only his untamable temper and freedom from all restraint that gave him the appearance of strength. He recognized no law, human or divine. Had he established his régime securely he would have misruled the country with a rod of iron and demoralized the people irremediably. His policy abroad, coupled with enforced peace at home, might indeed have suited some foreign investors and domestic reactionaries, but even they had no guaranty that the dubious advantages which they looked for would be lasting. He treated the country as his footstool and the people as his instruments. Freedom from the restraints of law and exemption from punishment for crime were his personal privilege. In an advanced state of society such an individual would be classed as a dangerous criminal and dealt with accordingly. Mr. Wilson's detestation of the man was as well grounded as the acts inspiring it—by which Huerta overstepped the limits of moral support—were unjustifiable and dangerous.

Madero, on the other hand, was an honest, disinterested visionary whose principal merit lay in his courage and initiative, coupled with the circumstance that his name had become a symbol and his voice a clarion to those who yearned for social reconstruction and a new standard of political-social values. Hence the enthusiasm he called forth throughout the country. But his influence was greater at the circumference than in the center. His head, figuratively speaking, was where his heart should have been, and was filled with sentimentality, while disembodied theories weakened his will, enforcing compliance with measures which damaged the cause he would have furthered. His murder was a dastardly crime, and might well seem, in view of the usurper who profited by it, a national calamity.

The Personification of Victory

ACTIVE participation in the civil war landed Obregón in a domain wholly foreign to his habits of living and modes of thought, and subjected him to a set of new and searching tests which brought the hidden lines of his character into view and revealed him as a leader of men in the widest acceptation of the term. It is a remarkable fact that from the day on which he led his raw recruits from Huatabampo to the desert of Chihuahua success crowned his every effort, until at last he came to be looked upon as the incarnate symbol of victory. Among the officers who fought on the popular side were professional soldiers like Felipe Angeles, who had attained eminence in Europe and might therefore be expected to take precedence of an uneducated farmer inexperienced in the art of war. But some were pedants, others were irresolute, a few were untrustworthy, and the best were good commanders of brigades but liable to collapse when caught in the clutches of adverse circumstances. Obregón, on the other hand, was in his element as a director of large bodies of men.

(Continued on Page 95)



People of Palizada, State of Campeche, Going to the Square to Hear General Obregón Address Them

A SILLY THING TO DO

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

IT WASN'T very often the guv'nor tackled me directly on any subject, though I could often feel in my bones there were things he wanted to say. The fact was that he nearly got let down himself through betting, and only escaped being sacked from Waterhouse on account of his perfectly stunning school record and the pretty spectacular nature of the bet he undertook. Every Waterhouse boy knew Ralph Casement by reputation, and how in his last year he shinned up the chapel steeple and planted the Head's opera hat on the weathercock. With a decent pair of glasses you can still see the old wires twisted round the arrow with twenty years' rust upon them. He was frightfully keen I should leave a decent impression at the school, and of all chaps in the world he was the one I most wanted to please. His trust in me was one of the things I was proudest of and I did my best to keep it at full pressure.

"Pitch it high, Dennis," he said. "Your half-hearted fellows are no good to anyone. I'd rather hear you had tried to burn down the Western Hall"—that was where the school mustered on speech days—"than get a report you were a breaker of minor rules—a member of silly smoking societies and gambling cliques."

I never meant to let him down, and all said it was a stupid affair. One of the chaps had a pack of cards and four of us started to play nap. Then a fellow named Preston planked down some coppers and suggested a half-penny pool. I started to kick at that.

"No one expected you to play," he said, and got a laugh against me.

"All right," said I, and turning out my pockets; "but after we've finished I'm going to plug you in the eye."

"Better do it first," he sneered, not believing I meant what I'd said.

So I rushed him, and because I was a bit wild and he a bit rattled I planted a good 'un where he kept his wind. He let go a mighty squawk as his breath ran out—a squawk which carried over the hedge and was heard by Brander, our house master. Next moment he had pushed through a gap and was with us. Preston was gasping on the ground alongside the spread rug with the cards and the cash upon it.

The two other chaps had legged it before Brander arrived.

It was a pretty rotten case for both of us and we knew it.

"Well, you fellows," he said, "it's out of my hands, you know." His mouth looked a bit queer and his lips twitched uncertainly. "I thought you were above this sort of thing, Casement." And he turned away.

It was Preston who called him back.

"My stupid fault, sir," he stammered, and told the tale as it had happened.

I never thought Preston had that much decency in him, so I couldn't do less than sing out: "But I was going to play for money, sir."

Brander dug his stick into the ground without saying anything, then: "The rules are clear enough. If you were in the Sixth you'd be sacked for this. As Lower Fifth boys you've earned the rod—publicly. If this is reported to the Head you know what to expect. If I don't report it I shall be shirking a duty myself. I think I'll leave the choice in your hands. You can tell me what you decide after evening call-over."

It was to Brander's credit, not ours, that we told him we would take our gruel from the Head. Brander was a ripping chap—a nailer for duty—and it seemed a low-down thing to squeeze out by taking advantage of his offer.

"Good," he said, "that's British! The thing's finished, and you needn't be afraid I shall read you a sermon. Certain things aren't worth while, that's all I've got to say."

We went out of the study loving Brander—there's no other word for it. I told the guv'nor all about it when I was back for the Easter vac.

"I'm glad, very glad, you told me," he said. "Gambling—oh, well, you know yourself how much good it is. I nearly got fired for it myself—and somehow, Dennis, I don't want you to get fired."

"Dad," said I, "if you like I'll swear never to touch another card while I'm at Waterhouse."

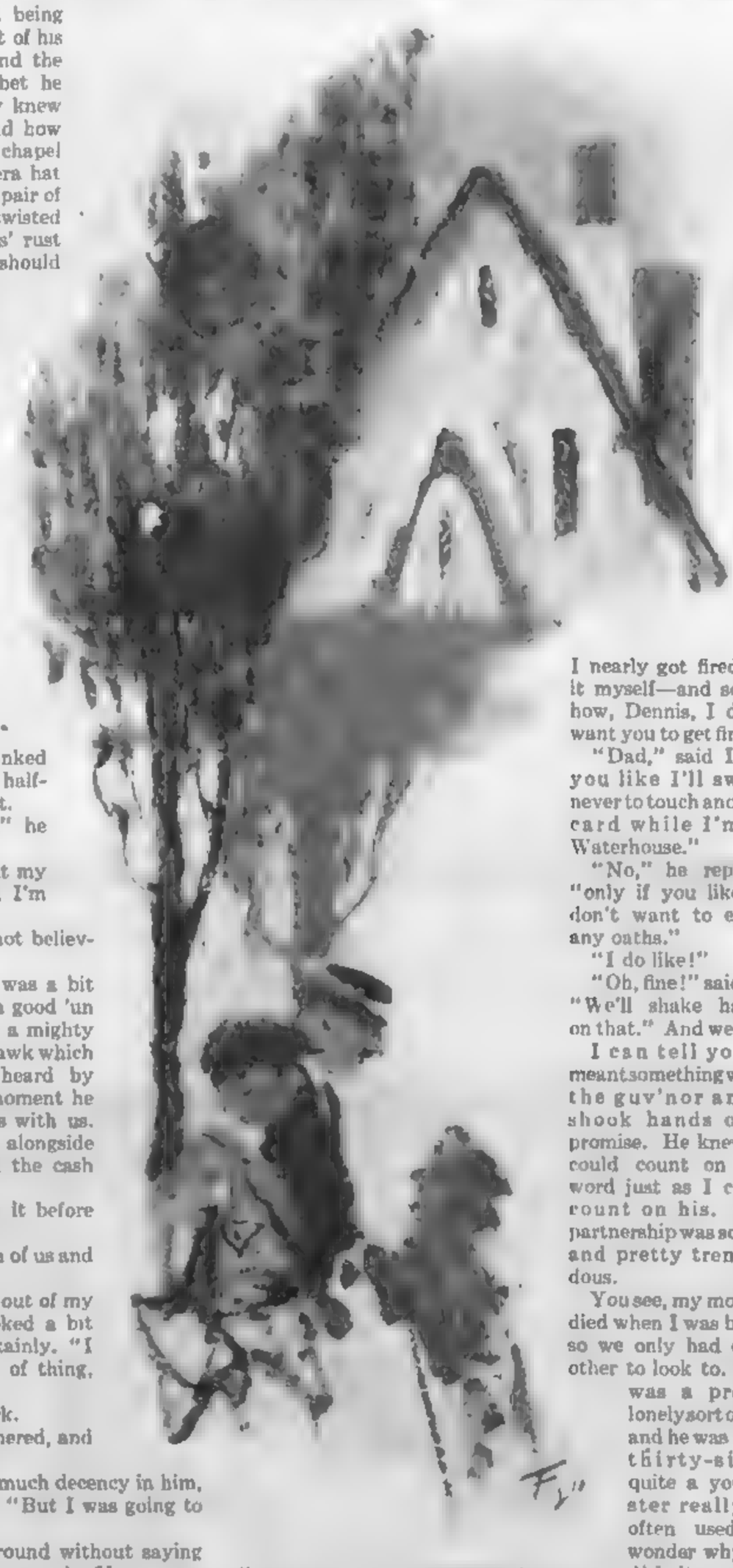
"No," he replied; "only if you like. I don't want to exact any oaths."

"I do like!"

"Oh, fine!" said he. "We'll shake hands on that." And we did.

I can tell you it meant something when the guv'nor and I shook hands on a promise. He knew he could count on my word just as I could count on his. Our partnership was sound and pretty tremendous.

You see, my mother died when I was born, so we only had each other to look to. His was a pretty lonely sort of life and he was only thirty-six—quite a youngster really. I often used to wonder why he didn't marry again. I suppose it hadn't occurred to him.



"I Want You to Meet Conrad's Daughter, Dennis. I Think You'll Like Her. 'T Any Rate, I'd Like You to Try"

The afternoon following our talk he took me over to Conrad's house and talked rather queerly as we strolled across the fields.

"I want you to meet Conrad's daughter, Dennis. I think you'll like her. 'T any rate, I'd like you to try." He didn't wait for my answer but went on: "I suppose, old son, I seem an elderly sort of chap to you."

"No fear," I answered.

"But I've got set in elderly molds and you're used to that. Think you could get used to me in any other way?"

"I'm jolly certain I don't want you any different," I said.

And he laughed rather an awkward sort of laugh.

We met Conrad and his daughter at the foot of their garden. She was absolutely stunning, for all the world like Mary Pickford, but with more fun at the corners of her mouth. The guv'nor packed us off together to make friends—and I never had a jollier task than that.

"You're Dennis," she said. "My name's Geraldine, which is horrid—but Gerry's all right, I think, don't you?"

"Topping," I replied.

"Then I'll make you a present of it," she said, with a grin that showed her little white teeth.

And I said "Gerry" as bold as brass.

It's jolly fine to get to Christian names inside ten minutes, especially with the prettiest girl you've ever seen. It never occurred to me before that I was a susceptible sort of chap, but I don't mind owning that Gerry took my wickets at the first over. She had such a topping irresponsible way of talking—here, there and everywhere. It almost took one's breath away. I voted the guv'nor a jolly good sort for giving me the introduction.

"How old are you?" she asked.

I told her fifteen, and put the same question.

"Add ten," she said.

"Oh, rot!" I said. "You're only a kid."

"Twenty-five," she replied. "I hope you don't mind."

But I did mind, and I suppose I showed it.

"'T any rate," I said, "we can be friends just the same. After all, what's ten years?"

"That's just what I said to myself one glorious night three weeks ago, when Ralph came to dinner with us."

It seemed funny to hear the guv'nor called Ralph.

"D'you mind my calling him Ralph?" she asked.

"Not a bit. It'll make him feel young. You know," I added, "he's not a bit old really."

"'Course he isn't," she laughed. "Those are my ponies over there. Let's try and catch them."

We had a tremendous spree doing the bareback-bronco act, and after we'd subdued the fiery mustangs we raced off to where the guv'nor and Mr. Conrad were sitting, to report progress. The guv'nor got up to greet us.

"You seem to be getting on all right," he said.

"Beautifully," Gerry answered. "I love Dennis—don't I?" she appealed to me.

I must say I thought it was rather stupid of her to say that, for it makes a fellow look a bit of an ass to have that kind of confession made to his own father. All the same I couldn't help being pleased, and the guv'nor seemed pleased too, and slipped a friendly arm through mine.

I saw a lot of Gerry during the next few days, but never enough, for the more I saw the better I liked. I had never felt much interest in girls before.

The few I had known I had liked well enough, but not in the same way. It sounds fearful tosh, but I actually dreamed about her. You know the gallant rescue and hair-breadth escape sort of dream, with a post chaise to Gretna Green at the end of it!

Made me positively awkward to meet her next day, for my worst enemy couldn't accuse me of being a spring-poet sort of chap. But the fact is I went to bed thinking about her, and woke up doing the same thing, and even the guv'nor noticed that I left half my porridge at brekker and only scoffed one egg instead of two. You may laugh, but all that sort of thing goes to show.

'Course I never meant to say a word, and to this day I don't know how I came to be such a fool. It just happened, as these things will, while she and I were walking up and down on the terrace one night after dinner. I was going back to school next day and that may have brought it on. We were talking about the guv'nor and I said I was so jolly glad she and he were such good pals. I said, too, what a frightfully straight chap he was.

"I know," she answered. "It almost frightens me sometimes."

"Oh, rot!" I said.

"It does, for I can't help thinking he would never understand anyone who was less well principled than himself."

"He's got a jolly high standard," I replied, "and he'd be frightfully hurt if one did anything shabby."

"That's what I mean."

"But you never would."

"I don't know. I'm a bit of a pickle really. Always getting in and out of scrapes. Ask my father."

"I'd rather make up my own mind," said I.

"And have you?"

"Yes."

"Tell me what it is."

I hesitated.

"It's this," I said. "I like you—most awfully."

"And do you think you could bear the idea of my being here for good?"

It fairly took my breath away.

"Oh, Gerry!" I gasped. "I could—I could! That's what I've been dying to say for ages, but I hadn't the pluck. So I sent you those daffs instead."

She stopped and looked at me, her eyebrows raised and disappearing under the loop of hair upon her forehead.

"To say what?"

"I love you."

"Dennis, you mustn't do that—no. I thought you knew ——"

"I only know I love you enormously," I repeated.

"—— that I'm going to marry your father," she went on.

Once when I was a kid I fell from a hayloft, but the jolt I had on landing was nothing compared to what I felt that moment. Every part of me seemed to stop like a dropped clock, and I could only gape at her while a shameful desire to blub got hold of me by the throat.

"I thought you'd guessed that. Oh, you poor darling, you mustn't look so miserable. I wanted you to be glad."

And then it came over me that she was ten years older than I was, and that lots of girls would have laughed at me—couldn't have helped themselves. But she didn't laugh, and because of that I knew what a little trump she was—what an absolute first-rater.

So I took a grip on myself and managed to say: "I'm jolly glad, Gerry, that you've chosen the better man."

The least flicker of a smile came and went at the corners of her mouth, then she put an arm round my waist

"It would be a good plan if you kissed me and wished me luck, wouldn't it?"

I did, and we sat side by side on a carved stone bench.

"You won't tell the guv'nor," I said after a long silence.

She shook her head.

"No, it shall be a secret for all time," she answered.

"Thank you, Gerry," said I. "I shall always remember that, and if ever there's the least or greatest service I can render—you'll ask me, won't you?—so that I can repay."

"But what is it you want to repay?" she asked.

"You might have laughed at me," I explained.

"One doesn't laugh at things one's proudest of," she said. I gave her hand a mighty squeeze.

"Oh, bless you," I said, and went indoors to tell the guv'nor what a lucky chap he was.

They were married during the summer term. I came up for the wedding and I must say old Conrad fixed everything in tophole style. It went with a whiz and all I seem to remember is the laughter, the ices and the guv'nor, who looked like a boy, with Gerry, pink and smiling, upon his arm. They went to Switzerland for their honeymoon, and I returned to school with a fiver in my pocket and a silly sort of lump in my throat.

We spent the summer vac. together, and without exception it was the finest time I ever had in my life. I never knew a real mother, but I voted if Gerry was a sample of the step variety there wasn't much to kick at. It was great, too, the way she made the guv'nor open out. He behaved like a two-year-old. His old seriousness was clean gone—swamped out by her high spirits and fun. To watch him helping her with the household books was as good as a play, for she could no more add nine and seven than fly, and was just as pleased with one result as another. But between them they laughed some sort of method into the enterprise. It would have been a lesson in patience to our mathematics master at Waterhouse.

It was toward the end of the holidays the guv'nor received some correspondence that seemed to sober him down a bit. He said nothing to me, but I could see that everything wasn't quite right. He cut out some of our picnics and spent a fair amount of time writing letters and sending wires. Also he tackled me on the subject of trying for a scholarship.

I told him I'd never thought of it and he replied in an offhand way: "Still, you ought to have a pretty sound chance. Why not have a go at the Aitchin Schol.?"

"It's over my head, guv'nor."

"Don't you believe it," he said. "Try your luck, and if you pull it off I might slip you a motor bike for Christmas."

That was something like an offer and I made a few very hearty resolves with myself.

At the time it didn't strike me as unusual that he should have to go abroad for a couple of months. He had considerable interests in some Balkan oil fields and often spent a few weeks there during the autumn. So that Gerry shouldn't be dull while he was away he took a furnished flat for her in town.

"It's bad luck coming this year, but I shall have to see to things," he said.

I took the bad luck to mean leaving Gerry so soon after they were married.

"While you're away I shall knuckle to and make a fortune," she replied.

"Heavens," said the guv'nor half comically, "I shall never be able to afford that."

For some reason Gerry colored up.

"Don't you be so sure," she said. "You don't know what I can do. I'm a mascot, p'raps, and shall bring you luck."

"You've done that," said he, and pinched the end of her nose.

I fairly got down to it at school that term—got my remove to the Sixth, and to my own amazement carried off the scholarship with a pretty decent margin. I don't want to boast, but I fancy the other entrants must have been well below the average. 'T any rate the Head made a flattering speech and I felt all sorts of a fool standing on the platform while the school cheered as though I were a hero returned from the wars. Fearful rot it was, and I was jolly glad to duck out of the little door beside the organ and make a dash across the Close with half the school yoicking and tallyhoing at my heels.

However, it was something to be bucked about, I suppose, and I was pretty full of myself when I turned up at Euston a day or two before Christmas with the prospect of the guv'nor returning from the Near East, of Gerry on the spot, and a brand-new motor bike thrown in. Between the three I reckoned to have a pretty gay old Christmas.

I was rather surprised that Gerry wasn't at the station to meet me, and more surprised still when I nipped into the flat to find her in the drawing-room looking white and serious.

"Good heavens, you do look rotten!" I cried.

She grinned, but it wasn't one of her real kind.

"I'm all right," she answered.

"You aren't, or you'd have been at the station to meet me. Look here, stick on your hat and I'll take you out to lunch. I've heaps of boodle."

"Lucky you!" she answered. "Wish I could say the same. But lunch is ordered here."

"Oh, that'll keep."

She tipped up the end of her nose with a forefinger, but not very convincingly.

"I don't think I want to go out," she said.

"Then we'll have a merry old lunch at home," I said, and flopped down on the sofa by her side.

(Continued on Page 154)

"I Say, Gerry, What's Up?" I Demanded. "You Keep Saying Things I Don't Get the Hang Of"

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XXXVIII

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

IT WAS my intention to relate in this chapter some of my personal experiences in the first days of the revolution; and not being in possession of any diaries or notes, as we had left behind everything except wearing apparel in our flight from that combination of prison and madhouse y-cleped Soviet Russia, I resorted to the files of the New York Times in order to refresh my memory as to the dates of some events.

The first mention of the revolution I found in the issue of that paper of March 15, 1917, in the shape of a series of cablegrams, most of them dated from London, some of the same date and some of the day before, the revolution having taken place on the twelfth.

The very headlines printed on the first page of the New York Times, on top of the first column of a long series of cablegrams, show the fatal misconception of the real meaning of the Russian revolution which prevailed among the representatives at Petrograd of the press, as well as of the diplomacy of Allied countries. They ran as follows:

LONDON HAILS REVOLUTION

EXPECTED CZAR OVERTHROW AND SEES BRIGHTER PROSPECTS FOR THE ALLIES

THINK THE COUP DECISIVE

WELL-INFORMED OBSERVERS BELIEVE THE PATRIOTIC WAR PARTY HAS MADE ITS CONTROL SECURE

FEAR NO SEPARATE PEACE

WITH WEAK RULER DEPOSED AND PRO-GERMAN ADVISERS OUSTED THEY PREDICT NEW VICTORIES

On the second page I found another cablegram from London, dated March fifteenth, under the caption:

COMMONS TOLD OF ABDICATION

REVOLUTION DUE TO RUSSIAN PURPOSE TO FIGHT WAR OUT, SAYS BONAR LAW

In the text of the cablegram giving an extract from Mr. Bonar Law's speech in the House of Commons, he is made to say: "There is some comfort for us in the comparative tranquillity with which the change was conducted. Here is also real comfort that all the government's information shows that the movement was not in any sense directed toward an effort to secure peace by Russia. On the contrary, the discontent was not against the government for carrying on the war, but for not carrying it on with that efficiency and energy which the people had expected."

That such a fundamentally erroneous idea of the causes and effect of the revolution should have been held at first in Allied countries is perhaps not to be wondered at. The wish is sometimes father to the thought; and the Allied diplomacy and the representatives of the Allied Powers at Petrograd were handicapped in their task of forming a correct judgment on Russian affairs, on one hand by their ignorance of the Russian language and their noncomprehension of the mentality and of the true sentiments and aspirations of the Russian people, and on the other hand by their habit of relying for their enlightenment mainly, if not exclusively, on such information as would reach them through their particular friends and adherents among the Duma leaders and their following; in other words, on one-sided information derived from political circles which, though either prejudiced or deluded themselves, were being mistaken for the only authoritative exponents of the nation's feelings and wishes. This, however, is a subject which I shall have to revert to later in attempting to analyze the causes of the prolonged prevalence of a not only totally erroneous but also surprisingly shallow view of perhaps the most tragic and in its remote possibilities perhaps the most sinister event in the whole history of civilization.

But there was one feature in the outbreak of the Russian revolution which, one would think, should have opened the eyes of even the most superficial observer of the event to the fact that the revolution meant, not the advent of an improved or even simply a new form of government but nothing more or less than the advent of anarchy, at first in a comparatively mild form, but which from week to week—nay, from day to day—was bound to become more accentuated, and that therefore all expectations based on the overthrow of the imperial government were necessarily doomed to disappointment.

Temple of Our Saviour, Moscow

That feature was the leading part assumed from the very first days of the revolution by a so-called Soviet of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, organized in haste by professional revolutionists, which had established its headquarters in the Taurida Palace and was holding its meetings in the hall of sittings of the Duma. Neither the provincial executive committee of the Duma nor the provisional government which it had been suffered to appoint with the consent of the soviet was ever for a moment anything but a government in name, the real power resting with the soviet, the only body whose authority was being fully acknowledged by the forces that had achieved the revolution—the mutinous soldiery and the revolutionary workmen.

In this connection I cannot help quoting from an article I have just come across in one of the New York dailies the truly prophetic words uttered by the late Count Witte in a conversation with the distinguished author of that article at a dinner given in honor of the Russian plenipotentiaries by Mr. Melville E. Stone, of The Associated Press, a few days after the conclusion of the Treaty of Portsmouth.

"The world should be surprised," Count Witte is reported to have said, "that we have any government in Russia, not that we have an imperfect government. With many nationalities, many languages and a nation largely illiterate, the marvel is that the country can be held together even by autocracy. Remember one thing: If the Czar's government falls, you will see absolute chaos in Russia, and it will be many a long year before you see another government able to control the mixture that makes up the Russian nation."

I shall not attempt to give here a description of the sensational events of the first days of the revolution. That has been done with far greater fullness and accuracy than I could command by the very able and distinguished correspondent of the London Times at Petrograd, Mr. Robert Wilton, in his interesting book, Russia's Agony. But no one who has not lived through a revolution in his own country can possibly realize the tragic meaning of the sinking of the heart one experiences in feeling that, so to speak, the bottom has suddenly dropped out of everything. Nor can I attempt to convey in feeble words an impression of such an experience which I should not wish my worst enemy to have to go through. But I may relate some episodes from my personal adventures in those days which will serve to illustrate the chaotic conditions brought about at once by the overthrow of the imperial government.

It was the third day of the revolution—March 14, 1917. I was at luncheon with my fellow lodgers in one of the erstwhile Imperial Yacht Club's bedrooms reserved for the use of members, where I had my bachelor quarters when separated from my family. These bedrooms, five in number, were situated in a wing of the clubhouse on the second floor, opening on a corridor, and the windows overlooking the courtyard. The clubrooms on the first floor were closed because of the disorder and frequent firing in the street, so that we were having our meals in one of our bedrooms. My four companions were all military men—three generals and a captain of a guard regiment—all men of social prominence; a former governor-general of one of our outlying dominions; a division commander; a near relative of one of our Allied sovereigns; and a member of one of the leading families of the Polish nobility—but all of them innocent of any connection whatever with politics of any kind. We had just finished our meal, and I had returned to my room, when our apartment was invaded by a noisy crowd of some twenty soldiers and sailors armed with bayonets and pistols, who declared with shouts and threats that they had come to arrest the generals and to take them to the Duma.

I had left the door of my room open on purpose to avoid the appearance of trying to hide. One of the soldiers looked into my room, but seeing that I was a civilian he withdrew. After some noisy altercation my fellow lodgers put on their overcoats and were marched downstairs into the street, where a lorry was waiting to take them to the Duma. But an ugly mob had collected in front of the house and, hurling invectives at the "bloodsuckers," insisted on their being marched off on foot.

They reached the Taurida Palace after a march of some two or three miles through the snow and slush characteristic of Petrograd streets in early spring, all the while exposed to the insults and imprecations of the populace. As good luck would have it, they met on the steps of the palace M. Gutchkoff, the Minister of War in the provisional government, who happened to be personally acquainted with one of them, and who not only had them liberated at once, but brought them back to the club in his automobile. I would mention here incidentally that, having deposited my friends at the door of the clubhouse, he continued on his way farther down the same street, where some desultory firing was going on, with the result that his aide-de-camp, young Prince W., an officer of one of the guard regiments, was killed by his side by a stray bullet.

After my fellow lodgers had been carried off by the soldiers who had come to arrest them I was left alone, our servant having disappeared, and fancied that the trouble had blown over as far as I was concerned. This illusion, however, was soon to be dispelled. Some eight or ten of the original band of soldiers, among whom seemed to be

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When Soap Box Meets Soap Box

TELLING THE RADICAL ORATOR'S CROWD THE OTHER SIDE

By James H. Collins

HE IS part of the landscape now—out there every Saturday night, haranguing the crowd round the soldiers' monument, with a bronze Civil War infantryman standing guard over his head to assure him a hearing or his constitutional rights or something. We catch fragments of his oratory—"the working classes," "toilers of America," "the power of the pee-pul," "who produces all the wealth?" "who owns that skyscraper?" The policeman does not even glance at the familiar nut, though he casts a professionally interested eye over his little group of listeners. There are one or two husky young wage slaves from the implement works in their silk shirts, several foreigners and decent middle-aged mechanics, a negro of popeyed-parson cut and a few small boys.

Prosperous American families whizzing homeward in automobiles give him a glance of amused tolerance. A newspaper reporter, a schoolma'am, a sales manager and a clergyman, each pauses ten seconds to sample the oratory dutifully, as serious thinkers, recognizing their responsibilities toward the thought of the day, ready to hear all sides of every question fairly.

One clean-cut young fellow with Uncle Sam's military drill showing in his set-up takes a more active interest.

"The best thing for these trouble makers is a punch in the jaw!" he declares. "Aw, come on!" laugh his two soldierly companions, and drag him away.

The Effects of Slow Poisoning

LIKE street loiterers the world over, most of the soap-box orator's auditors have stopped chiefly to rest. Harmless? A good many comfortable citizens think so, and willingly let him blow off steam. There is a vague popular belief that if you shut him up or head him off there will be an explosion somewhere. Others go to extremes in their belief that he is dangerous, and so radicals have been trailed, raided, deported and their publications, red flags and meetings suppressed.

The soap-box orator doesn't usually preach straight Bolshevism or syndicalism. He calls attention to shortcomings in the world as we know it, and appeals to our idealism, asking us to make the world better; and his small, shifting audience suggests sweeping back the sea with a broom. But the soap-box orator is dangerous through his persistence and because nobody takes the trouble to answer him from another soap box; likewise in the persistent propaganda organization behind him.

The burden of his sermon is always discontent—discontent—discontent. The mechanic on his way home Saturday night stops to listen. He could not be easily won over to a revolutionary program. But it would be strange if he had no grievances. Everybody has grievances. The capitalist is dissatisfied with government interference, the professional man with his income tax, the town drunkard with prohibition. Easily demonstrating that something is wrong by practical illustrations drawn from wages, rents, grocery bills and other matters of everyday experience, the soap-box orator raises the suspicion that everything is wrong.

This poison, administered in homeopathic doses with regularity, year after year, leads people to think in terms of dissatisfaction and hatred. Some day the stored-up inhibitions may be exploded.

A police reporter went to a trolley-strike meeting one night with an astute radical leader. They found a husky orator on the platform.

"Down with the street-car company!" he was shouting. "The workers demand their rights!" The crowd cheered these sentiments to a man.

"Stop that fellow!" directed the newly arrived leader. "Take him off the platform! I'll talk to this crowd myself!" Then to the reporter: "He was wasting their steam. Now I'll show you how to talk to a mob."

He mounted the platform and began to talk quietly to that crowd about its grievances and wrongs. There were no gestures. His tone was conversational, and people had to strain forward to listen. He gave the crowd absolutely no opportunity to cheer or blow off steam. Its part was strictly to listen. Full of its wrongs, and seeking an outlet when the meeting broke up, it was no longer a crowd but a mob, and went out and destroyed several hundred feet of street-car track.

Soap-box oratory works in much the same way, and in the very quietness of its methods lies the danger.

Besides the actual soap-box speaker there is a tireless soap-box press. The two hundred and forty socialist and radical periodicals in the United States—daily newspapers, weeklies and monthlies—reach ten million readers weekly. On top of that, one hundred million radical pamphlets are distributed yearly in the United States.

The Steady Gnawing of the Radicals

EVERY Sunday morning, with the newsboy and the milkman, five thousand volunteer distributors cover Milwaukee, slipping radical reading matter into every home. This work has been going on for years. It is an illustration of the volume and persistence of the radical movement. Once every two years, for six or eight weeks before election, the Republicans, Democrats and business men of Milwaukee try to counteract socialism and beat the socialists. Why they do not succeed is easily explained when one understands the persistent penetration of radicalism. Their brief effort is like the spurt of the hare. The radical tortoise often wins by eternal plodding. There are other American communities where the same penetration has gone far enough to-day to make radical election victories possible—and soon.

Radicalism has an element of the mysterious to the average American who regards it as dangerous. It apparently travels like wildfire and cannot be stopped except by force. He doesn't understand how it works, how far it has gone, where to look for its results or how to overcome them. But actually, radicalism travels slowly. Its doctrines have to be poured into normal people week by week, drop by drop. Its apparent quick spread to-day is simply

(Continued on Page 146)

A Labor Leader Addressing a Meeting on Tower Hill, London

The Whiskered Footman

By Edgar Jepson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"Bar Accidents, in Three-Quarters of an Hour I Shall be a Whiskerless Man and on My Way to London"

XI

ANTONY set the tray on a small gilded table jagged with floral ornament, and gazed through the window at the retiring figures of his inamorata—or rather, to be exact, one of his inamoratas and his variegated rival—with a deep frown.

"She didn't know me! They call it love!" he said to himself in a tone of the coldest bitterness.

Then the enormity of Mr. Bracket's attire smote him with a pang of mingled shame and horror. He ground his teeth and cried to himself: "After all the trouble I've taken with the fat-headed bounder!"

Poppy's enmauved figure and the offending blazer disappeared behind a clump of deodars. Then the full enormity of Mr. Bracket's behavior burst on Antony's mind.

"The mud-faced muckaroo has not only got Poppy removed from me—he's come after her himself!" he thought, and scowled blackly at the deodars.

On the instant the large loan to be obtained from Mr. Bracket became definitely a heavy fine—ten thousand at the least.

He turned and met the full blast of the dazzling blue.

He staggered, and muttered: "Heavens! Reckitt has done fell work here!"

He did not know The Towers well. Lord Branksome had been firm in the matter of keeping his poor relations at a distance. Twice Antony had been firmer than he, and stayed a week with him. One of the principles which had guided his life was that he could stand no nonsense from Uncle Egbert. He could remember the charming, restful, Old World room.

Then the picture of the sheep smote his distressed eyes. It was such a blow that he looked this way and that for something to throw at it. The brass clock, which went three hundred and sixty-five days on one winding, caught his eye. He stepped toward it with a clutching hand. A rustling behind him saved him. He turned to see Pansy coming through the window—Pansy dressed as a lady's maid, carrying a basket of flowers. He stared at her with unbelieving eyes. She looked at him, knew him and gasped.

"Why—why—it's you!" she murmured, and a charming flush stained delicately her pale cheeks.

The pleasing sight banished for the while from his vision the blasting blue.

"It's me all right," he admitted. "But what are you doing here—dressed like that?"

"Well, since you're actually in the house, it would be very difficult to conceal from you the fact that I'm Poppy Briggs' maid. So I'll admit it," she said, and smiled.

"And I'm Mr. Briggs' second footman," he said in a rather dazed voice. "Well, this is a go!"

"It is, rather," she said, smiling again.

Antony relaxed under that smile—it set him glowing She was plainly so glad to see him. The horror of the blasting blue lifted for an instant from his spirit.

"Why on earth didn't you tell me that this was your job?" he said.

"Whatever would Little Tarkington say if it heard I was a lady's maid?"

"I shouldn't have ever dreamed of telling the silly little hole," he said.

"You might have let it slip."

"Not I! I'm discretion itself," he said firmly.

"If there was one thing I should have thought you weren't, it's discretion," she said.

"Oh, yes, I am," he said firmly. Then in a joyous voice he added: "But I say this is top hole. I shall be able to see something of you."

"Indeed you won't," said Pansy coldly. "I only associate with the housekeeper, the butler and the chef, and have all my meals in the housekeeper's room—such good meals."

"That's all right," said Antony cheerfully. "I expect Anderson will attend to that. He likes my conversation. But if he doesn't there are other occasions besides meals."

"There aren't. It would be most irregular. I should lose caste," she protested.

"Well, it can't be helped. You'll have to lose it," said Antony firmly. "If you think I could be within ten miles of you and not see a lot of you you're wrong."

"Then you just won't!" cried Pansy. "You can attend strictly to business. I know you're down here on that disgusting matrimonial enterprise of yours!"

"Well, I was stooping—in whiskers—to conquer. But now that I find you here, conquering's off," said Antony.

"But that's nonsense!" protested Pansy.

"It isn't!" cried Antony.

"It is!" she cried. Then she said quietly: "Of course if you hadn't your mother and Priscilla to keep we might jog along quietly here for a few years, saving our tips and wages; and then if we decided that we were really suited to one another we might invest our savings in a small public house and settle down."

She smiled at him, a cold and wicked smile.

"You're the most cold-blooded little devil I ever came across!" cried Antony furiously. "A few years here and a few years there don't matter a hang to you! I want you now!"

For a breath her eyes were hungry on him. Then with a mocking smile she said: "That public house was only a pleasing dream. You're here to marry Poppy—and you're going to marry her."

Antony ground his teeth.

"And you'd find another place at once," he said.

"Of course I should," said Pansy coolly.

He took a few steps across the room, scowling. Then he said mournfully: "To think that if our governors, after idiotically investing all they had in Honduras copper, had only had the sense to stick to the shares instead of selling out at the bottom of the market like the fine old English investors they were, the mater and Priscilla would have been comfortably off and you'd have been worth twenty thousand pounds, and we could have been married a year ago. What an intensive garden we might have had with twenty thousand pounds!"

"You don't mean to say those copper shares are worth anything!" said Pansy.

"For the last five months they've been going up and up, and now they're worth a fiver apiece."

"B-b-but it's astonishing! Why ——" said Pansy, and stopped short.

"Why—what?" said Antony.

"Poor dad! To think of all the worry the loss of that money gave him. Why, if it hadn't been for that he'd be alive now!" said Pansy sorrowfully.

"Yes, it was a wretched business. But it's no good crying over spilled milk. The money's gone. But I say, don't be so infernally hard-hearted. Let me see something of you while I'm here."

"Certainly not. You stick to business," said Pansy coldly.

"Why shouldn't I combine business with pleasure?" pleaded Antony.

"And make love to both of us at once! I know you, Tony!" said Pansy with some heat.

"Not in whiskers. These whiskers have had a great effect on my character; they've steadied it wonderfully. Besides, I tell you I'm not in love with Poppy yet. That comes after marriage. I told you it did," said Antony.

Mr. Briggs came bustling in through the window. Anderson had been shown the ground floor, and then excused himself from making a tour through the conservatories on the ground that he must go to see that everything was properly prepared for the visit of Lord and Lady Branksome.

Mr. Briggs stopped short and frowned darkly.

"Now, now! I won't have this!" he said sharply. "I pay you to work—not to gossip." He turned to Antony and looked him over with the pleased air of the proprietor of a prize bullock. "I suppose you're the noo footman as Anderson was ter bring with 'im. Wot's your name?"

"Henry James Wilkinson, sir," said Antony in a deep, rough, bass voice very different from the rich and agreeable tenor he ordinarily employed in conversation and in song.

Mr. Briggs looked at him earnestly, and said: "I seem to know your face, me lad. Was you ever in Bootle?"

"No, sir," said Antony gruffly.

"My memory for faces isn't wot it was. Well, you run along an' git to yer work. There's a couple of 'underdweight noo old silver come yistirday as wants polishin'. Git onto it now."

"Yes, sir," said Antony, moving majestically toward the door.

"I want two more of these vases, Wilkinson," said Pansy.

"Yes, miss," said Antony.

"You don't seem to git much of a move on," said Mr. Briggs to him in a tone of dissatisfaction. "You'd never do for Bootle."

"No, sir," said Antony from somewhere in the region of his boots, and he went out of the door.

XII

"I'M SURPRISED at you talkin' to the likes of 'im, Featherstone," said Mr. Briggs in a tone of reproof, and he pointed over his shoulder with his left thumb at the closed door, placed his thumb in the armhole of his waistcoat, and once more surveyed the blue drawing-room with admiring eyes.

"He seems a very respectable young man," said Pansy, and set about arranging the flowers in the bright-blue vases.

"Respectable!" snorted Mr. Briggs. "You gals are all alike!"

Pansy did not take the trouble to contradict the misstatement. His small blue-and-red eyes left the survey of his masterpiece and rested on her slender figure. It seemed to please them, for they sparkled.

"Well, me lass, any noos for me? Still no letter come to Miss Poppy surrepshous like?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Pansy.

"Well, they 'aven't come by post, I'll take my oath to that. I've gone through that post bag mornin' an'

afternoon every day since we come 'ere, an' no one's got a key of it but me. All 'er letters, excep' the begging ones, come from Bootle. But it's odd as she doesn't show more down-'earted."

"Perhaps she's forgetting him," said Pansy, with no great interest in her voice.

"Or 'e 'er. After the tellin' orf I give 'im I shouldn't wonder if 'e thought it was the best thing 'e could do, an' the quicker 'e did it the better. You should 'ave 'eard the tellin' orf I give 'im! It would have opened your eyes," said Mr. Briggs proudly.

Pansy could have told him that she had heard that telling off and it had not opened her eyes. She said nothing.

"Well, remember it's arf a crown for every surrepshous letter you intercep's an' brings me—arf a crown."

"I should think that Miss Poppy would give anyone who brought her a note from Mr. Hambleton a good deal more than half a crown," said Pansy a trifle scornfully.

"Then you're wrong, me lass. Poppy 'as bin brought up very careful. Besides I stopped 'er pocket money directly she come down 'ere," said Mr. Briggs triumphantly.

"You would," said Pansy.

"You're right," said Mr. Briggs, bridling.

"I don't see how you can prevent their meeting when she goes for a stroll to the village or in the park," said Pansy in a dispassionate tone.

"I can an' I 'ave," said Mr. Briggs. "I kep' an eye on 'er for the first week myself, an' now Albert Bracket does it. I give 'im the orfice. That was the reason I arsked 'im down 'ere—one of the reasons."

Pansy said nothing

He surveyed her more attentively, edged a little nearer the table, and said: "I say, you're lookin' prettier than ever this arternoon."

He smirked most agreeably. Pansy missed the smirk. She said nothing.

He edged a little nearer still and observed: "I don't know as I ever saw a prettier gal outside Bootle, an' I knows a little bit of orl right when I sees it, I do."

Pansy looked at him. Her eyes would have looked much more kindly on a toad. She moved round the table. All of it was between them. He looked at the table and began to move round it. So did Pansy. The pace grew quicker. Then she smiled, a fleeting, ravishing smile, and pushed one of the bright-blue vases off the table. It struck Mr. Briggs about the middle. There was a good deal of water in it. It ran down him.

"Now, look what you've done!" she said coldly.

"Me?" cried Mr. Briggs. "S'welp me, I never! You done it yourself! An' you done it a-purpuss, you little 'ussy!"

He tore from his pocket a large purple-silk handkerchief and began to mop himself vigorously. Poppy came through the window.

"Soppin' wet you've made me trousies! I'll catch me death o' cold!" said Mr. Briggs with tears in his voice.

"At your games again, pa," said Poppy in a tone of cold and weary disapproval.

Mr. Briggs turned on her and cried in a tone of virtuous indignation: "Games? Wot games? I don't know wot you're talkin' about. I just knocked up agin the table accidental like an' one o' them blarsted vases fell off it and wetted me legs." He went briskly toward the door. "I must go an' change me trousies this minnit or I'll catch me death o' cold. An' I put on this pertickler soot because 'Er Ladyship was comin' to tea."

He went through the door and banged it behind him. A quiet fragrance of mixed liquors still floated on the blue air. Poppy came forward, pulling the hatpins out of her hat.

"If pa gives you any more of his nonsense, Featherstone, you just clout his head. It's the only thing that does him any good," she said in the careless tone of one speaking of the inclemency of the English climate.

Pansy was a little taken aback by this matter-of-fact treatment of Mr. Briggs' amorous endeavor, but she said calmly: "I will, miss."

"If one girl clouted his head in Bootle, a dozen did," said Poppy in a tone of careless reminiscence. "And some didn't—and ma had to clout them," she went on.

It seemed to Pansy that Bootle must be a rather purple place.

"Of course that was in the old days before he made such a lot of money," said Poppy, still in the historic vein. She took off her hat and added: "Not that he's any better now."

"It must be rather—rather trying," said Pansy in a sympathetic voice.

Some comment seemed to be required.

"Some men are like that," said Poppy in the tone of one experienced but indifferent. "I must say pa's a fair terror, though. I want a hat with a broader brim. This scorching sun is fair ruining my complexion. I'll wear the pink one I got at Margate."

Pansy considered the effect of the hot pink of that hat with the mauve frock Poppy was wearing.

"The blue hat suits you much better, miss—the one you got from Madame Elise," she said firmly.

"But pink's my favorite color," said Poppy plaintively.

"Very well, miss," said Pansy coldly.

"No, no! Get the blue—get the blue!" said Poppy quickly.

Pansy went to get the blue. As she went she wondered at the purple patches in the Briggs' family life. Poppy went to one of the Venetian mirrors which hung on either side of the fireplace. Their frames had been recently regilded. She surveyed her heated face and powdered her nose. Then she sighed deeply. It seemed to her that life had grown uncommonly difficult. Antony's long, animated, whimsical face and Mr. Bracket's quiet brown beauty floated before her inward vision.

The door opened and Antony entered bearing two bright-blue vases on a silver tray. He had been some time finding them. Poppy put away the powder puff quickly, glanced at him nervously and shrank a little nearer to the fireplace, with averted eyes. Antony looked at her as he crossed the room. She was looking uncommonly attractive; and his spirits, depressed by Pansy's cold prudence, rose.

He set the vases on the table and said in deep, mournful and moving tones: "Don't you know me, Poppy?"

Poppy jumped. Her eyes grew uncommonly big in her head as she stared at him, then she cried: "Goodness gracious! If it isn't Mr. Hambleton!"

"And you didn't know me," said Antony mournfully.

"I never thought to look at you in those clothes," said Poppy quickly. "And those whiskers alter your face so. They make it rounder like."

"This was the only way to come to you—to be near you," he said.

"But fancy your dressing up like that!" she said rather breathlessly as the astonishing and romantic situation grew plain.

"What does the coat matter? It's the heart that beats beneath it," said Antony, patting the crimson velvet above his left lung. "To be near you I would have dressed as a dustman."

"I don't believe you'd stick at nothing!" said Poppy with intense conviction and lapsing a little from grammar in her emotion. "And—and—it's really romantic. It's like the old times one reads of."

"In love there are no old times, or new. It is always the same—always laughing at locksmiths," said Antony, getting into his swing

"I've often felt that—and you put it so beautifully, Mr. Hambleton. You ought to have been a poet," said Poppy with immense admiration. Then she added in a tone of pain: "And you've shaved off your dinky little mustache."

"It had to go," said Antony in the tone of a determined suitor. "It was a trivial sacrifice for such an end"

The phrase pleased him greatly. He made a mental note of it

"I suppose it had," said Pansy sadly, and then in a fresh access of admiration she cried: "How those clothes and those whiskers do change you! I never liked pa's livery before. But you do set it off."

Antony, who was already giving himself his full value, contrived to draw himself up a little higher.

(Continued on Page 69)

"If You Will Go and Behave Like a Bull in a China Shop, Pa, It's Only What You've Got to Expect,"
Said Poppy With Filial Clear-Sightedness

SEED OF THE SUN

XXVIII

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT WAS on Monday morning that Anna Bly set out from her obscure hotel to find the man who might say the word to save a Christian minister to his dwindling congregation. She had applied at the offices of the Natural Energy Fruit and Land Company on Saturday just after Zudie's boat had sailed from a Pacific Mail dock. But the place had been closed on the afternoon of rest. Anna had spent a blank, bleak Sunday in a Geary Street boarding house which, deceiving the passer-by with the sign "Hotel," offered the depressing hospitality of musty carpets and stringy curtains. The place was called The Royalmere.

"The Royal Smear it is, an' that's the truth," Susan Skelley had proclaimed upon her first sniff of the dank interior.

Anna had passed Friday night and Saturday morning with the new-made bride. At dawn on Friday Sid Footridge's squadron had faded into the fog beyond the Narrows light. They are always unsatisfactory things, these hours of waiting to say good-by. Trivialities obtrude themselves; the mind is occupied with the practical job of getting away. How many a sweet word has been left unspoken because a steamer trunk refused to close! The press of detail crushes out sentiment and philosophy—and it is often better so.

Only once had Zudie spoken her heart.

"I never thought I could be a navy wife," she had said. "I used to wonder how you ever managed with Alec—always moving from port to port, always waiting for him to come ashore. But I know now, Anna, how you felt."

"It's the waiting that makes us love them," Anna had answered quietly.

But the pain of a second parting had been over in an instant. Then whistles brayed, the deck was a-flutter with handkerchiefs, and officious little tugs hauled the dignified monster out into the stream. That chapter was closed for Anna; and she was glad when Monday came and she could finish her one remaining business with the little town of Bly.

She found the offices of the Natural Energy Fruit and Land Company prosperously established on the tenth floor of a skyscraper. The main office which she entered expressed itself in terms of wealth from polished mahogany counters to gilt-lettered windows. In and out of many corridors and anterooms smartly dressed Japanese clerks, their wiry mustaches cropped and their hair combed back in fierce black pompadours, were scurrying about the business of Natural Energy.

In the large room beyond could be glimpsed the glories of a cashier's department, outfitted like a national bank, with many quick and clever yellow faces behind brass-grilled windows. To all appearances the Natural Energy Fruit and Land Company was a powerful machine.

Anna stood for an instant confused by the prevalent bustle. The Natural Energy had no end of business that morning. Peasant Japanese, wandering with that lost expression peculiar to the city-visiting yokel, would be addressed in their native tongue by the Natural Energy's brisk representatives; then they would be personally conducted from counter to counter to linger over typewritten documents in blue covers. A few of them would be led away through swinging doors handsomely lettered in *hirakana*, the flowing shorthand of Japan. Stout, middle-aged sons of Nippon, obviously representing the commercial class, asked authoritative questions of the amiable clerks behind the longest counter.

Several American typists and a few Japanese girls, the latter slim and tidy in American shirt waists, clicked busily at the keys.

He Leaned a Little Forward as Though to Make Himself Plainer as He Added: "I am K. Sato"

The sweetest Japanese in the world stood behind a desk labeled "Information," and when Anna approached him his smile revealed all but his wisdom teeth, and he writhed in excruciating politeness.

"Do you think it would be possible for me to see Mr. Sato?" she asked.

"Oh, madam!" He sipped twice and blinked his flat lids. "That would be entirely difficult this time."

"But I have come here on rather important business."

"So sorry! Could you tell me that business so I could take it up?" His voice bubbled into a series of giggles, so amiable was his mood.

"I'll have to talk to Mr. Sato," she insisted.

"So sorry we must know the nature," he trilled. "We could give such advice from our various departments. Possibly it is rear estate you wish to discuss?"

"No, not real estate."

"Legar matter?"

"No, not legal matter. I know he's a very busy man, but I think he'll give me a moment."

"Shank you!" declared the sweetest Japanese in the world. "I see what I can."

He dodged behind a glass screen and was gone a long time. Other members of his information bureau were busy on both ends of the counter, giving advice in Japanese to a throng of Natural Energy's customers. At last the sweet little man brought out a very thin Japanese with a mournful gray mustache.

"Who you wish see?" asked the latest arrival, his manner markedly contrasting with the saccharine air of his inferior.

"I should like to speak to Mr. Sato," she began all over.

"Eh!" The red-rimmed eyes glared at her through brilliant spectacles. "I am second vice president. What you wish say?"

"I am engaged in farming at Bly," she decided to tell him. "I have come with a message from one of his friends there."

"Which friend?"

"A Mr. Awaga—he's the Japanese clergyman there, you know."

"Eh! What he can do for Mr. Awaga?"

"It is confidential business—I've got to speak directly to Mr. Sato."

"Eh!"

Without another word of encouragement the melancholy person turned on his heel and vanished behind the screen.

Anna's wait this time was longer than before.

Her feet grew weary of standing in one place. She leaned on the counter and tried to amuse herself with guessing just what the stenographers could be putting down so earnestly. Once she lost patience and appealed to the sweetest Japanese in the world, who looked up from the confidential advice he was doling out to his countrymen.

"Prerry soon somebody tell," he sipped, and resumed his discussion.

Finally a handsome yellow boy with a face as smooth as an egg made his appearance from behind the magic screen.

When she saw him Anna had the impression that the second vice president had gone back to his desk and told the office boy to pounce out at her in half an hour.

Her impression was justified when the youth approached and addressed her.

"Mr. Sato out," he cooed.

"Do you think I could make an appointment with him for to-morrow?" she asked, already sufficiently discouraged.

"I see," smiled the lad, and vanished into the unknown.

Dune Leacy had once told Anna that a Japanese never says no, and in this instance the graceful national habit was prettily illustrated.

She drooped against the counter, growing more satisfied as time passed that the Japanese office boy had gone back to pitch pennies—or whatever it is that Japanese office boys pitch in moments of leisure.

She had just settled herself upon a bench, determined to hide her time, when a huge, red-faced American in a gray cutaway coat and wide-brimmed hat came swinging in and presented himself noisily at the information desk.

"I want to see Sato," he rumbled as he glared savagely and chewed a rag of a cigar.

"Which name you say?" asked the sweetest Japanese in the world.

"Senator Ogensbury."

Anna looked up with renewed curiosity at the name of the state senator.

The sweetest little man behind the desk fairly melted into sirup before so mighty a person.

"You come this way, senator!" he sipped. "Mr. Sato see you this door, sair"

The little guide, bowing like a major-domo, opened the gate and showed the distinguished visitor to a heavy door in the rear.

All of which goes to show that you can find anybody if you only know how.

Anna did not permit the office boy to stain his soul with another mendacity. She rose and had started toward the exit when she recognized a face which was welcome to her for the first time since she had known it. Hurrying busily among the minor officials was the elegant Mr. Oki.

"Ah, Mrs. Bly!" he came rushing toward her, showing the smile that had always reminded Anna of so much cocoa butter.

"You're in this office too," she said. "How charming!"

"I became appointed here only last week," he explained with the air of one too poor to deserve such a reward. "I am now second assistant treasurer. Is it not nice offices we got here?"

"Wonderful!" she declared. "They seem to express unlimited power."

"Quite so." He paused for an instant as though taking time to swallow her remark. "We are going at everything on grand scale. That is secret of success, is it not, Mrs. Bly?"

"The very secret," she agreed.

"And we have wonderful plans for improvement in all California. We shall show them what blessings Japanese can make for America."

"Is that a threat, Mr. Oki?" she asked.

He giggled gleefully

"I wish I could learn jokes like you do! Something we can never know right is American jokes. What brought you so far in the air this afternoon?"

"I have been trying to see Mr. Sato," she admitted. "Perhaps you could help me."

"Oh, how I wish it! But this Mr. Sato is long time out of San Francisco. We cannot tell when to expect him back sometime."

She overlooked this pleasant chasm between fact and fiction.

"Ah, Mrs. Bly," he cooed, "that is very happy news we hear about your sister's wedding."

"News travels fast, doesn't it?" she asked, annoyed at this man's continual prying into her affairs.

"Has my news traveled to you, Mrs. Bly?"

"Your news?"

Inwardly she resented his coupling of his own news with Zudie's.

"I, too, am soon to be married."

"How delightful!" chimed Anna, repressing any note of sarcasm which might have struggled to be heard. "And whom have you made lucky?"

"Miss Otisuki Miss Genevieve Otisuki."

In a flash Anna recalled the wealthy land speculator's daughter who had played Chopin and Beethoven for her in her father's Piedmont palace; she remembered the girl's insistence that she would never marry a Japanese. Also she recalled how Mr. Oki had mentioned Mr. Otisuki as a *narikin*—a vulgar fellow, suddenly rich and swollen with bourgeois pride.

"Even for so sweet and charming a girl," she could not help saying, "it must be a great advance in the world to marry so much above her station."

Oki waited for that to sink in, then his smile was broader than ever.

"Oh, no," he admitted. "So much money is equal to nobility anywhere."

"Weren't the great daimios of Japan taught to despise money?" she argued.

"Yes. But why?" His bright eyes snapped with the question. "They got plenty of it—swords in those days—plows in this. If you got money sufficiently behind you, then nobility crops up in the world. Same Japan, same everywhere."

"Your country must be changing," she said thoughtfully as she bade him good-by.

XXIX

NEXT morning Anna received a night letter from her Aunt Julia in New York, and the message seemed to settle everything in an aimless sort of way. Mrs. Stannard had always considered the California venture queer. To Aunt Julia the queer was unforgivable; not to be queer had been the fixed determination of her sixty years. Anna had written to her on the day she sold the farm, and she had sent a telegram to announce Zudie's marriage to Sid Footridge. That in itself must have struck the eminently conventional Mrs. Stannard as sufficiently queer, for her reply was delayed until the Tuesday which followed Anna's visit to the Natural Energy Fruit and Land Company.

The night letter was urgent and of double length; and though it expressed disapproval at the queerness of Zudie, it melted into affectionate entreaties for Anna to bring the children home and put Kipps back in the only school that Aunt Julia thought fit for one of her blood. There would be room for them all in the big house, the message said.

Anna read it to the close, and realizing that there was no house sufficiently large to shelter her and Aunt Julia in comfort, she was about to word an affectionate refusal when a second consideration decided her to show the night letter to Susan Skelley.

"New Yark's the place," decided Susan. "An' a bad day it was whin ye took th' childer to live among thim Chinee. Ef ye stay here another week they'll git ye yet, an' it's truth I'm tellin' ye. I've no childer of me own, Mrs. Bly, an' ef I had they'd go no further west than Third Avenoo, an' that but wance a year. Yer Aunt Julia's got sinse in 'er head, though few wud think ut."

Susan Skelley cast the deciding vote for Anna. Life in Aunt Julia's house would be far from an easy thing. It was better than the prune ranch—that was all. To endure Aunt Julia meant surrendering all personality, taking the crumbs from a grudging table, sinking to the level of a poor relation. But there were Kipps and Nan to be thought of.

Under Aunt Julia's guidance Anna could manage so that her boy should be educated; her daughter destined, Anna was sure, to great beauty, would have her rightful place in the world. To become a hanger-on in a set where once she had lived on a lavish scale frightened her for just an instant. Then she dressed herself and prepared to seek out a railroad ticket office.

"Where you going, moms?" asked a treble voice, as Kipps plunged at her out of the dimness of the hall.

"I'm going to the ticket office. Want to come along?"

"I'll say I do!" shouted the boy, who had chafed like a caged animal under the confinement of the hotel. "But say, moms, what do you want at a ticket office?"

"We're all going back to New York"

"When?"

"Just as soon as we can get accommodations."

This kept Kipps silent until they had gone down in the elevator and were crossing the cheaply ornamented lobby.

"What are we going back for?" he took up the theme as soon as they had reached a street corner.

"You must go to school again," she told him, and had a feeling of being on the defensive.

"Where are we going to live?" the cross examiner persisted as the Geary Street car had stopped to take them in.

"With Aunt Julia."

"Zowie!"

"Don't you want to live with Aunt Julia?" his mother asked, but Kipps was then too busy getting her safely aboard the car to answer.

When they had settled in their seats he took a deep breath to express his candid opinion:

"Moms, I can't see this Aunt Julia stuff a-tall."

However Kipps felt about it, Anna had made up her mind, and in this the salesman at the ticket office was helpful. He could get them nothing on the Overland Limited inside a week; possibly

(Continued on Page 58)

"It Isn't What I Want," She Answered Without Looking at Him. "My Life Hasn't Been Guided by That"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 20, 1920

Miracles

WHEN America was young and raw and hard every man needed to be sufficient unto himself. If he had need of clothing, he raised sheep and his womenfolk made the wool into garments for him and for themselves. If he had need of meat, he tramped through the woods with a long rifle and brought it back on his shoulder. If he had need of a house, he felled a tree, fashioned it into boards and pinned the boards together. He made his own tools, raised his own food and even made his own shoes.

The last half century, with its miraculous inventions, has taught us ease and robbed us of independence. Each of us has a little task—the task of a specialist—that keeps him in a rut and makes him dependent on others for the comforts he demands as the profit for his toil.

When one who is near the gutter reaches the point where he can without shame accept a coin from an intimate, he progresses quickly to the point where he can without shame ask a coin of a stranger; so one who is content to depend upon others for a few things develops a feeling of helplessness that persuades him to depend upon others for all things.

When America was drawn into the war with Germany there were many who understood that the task of discouraging dreams of world empire would require the whole of America's energy; but there were many more who hoped and dreamed and fully expected that Edison or some other genius of hard work would come forward with a miracle to wipe the enemy from the face of the earth and permit the rest of us to go about our business.

So now, with the world in a state of turmoil, with men seeking spoil in the name of liberty, patriotism and expediency, and civilization given over to folly and excess and plunder and strife, each man says to his brother, "Why doesn't somebody do something?" A world entirely surrendered to selfishness and stubbornly refusing to turn its hand for any common good pauses at intervals in its getting to scold because somebody doesn't appear on the stage and calm the troubled atmosphere by pulling rabbits from his hat.

In saner days there were young men eager to begin at the bottom and learn the business. Now they wish to begin at the top, and show the old fogies how to put a little pep in the works. There is little eagerness to learn, but great eagerness to get.

In a saner day men worked and saved to buy a bond, and then another and another—sure investments, paying little income, but affording a guaranty of protection in later years. Now they scorn all things conservative. They give up their money in exchange for promises of twenty or forty or one hundred per cent of profit, and dream dreams of mansions and butlers and limousines that will be theirs to-morrow when the miracle is uncorked. Why should one be content with a pocketful of silver or a little sum in the bank when there is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow and a nice gentleman who is free from guile volunteers to serve as guide for a consideration?

Generating a pound of steam this year requires just as much coal and just as much sweat as the same task required last year and the year before. Growing a bushel of wheat requires just as much labor this year as last. And these two, power and food, are the essentials. Rosy promises and rosier dreams serve only to woo us away from the plow and the shovel, and for each moment we spend in dreaming now we shall pay another day in sweat.

One may get wealth quickly by getting it from others who created it, but creating wealth is a slow job. There are miracles to lessen man's burdens and increase his comforts, but there are none to take the place of common sense and sweat.

Nothing Venture, Nothing Lose

IN THE game of tennis, as in the game of baseball, the secret of success is known in the vernacular as putting 'em where they ain't. And yet an overzealous desire to put 'em in this vague and uninhabited place loses many games. The amateur ball player who has some skill with the bat is seldom content with a single. He yearns to meet one head-on with a mighty swing and park it somewhere east of Suez. Frequently he accomplishes his purpose, but more frequently the effort proves his undoing; for the ball that aspires to clear the fence and falls yards short is prey to a rangy outfielder.

In amateur tennis, also, there is an everpresent temptation to get into the air to meet the high ones and from that vantage drive a return ball that will strike near the net and bound up among the birdies. When the return is made in this fashion it is time for another serve, but those who attempt it more frequently drive the ball into the net or out of the court, and thus defeat themselves, if the opposition is content to get the balls safely over. The spectacular player wins an occasional mighty cheer, but more frequently ardent fans call down the wrath of heaven upon him. This is not a defense of the defensive. The offensive is ever possessed of the advantage. But an offensive is most effective when most prudent. Desperate chances are for desperate situations.

So one might multiply instances without end. To adventure unnecessarily is to court disaster. One crosses a desert and stumbles upon a pocket of gold; thousands attempt the journey in search of other pockets—and leave their bones to bleach in the desert sand.

If one could not succeed without venturing, and if one disposed to venture had an even chance to win, venture would be justified. But all experience has shown that one who travels the safer road is more certain to arrive, and that the short cuts lead to destruction more frequently than to the goal.

Shrewd and conservative men at times do things that to the uninitiated seem venturesome, but these shrewd and conservative men know what they are doing and are justified by their profits. They measure the distance and chart the course to a goal before setting out on a journey. Luck is usually the product of infinite pains in planning a campaign. The best of extemporaneous speeches require hours of patient toil.

It is said by those who have delved into the history of the last generation of sporting gentlemen that of the hundreds who made a profession of following the races and won and lost fortunes again and again but one or two ended the game with a competence. Certain it is that of the thousands who risk their little fortunes to get profit by fluctuations in the cotton and grain markets few survive one season of gambling, and none are content to draw out with a little profit. Each little winning tempts them to further risk until at last they are plucked clean.

It is not necessary that any man possessed of wit and health should remain the sport of poverty until the end of his days. Whether one's earnings be great or small, he can save a portion. And his savings, whether invested wisely or left idle in a bank, will become a modest fortune. This is the slow way, but it has the virtue of certainty.

Once in a great while a man gets rich quickly. But men have been experimenting for many thousands of years in an effort to find an easy way to wealth, and nearly all the experimenters have come to grief. The recipe required to make something from nothing has not yet been discovered.

The race of man has not outgrown its follies, but it has learned many hard lessons and got from its bruises a store of wisdom. One may profit by the lessons other men have learned, or start an argument with a hornet's nest and retire to poultice the swelled places and meditate concerning the measure of his folly.

To Bewildered Parents

OLD-FASHIONED parents of newfangled girls have never had deeper misgivings over daughter's amusements, recreations and general outlook upon life than they feel to-day. It is not that they grudge daughter her harmless fun or harbor any crabbed wish to clip the bright wings of youth—for that is not the way of parents; but they find themselves in a state of real bewilderment over the commonplaces of a newer world that did not exist when they were young. They simply do not know what to make of the young admirers who take daughter out to ride in motor cars that can cover a hundred miles in an afternoon. They feel a strange embarrassment when they see movies that make them blush while daughter merely giggles; and they are frankly scandalized by those evening dresses and dances that are so contrived as to be as devoid of beauty and distinction as they are of modesty and good taste. The craving for such things is but one of the problems that many a new-fashioned girl is thrusting upon her vainly protesting parents.

"And what," a bewildered mother is reported to have asked at a London dinner table, "is a modern girl?"

"A modern girl," replied her shrewd neighbor, "is a girl who is determined to have a good time, whatever the price."

This rather severe definition, with its implication, perhaps confirms the fears of old-fashioned mothers who do not regard jazz, Georgette and the pictures as the only good things in life, or even as the stuff wherewith to make the type of motherhood most to be desired for future generations of young Americans.

Doctors have found that they can cure many destructive addictions by offering the patient a substitute that allays the craving and is beneficial rather than harmful. For growing girls who are merely nibbling the pink frosting off the cake of life and think they cannot exist without the cheaper and more tawdry amusements, it would be impossible to find a better substitute than the Girl Scouts and their really interesting and wholesome doings.

If any superior young lady is inclined to turn up her sophisticated nose at the Scouts, let her get a copy of Scouting for Girls—the official handbook of the organization—and discover in its pages the amazing depths of her own ignorance about the commonest everyday things, indoors and out, that every bright girl should have at her finger tips. If she knows a good thing when she sees it she will make an effort to join the nearest troop, and very lucky she will be to get in, for the nominal dues do not begin to pay the expenses of maintenance and administration any more than they begin to measure the real value of what they buy.

Any parent or elder brother who will take the trouble to spend an hour over Scouting for Girls will be amazed by the amount of interesting matter it contains and the skill with which it is presented. It is not too much to say that the brain power behind the Girl Scouts is as great and as efficient as that behind the average college. It is a pity that at present only about ninety thousand girls can avail themselves of the pleasures and benefits that this admirable organization has to offer.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

By HERBERT HOOVER

BELIEVING as I do that the people of the United States retain their demonstrated high sense of responsibility and their broad conception of what may rightly be expected of them under given circumstances, I cannot think that we need anything more than this plain and indisputable fact to go on with: There are three and a half million children in Eastern and Central Europe still dependent upon us for their lives!

This fact is the basis of what I hope may prove to be our final problem of humanitarian duty in connection with the great conflict and catastrophe through the after effects of which the world is now struggling.

Soon after the armistice, and under the generous authority of Congress, we—the American people—undertook the rescue of five million children in the territories that had been shut off from us for more than four years by the western battle front. Hundreds of thousands of these children had been orphaned by the war; other thousands were waifs astray in the general chaos, and all of them were suffering the physical consequences of a long-drawn-out period of undernourishment that in many localities approached the verge of actual starvation.

Under governmental supervision, and with a congressional appropriation to cover the necessities, we created an organization the function of which was to furnish moral support and financial backing to local branch organizations in the countries involved, to the end that these children should be fed and clothed and brought back in as large numbers as possible to a normal process.

Children Streaming to the Kitchen of the American Relief Administration, European Children's Fund, in Schonbrunn. This Was Formerly the Palace of the Emperors of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and Napoleon's Residence When He Occupied Vienna

When the Funds Gave Out

THERE are many citizens who have permitted themselves to labor under an impression, and who have openly expressed a fear, that in undertaking this work we were embarking upon a course that would result in the pauperization of Europe. This description of an impossibility has been so frequently used that it has come to sound as though it might mean something; but it does not, and I wish to emphasize at the outset that no misgiving was ever founded on a less accurate conception of facts. In the first place, America's work in Europe under the American Relief Administration, European Children's Fund, has been done to a great extent by the various European peoples themselves. If this were not so it could not have been done. If we had had to send to Europe and to maintain there the number of men and women necessary for carrying out the details of our operations, if we had had to cover all local expenditures and to establish all the institutions that were needed, no sum of money within our power to imagine as being devoted to relief would have been sufficient.

The first step of organization was for American representatives in the capital city of each of the afflicted countries to assemble the leading business men and prominent women for the purpose of directing them in the formation of their own committees to work out the details of operations in their territories. The intention was to make each nation feel a full responsibility for the welfare of its own children, and there has never been any cause to deviate from this purpose. It has been carried out everywhere in a most satisfactory way—in Serbia and in other sections of Jugoslavia, in Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Poland, the Baltic Provinces, and in every country, in fact, to which we have given assistance.

The central committees were rapidly extended to cover child welfare in every town and village. Demands for local charity and voluntary service were met with a wholehearted response; help from municipal and central governments was asked for and received, and each branch organization, without exception, undertook to supply in local currency the funds for the local expenditures required. The organization as it now stands aggregates in excess of one hundred thousand earnest workers, while the personnel of the American end consists of only about forty representatives—men and women; yet it is only fair to say that these forty actually held together and kept going the vast organization which stretches from the shores of the Baltic to the Black Sea. The local workers have coördinated local charities; have placed orphans in homes; have instituted and conducted orphan asylums and children's hospitals, and above all have created some fifteen thousand kitchens and canteens for feeding children who live at home. The idea with which we have sought to imbue them, and which has become predominant in so many minds, is that the future worth, not to say the very life, of each race depends upon the conservation of child life and the careful upbuilding of the bodies and characters of the young. They are doing their part. We, the American people, have done our part by sending to them in free gift the milk, the fats, the clothing, the medical supplies and other essentials obtainable from no other source.

America does not and never will fight children, and the children of every race and creed, of friend and former enemy alike, have been cared for on a basis of absolute equality; and it is a fact that nothing America has ever done as an act of grace has sunk so deep in the heart of the world. In the minds of millions of men and women of ten different nations there dwells a thought which supersedes all others with regard to us, and that is the grateful thought of our solicitude for their children.

When the American Congress made its splendid charitable appropriation to meet the desperate conditions in Europe it was thought that the necessities would not extend beyond the harvest of 1919. But, as we all know now, the establishment of peace and the restoration of industry, economic stability and orderly conduct among the European peoples have proved to be tasks much more difficult of accomplishment than was expected, and a situation still exists which demands of us yet another season of broad humanitarian service.

When the congressional appropriation was exhausted the men in the organization which was formed by my colleagues and myself found themselves faced by the alternative of turning millions of youngsters unfed and uncared for from America's door or taking measures on their own initiative to enable them to go on with the work. The question was, What kind of measures? During the year 1919 we had reduced the number of children dependent upon us by about a million and a half, through a careful process of elimination of the less undernourished and through improved conditions in some countries. Each child on our voluminous lists was periodically examined by competent physicians and nurses, and where sufficient improvement was shown or where the child's condition did not indicate a too pronounced degree of undernourishment, his kitchen card was taken away from him and he was turned out to shift for himself. This in cases only, of course, where there were parents or other competent relatives. The orphans we had still with us.

How the Children Were Saved

TYPICAL of the general situation was the city of Warsaw in January, 1919, where there was never a child to be seen playing in the streets. If the harrowing, absolute truth must be told, the children of Warsaw were clinging to the hands and the skirts of their elders, crying for food which their elders were unable to provide. But within three months after the American Relief Administration had established its system the streets of Warsaw were filled with children, more than two hundred thousand of them, adequately fed and comfortably clothed for the first time in five years, frolicking and playing games. No American who saw that miracle of modern civilization could ever forget it or ever underestimate its value.

In the growth of our system it has developed that the local organizations secure for themselves and disburse between two and three dollars a month for the support of each child. The American assistance has amounted to about one dollar per month per child in imported supplies, which shows that we have contributed not more than a third of the funds required for the enterprise. But the important fact is that we have met the local deficiency in milk, fats, medicines, clothing and other essentials, without which the situation would have been hopeless. Also it has been only through American leadership and coöperation that the morale, stability and courage of organization

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MAN TO MAN

By LAWRENCE PERRY

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

UNDER the elms, whose branches reared starkly in the moonlight, a band crashed forth, drowning the rapid-fire interchange of cries and calls that had been running among some two thousand young men aligned snakelike in column of fours across the venerable campus.

Then as the opening strains of music were identified, the crowd caught up the swinging, surging football song and sent the militant words roaring out into the crisp night until it seemed they must be carrying on and on throughout the land, finding echoes in the heart of every far-flung alumnus.

From ahead came a megaphoned word of command; feet shuffled on the graveled walk as the long line obediently set itself into motion.

"Let's sneak into the mass meeting, Buster."

Jim Starbuck, left tackle of the Varsity, who had been standing on the turf out of the column of undergraduates, threw his arm about the shoulder of Buster Taylor, the quarter back—who was also his roommate—and moved forward with the rest.

"But look here, Jim, old boy, we can't do that. We're due at the Lawn Club for bed in two hours." The little quarter back's steps were lagging so that the man at his side was fairly dragging him along. "Are you crazy, Jim?"

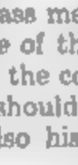
"Crazy nothing. I haven't seen a mass meeting since I was a Freshman. May get something there. We need it. Lot better than sitting round with a bunch of chaps doing their best to be cheerful and making a bad job of it."

"But the coach ——"

"Oh, chuck it! I'm captain of this team. We needn't stay long. If I had my way I'd have the whole squad go. Come on."

Buster Taylor shrugged and took pace with his companion along the line of march.

The two men were Seniors; the only Seniors on the eleven. The mood of both was subdued. And this was not solely because of knowledge that it was the last time they would come forth as undergraduates under the November moon to watch their fellow students as various orators sought to work them up to the proper fighting pitch of big-game enthusiasm. They had this thought, of course, and it was a somber one; but over and above anything pertaining to sentiment was the conviction that it would take more than spirited singing and cheering to whip the team into form qualified to defeat or even to stand at bay the representatives of an ancient rival who, filled with the confidence of a successful season thus far as well as the knowledge of still greater potency in reserve, was due in town on the morrow.



But there was nothing in the atmosphere of Wolsley Hall to indicate that the mass of students there gathered had any doubt as to their ability in this respect. Standing in the extreme rear, in the shadow of a doorway, the two football players caught an impression of spirit which surged like the waves of the sea. Reason told them that it meant nothing but the sheer unwarranted optimism of youth and college loyalty; knowledge advised them that when they took the field the lips of the throng of partisans would be dumb as far as they and their fellow players were concerned. Yet it required both reason and knowledge to combat a force that urged toward sheer emotionalism. All about them eyes were flaming and bodies gyrating as the sharp barking college cheer with its fine sonorous conclusion roared to the roof and rolled back in giant repercussion.

Then a song, a swinging anthem that seemed to make tangible all that everyone felt and would like to say were there any words with which to say it.

"Good stuff, Buster." Starbuck grinned at his companion. "Better than mooning about."

"You bet, Jim!" Buster's face was solemn, set.

Then came the president of the university. He was a wise man and the snows of many Yale winters had begun to register in his hair. Many football elevens had he seen come and go—and many things of greater importance. He had a sense of values. So now his remarks were tempered with humor and broad vision. Of course Yale would win. It was the habit of Yale men to win in everything they undertook to do. But there were things even greater than victory, and even in defeat Yale could still attain them. He named them—magnanimity, fair play, clean sportsmanship. And then to take the edge from his didacticism he told in his rollicking way a funny story at the expense of some ultra-Harvard professor, unnamed.

"Good speech," said Buster Taylor.

"Oh—it was all right." Starbuck shrugged.

The coach spoke; several of them in fact. Yale could win, they said, if the undergraduates, every man of them, were back of the team. The Yale cheering section, they said, could send on the field, in an irresistible wave, the will to victory. Without that impulse, without that solid backing, any efforts the players might make would be as nothing. Fight! Fight! Fight! That should be the slogan. And so on.

A frown had settled upon Starbuck's face.

"Stuff!" he said, placing a hand upon his friend's shoulder. "Let's slope out of here, Buster."

"Wait a minute." Taylor drew back. "I want to hear this song; always liked it."

Starbuck gestured impatiently but lingered until the thrilling chorus had ended, and was then turning away when a cheer and a rattling of exclamations filled the hall. Glancing toward the platform, the two men saw a short, slight man with rumpled hair, long nose and steel spectacles making his way to the platform.

"Why, it's the Titan!" exclaimed Taylor, peering at the curious little figure. "What the deuce does he want?"

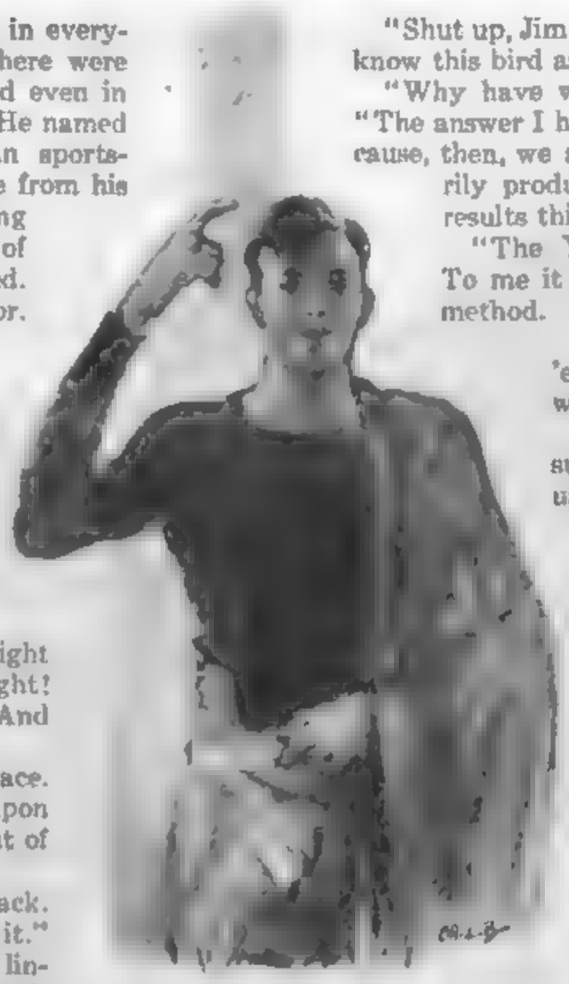
Starbuck laughed. Many were laughing, in fact. The Titan was Professor Timson, his nickname born some years before in the mind of an undergraduate who was gifted with a sense of jovial contrast. He was a logician and had never been known to take any interest in extra curricular activities; certainly not football. The laughter and ironical cheering continued as he made his peace with the chairman in laughing colloquy.

"Young gentlemen," he said, advancing to the edge of the platform, teetering just as was his habit in the lecture room, "I've been thinking. I know how repugnant that idea is to some of you—ahem!" He paused to let the derisive outburst subside. "Now, let's be serious. I may have something to say that is worth hearing—and I may not. At all events I am bold to confess to you that football—phases thereof—have interested me, academically, for many years. This season particularly aspects of our game have been appealing. We have found our team defeated by what is, I believe, called a midseason opponent, one that never before dared lift its head in our presence, and by our dearly loved rival of Princeton. Two defeats! But to Yale they spell failure. Yale has failed."

Starbuck, who had been staring at the speaker, nudged his companion.

"Holy Moses, Buster, do you hear all this? The Titan, of all mutts!"

Taylor scowled.



"Out Here, Fellows. Everybody Gather Round"

"Shut up, Jim! This is going to be good. You don't know this bird as I do."

"Why have we failed?" The voice was rising. "The answer I have evolved seems satisfactory. Because, then, we are playing to a system that ordinarily produces results—but has not produced results this season.

"The Yale system, what does it mean? To me it seems to mean a definite, inelastic method. Am I right?"

"Goon! 'Rah for Prof. Timson! Soak 'em!" The cries volleyed from everywhere. The man gestured for silence.

"The personal equation has been subordinated to the fitting of individuals to collective purpose ——"

"Eh?" came a big voice. "Let's have that again."

"Well, we have sunk men into a machine—if that meets your comprehension. All very well, ordinarily.

"But already this season we have met two teams whose members knew as much about rock-bottom principles of this game, football, as we did. We have met men, besides, who stood firm in the glory of their manhood and demanded—what? They demanded before they would accept defeat that they be outmanned—if I may be permitted to coin a word—outmanned.

"The Yale system! Bah! They stood ready to tear it down. And they did tear it down. They piled it all over the field in shattered bits. They stripped our men bare of the adventitious elements of our game and left us, as it were, naked, with no alternative save the dealing of primeval battle, eye to eye and man to man. And how did we acquit ourselves? Bravely? Valiantly? Yes. But futilely."

He paused, taking off his glasses to wipe them, and, having done so, gazing about the great auditorium which he was now holding silent.

"Why futilely? Because we were faced with the pride of personal opinion. Because the linemen who opposed us said: 'Gentlemen of Yale; the territory allotted to us to defend is our territory. Therein you come at your peril.' Or conversely, on attack, they were intolerant of our presence—not of our presence as a team but as eleven individual men each to be dealt with as the pugilist deals with his single opponent—eye to eye, man to man."

As he paused Starbuck turned to his quarter back.

"Are you getting this, Buster?"

"Yes. Is it rot?"

"I don't know. Listen."

"I don't suppose," Professor Timson went on, "that the members of the team are here to-night. I could wish that they were. For I am fain to believe I have fathomed a lesson of our football season which I wish they could understand as I do, not alone for the value it would be to them as football players but to carry out into the world with them.

(Continued on Page 28)

The Crowd Caught Up the Swinging, Surging Football Song and Sent the Militant Words Roaring Out Into the Crisp Night

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Slow-cooked and digestible

Campbell's Beans are slow-cooked until they are thoroughly wholesome and digestible. They are so carefully prepared in the famous Campbell's kitchens that you obtain the full food value of the highest quality, selected beans. The flavor of rich, lean pork and the appetizing relish of the tomato sauce make this dish as delightful as it is strength and energy building.

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 26)

"In any event the point has its practical application to every man here to-night. Not all of you can play football, but you will go out into the world where team play, where organized methods, may or may not stand you in stead, but where in all verity you will be called upon to deal man to man with many persons. And against them you will prevail not only because you believe in something back of you—a business system, say, or a professional code—but because you believe in yourselves. Because you are bulwarked by the majesty of your own personality and the puissance of your own will.

"They say of a tackle on our eleven"—the Titan lifted a glass of water to his lips while Buster Taylor's hand went through Starbuck's arm—"they say of a tackle on our eleven—I am not now quoting gossip; it is the opinion of one of our great critics of the game—that Mr. Starbuck would in the past three seasons have been known as the greatest tackle of his time if a Mr. Loughran, of Princeton, had not played end against him in the past three years."

"Gee, Jim ——"

"Shut up, Buster!"

"What does that mean, in the last analysis? Why, nothing other than that Mr. Starbuck was playing the Yale system and Mr. Loughran was playing Mr. Starbuck. Man to man! Eye to eye! Is this good football logic? I don't know. Perhaps not. I have not a great familiarity with the game. You may be saying: 'There stands that professor guy, all loaded up with theory, as usual.' Well, let that be as it may. In conclusion, deserting my favorite pagan philosophers, I commend you young gentlemen in my behalf to the fourth chapter of Philippians, the eighth verse. Thank you all."

At the Lawn Club, out on a quiet elm-shaded avenue, where the members of the Yale eleven were preparing for bed, the head coach met Starbuck and Buster Taylor as they entered the door.

"For heaven's sake, Jim Starbuck ——"

"Don't say a word, Mac." The big hand of the captain of the eleven gripped the coach's shoulder with painful pressure. "Look here, let's go to a quiet place. I want to have a long talk with you."

II

AS JAMES STARBUCK, of Lambert, Starbuck & Co., brokers, swung through the hall of the Metropolitan Club two men to whom he nodded gazed after him.

"Jim Starbuck certainly keeps his shape," observed one with a tinge of envy. "Doesn't look any older than he did when he was in New Haven playing football nineteen or twenty years ago."

"Takes care of himself, I imagine," replied the other. "We all should, I suppose. Still, he has a build worth taking care of. Wonderful specimen. Always was."

Starbuck in the meantime was making his way upstairs to a private dining room, where, seated at table, he found a group of men awaiting him. They were all of about his age, with the exception of a man who was verging upon sixty, if indeed he had not attained that age.

Unquestionably he was the strong figure at this table. Starbuck seemed slightly embarrassed as he turned to this man, ignoring for the moment all the rest.

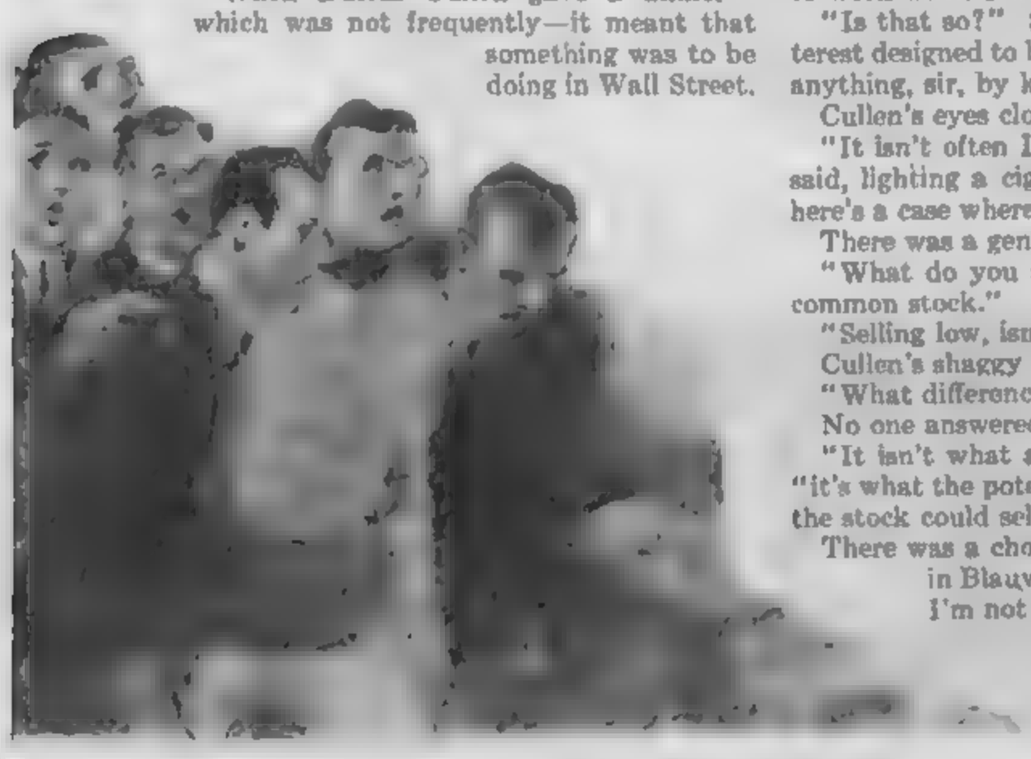
"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Cullen. I had to go to a meeting and we got into all sorts of a mess. I hope you didn't wait for me."

A gleam shot across the gray eyes of the older man. The eyes were wolfish; in fact the whole impression of the man was vulpine.

"That's all right, Starbuck. We had our oysters. So don't flatter yourself that you held us up."

Starbuck flushed but said nothing as he drew out his chair, nodding in response to the salutations of the rest of the company about the table.

When Darius Cullen gave a dinner—which was not frequently—it meant that something was to be doing in Wall Street.



Those who were invited were entitled to the understanding that they were declared in on the thing. It was Starbuck's first dinner with the Wall Street magician.

Everyone else present this night could say the same thing. One or two of them had known the man only by reputation—which was not a wide one, not a newspaper reputation. He was one of those men who grow rich and powerful without gaining great fame or notoriety, or both. And he was rich; and he was powerful—extremely so.

"No," Quavered the Little Man; "You've Nothing Against Me"

Talk was more or less halting throughout the various courses. Cullen was inclined to be silent and the rest took cue from him. Yates, a Harvard man who knew Starbuck quite well, smiled at him across the table.

"What do you think of your eleven this year?"

"Eh?"

"The Yale team. The papers say that judging from her first game she looks to be stronger than in years."

"Oh!" Starbuck laughed. "Is that so? I haven't followed football much in recent years. Been too infernally tied up with things."

"Good thing to forget when you're through with college," observed Cullen. "I've got a nephew up in Yale. Only thing he knows appears to be football. Well, I went to work when I was thirteen."

"Is that so?" Starbuck gazed upon the man with interest designed to be flattering. "You certainly didn't lose anything, sir, by keeping away from college."

Cullen's eyes closed and opened.

"It isn't often I work in with a lot of youngsters," he said, lighting a cigar and drawing back his chair; "but here's a case where I want action and enthusiasm."

There was a general leaning forward of his guests.

"What do you all think of Blauvelt Coal and Iron—common stock."

"Selling low, isn't it?" ventured Yates.

Cullen's shaggy brows lowered.

"What difference does that make?"

No one answered.

"It isn't what a stock is selling at," Cullen went on; "it's what the potential value of the property is and what the stock could sell at."

There was a chorus of assent. "Quietly, I'm interested in Blauvelt," went on the cold, level voice, "and I'm not content with the stock as it is."

Starbuck interposed:

"Isn't it about where it should be, Mr. Cullen? The stock has never paid dividends, and when there has been anything but a deficit after the payment of charges the earnings have been very small."

Darius Cullen's eyes turned slowly to the man.

"Does that mean you're not interested, Starbuck?"

"Why—why—no; I was merely asking."

Cullen shrugged slightly.

"Now there are ten brokerage firms represented here. I've picked you fellows to get a movement on the stock."

"A pool, you mean?" asked one.

"A pool, yes."

"You'll manage it?"

"Yes; certainly. I said I wanted that stock up—way up. That's where it's going. Now, Starbuck, I'm doing the others no injustice when I say of all the younger brokerage firms Lambert, Starbuck & Co. stands high. You'll recall we were associated in Raritan two years ago, with no loss to you."

Starbuck, who feared he had displeased the great man, laughed, reassured.

"Quite the contrary, sir."

"How about twenty-five thousand shares among us? You all in?"

All declared that they were, whereat Cullen drew a pencil and pad from his pocket.

"Starbuck and I will work pretty close together on this. Starbuck's firm will be the floor manager. So I suggest his firm take five thousand shares. I'll take three thousand."

He wrote rapidly and then, calling off the various firms represented, he gave them their buying commitments of a two-months' agreement.

"All right; there's twenty-five thousand shares of Blauvelt Common accounted for. Begin to-morrow; on margin, of course."

"Can we let it be known you are interested, sir?" asked Yates.

"My broker will be buying, won't he?"

"Of course he will, and that'll be enough." Starbuck rose. "Thank you very much, Mr. Cullen. I imagine the Street is in for a bear killing."

"Well"—a dart of humor crossed the gray eyes—"we'll see."

A week later Blauvelt was selling at forty. The last week in October saw the stock at eighty.

"We've got to go at it still stronger, Starbuck."

Cullen leaned back in his chair in the private office of Darius Cullen & Co. and nodded at the younger man.

(Continued on Page 38

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

America's quality clothes at medium prices

Men are seeking to escape from extreme prices. Yet no one wants to do it at the expense of the style and the quality of his clothes.

In exact response to this Fall's special demand stand Styleplus—reasonably priced, perfectly styled, all-wool clothes tailored for long wear and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

Every season more men turn to Styleplus, finding in them everything they demand from good clothes and yet offering an appreciable saving in the price.

The great Styleplus reputation is built on that service and you can profit from it on your new Fall suit and overcoat.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.,
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Trade Mark Reg.

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STYLEPLUS — *The big name in clothes*

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

A Food and Haulage Economy

By Floyd W. Parsons

DECORATION BY W. J. RICHTER

IN THESE unsettled days of readjustment there is one angle of the food problem that has received too little attention. One of the most necessary, and yet the cheapest, things in the world is water. Notwithstanding this fact, we devote the largest part of the nation's transportation facilities to hauling water, in one combination or another, from place to place. Of all transportation wastes, none appears so futile as this handling and hauling of water, and still no great loss holds forth more promise of being easily eliminated.

All of the vegetables that are commonly used for food contain from sixty-five to ninety-five per cent of water. It is likewise true that the fruits we eat here in the United States contain on an average about eighty-five per cent of water. Therefore when vegetables or fruits are shipped with their water content remaining in them the transportation companies are handling more water than food, and the purchaser must pay the heavy charges incidental to this wasteful practice. If we could only perfect plans to take the water out of the vegetables and fruits before they are shipped and then let the householder put the necessary water back into them after the foods are received in the kitchen, a large national economy would result.

A fresh tomato contains 94.3 per cent water, while the balance is mostly carbohydrates, with a little mixture of protein, fat, fiber and ash. When the water is taken out of a tomato in commercial practice the process is called dehydration and the tomato then contains only about seven per cent water in its composition. One Federal investigator recently showed that, so far as food value is concerned, one pound of dehydrated tomatoes is equivalent to ten two-pound cans of solid-packed tomatoes containing a little more than five per cent solids. During the war a case of canned tomatoes costing $2.60 in California brought seven dollars laid down in Havre, France. An equivalent amount of dried tomatoes selling for twenty-six cents a pound in California cost only 40.5 cents in France. It is evident therefore that the saving through dehydration amounted to more than six dollars a case.

In their fresh state the following vegetables contain water in the proportion named: Beets, 87.5 per cent; cabbage, 91.5; carrots, 88.2; celery, 94.5; corn, 75.4; lettuce, 94.7; peas, 74.6; potatoes, 78.3; spinach, 92.3; and turnips, 89.6. When subjected to dehydration these foods contain no more than ten per cent water. One investigation showed that one pound of the following vegetables dried is equivalent to these weights of the same vegetables when fresh: Beans, 10.4 pounds; spinach, 13.3 pounds; potatoes, 4.4 pounds; cabbage, 12 pounds; tomatoes, 13.3 pounds; and carrots, 6.6 pounds. When dried to a moisture content of eight per cent one ton of fresh green beans weighs only 250 pounds; cabbage, 215 pounds; carrots, 292 pounds; corn, 465 pounds; lettuce, 114 pounds; peas, 350 pounds; potatoes, 450 pounds; and tomatoes, 125 pounds. After being properly dried, beans are reduced to one-fifth of their original volume, while potatoes are reduced to less than one-half and tomatoes to less than one-fifteenth of their original volume.

The average can used as a container for vegetables and fruits requires the use of from five to seven ounces of tin plate. Canned goods never contain less water than the fresh food and frequently contain an even higher percentage. This accounts for the fact that when a ton of fresh peas is canned and prepared for shipment the total weight of the ninety-three cases of cans amounts to 4291 pounds. The weight of this same quantity of peas, dehydrated and properly packed for shipment, would weigh less than 475 pounds. The average can of fruit contains about twenty-one ounces of the food substance and eight ounces of sirup. Furthermore, as previously stated, the fruit contains on an average more than eighty-five per cent water. For example, a ton of fresh peaches, after being prepared for canning, weighs 1500 pounds. This quantity of peaches contains 1321 pounds of water and only 179 pounds of solid matter. As to food units, these peaches average 220 calories a pound. Now, taking 1500 pounds of dehydrated peaches, we find that this quantity contains only 285 pounds of water, while it has 1215 pounds of solid food matter. A pound of the dried peaches will contain 962 calories.

All of the foregoing makes it plain that a great saving in packing, handling and transportation charges results from food dehydration. In addition to the saving in weight, there is a saving in bulk amounting to from fifty to eighty per cent. However, there are other advantages that would attend the more common use of food dehydration. As conditions now exist, it generally happens that if there is a very large crop of a certain product one year the price of the article is forced to a low level, with the result that in the following year the farmers raise less of this particular product, and then there comes a scarcity and high prices for the article. With dehydration the surplus of the product could be saved and the farmer would not have to force his goods on the market at an inopportune time and thereby break prices. The consumer would profit because the waste of a fluctuating crop and unstable prices would be eliminated.

It is likewise true that the wide practice of dehydration throughout the United States would save a large part of the fifty per cent of fruits and vegetables now grown in this country which never reach the consumer. Potato culls, instead of being thrown away, as now sometimes happens, would be first dehydrated and then manufactured into flour of a kind used largely by European nations. Losses by crushing or spoilage during shipment would be generally eliminated, and there would be a material saving in the present charges for cold storage. The process would also create a wider range of vegetable foods and so provide a better diet for the people.

Dehydration is not a new art, for the process has been known and practiced for centuries. In fact it is the oldest method of food preservation known to the human race. In its proper application, dehydration removes the surplus water from food without destroying the cellular tissues or impairing the energy values. It is a business that people have dabbled in for generations, and yet, especially here in the United States, the industry has received comparatively little thought and less encouragement. The difficulties that have been met up to the present time are not at all insurmountable. The principal criticism has related to the palatability of the dehydrated foods, and this trouble has been due to carelessness in the practice of the art and in cooking the dried foods rather than to any fault or deficiency in the theory or practical operation of the process.

When food is properly dehydrated it gradually loses its water, but does not give up its color or flavor or have its cellular structure impaired. When the water has been removed the stored food materials and salts remain in concentrated form. Such drying of food does not decrease its nutritional value. Furthermore, if dehydration is practiced while the products are still sound and fresh the flavors of the foods are conserved intact.

Under no circumstances should the process of drying be so severe or complete as to remove all of the water. From five to ten per cent of the water should be left in the food, otherwise the dehydrated products will absorb water too slowly when the householder is soaking them preparatory to cooking the products. In other words, the presence of a small water content in the dried goods greatly speeds up the replacement of the water removed by dehydration. But it is a fact that if more than ten per cent of water is left the food becomes liable to slow deterioration, due to oxidative changes and the action of molds and bacteria.

The American soldiers in France were fed largely on dehydrated foods, and the quality and flavor of these foods were generally satisfactory. Some of the boys tell me they did not relish the dehydrated potatoes, but liked most of the other vegetables and fruits about as well as they did the fresh goods. Not all of the army cooks were A-1 chefs, so it is possible that a part of the fault lay in the cooking. On the other hand, foods can be easily spoiled in the process of dehydration if a lack of care is exercised by the manufacturer. When the drying is begun at too high a temperature or is carried on too rapidly, vegetables are so changed that they will not readily absorb water.

Sometimes the dehydrated foods taste as if they had been scorched and this is due to the application of too high a temperature to the fresh foods at the commencement of the process. Experience has shown that the best practice is first to subject the fresh green goods to a temperature not exceeding 120 degrees and an atmosphere relatively high in humidity; then in carrying on the process the temperature is increased and the humidity reduced.

Various processes are used in preparing dehydrated or desiccated foods. The art has been further advanced in

(Continued on Page 32)

"The workmanship and finish on the Cadillac are equal to anything extant, whether it be a product of Europe or America."

From The Motor—the National Motor Car Journal of Great Britain—of August 4, 1920

THE full force of this striking statement from an eminent English authority will be instantly apparent to anyone at all familiar with the fine motor cars of Europe. .

Its chief interest and importance consists in the fact that it places the Cadillac on a parity of excellence with the best European cars *of very much higher price*, whose reputation has rested upon the very points now conceded to the Cadillac.

Several of these cars have, indeed, sold hitherto for as much as three times the price of the Cadillac; but the same writer, in another part of his editorial, admits that the Cadillac has broken down the wall of prejudice existing in England against American cars.

"By reason of its up-to-date design," he says, "excellence of material and workmanship, and fine performance on the road, it has for some considerable time been generally accepted as one of the finest, if not the finest, of American models imported into this country."

Again, this same frank admirer corroborates the opinion of American army officers and observers generally, in pronouncing the Type 59 an even greater car than the great war Cadillac.

He lays stress on Cadillac progress and development during the past two years, emphasizing the experience gained in arduous war services, and pointing out that in many respects—including coachwork and greater driving comfort and luxury—the Cadillac shows marked advance over its own previous high standards.

He refers again and again to the beauty of the Cadillac and its enhanced charm of appearance, speaking of it in one instance as "giving the impression of a tasteful traveling boudoir on wheels."

The highly desirable changes of the past two years in the Cadillac, he quite properly describes as "the natural and considered outcome of extended experience."

"Regardless of price or size," he concludes, "the Model 59 Cadillac approaches the ideal (of perfection) as closely as any other car on the market today."

With distinguished foreign observers pronouncing the Cadillac the equal of their own costliest productions, which far exceed it in price, what need is there for us to impress upon appreciative Americans that the Type 59 Cadillac represents the greatest monetary motor car value in the world today?

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT, MICHIGAN ·

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Germany than in any other country. During the last twenty years the industry has grown in Germany from a few small plants to upward of a thousand more or less important factories. One authority states that the total quantity of potatoes alone dried in Germany in 1917 exceeded the total crop raised in the United States that year. Such a fact helps to explain how Germany maintained her food supplies when practically cut off from the rest of the world.

Of the different processes used in drying foods the most common methods employ kilns, tunnels and specially designed machines. When a kiln is used the vegetables are laid on a perforated floor to a depth of about six inches and the heat from a stove below passes up through the layer, carrying away the moisture, which goes off through a ventilator in the roof. The food on the floor must be turned over from time to time. In the tunnel system the green goods are placed on screens or racks through which a strong current of warm air is blown. In most cases the heat is supplied by coils of steam pipe and the air is moved by electric fans. In both the tunnel and kiln systems there is a lack of physical control of conditions which tends to turn out a product which is not uniform in quality.

In the more scientific methods of dehydration, where certain types of machines are used, the operator has perfect control of the temperature, humidity and rate of movement of the air. Foods dried in such machines retain all their original color and flavor and reabsorb water readily when being soaked preparatory to cooking. A few manufacturers use the vacuum process, whereby the green goods are dried on shelves placed in chambers where the atmospheric pressure has been materially reduced. In all these methods the use of too high a temperature and air that is too dry tends to destroy the cellular structure of the foods.

Summing up, dehydration is a process that must be carried on scientifically. It is safe to say that when our surplus foods are dehydrated by individuals and corporations that employ as much care in the operation of the process as the big bakers now employ in baking bread, there will be little complaint on the part of consumers concerning the palatability of such foods.

No one need expect that dehydrated foods will now or ever supplant canned goods in the public's favor. Canning is a simple and practical process that permits food values to be transported into any climate and yet remain in perfect condition even when exposed to the elements. But when it comes to economy in transportation, dehydrated foods afford us an opportunity to effect great savings. It is a further fact that foods properly dried will remain in satisfactory condition though stored for years.

Great Britain, during the Boer War, purchased large quantities of dehydrated food from factories in Canada and the United States. When the war in South Africa ended one of these manufacturers was left with several thousand pounds of such food on his hands. Americans had not been educated to use this kind of goods, so the manufacturer carefully put his dried product in barrels, which were paraffined and stored away. When the World War started in 1914 this same manufacturer hauled out his barrels of food that had been stored for a dozen years and sold this food to the British Government for its soldiers in France. Reports indicate that the food was in every way satisfactory.

So far as investigations have been able to determine, dehydrated foods possess all the essential properties of fresh foods. They promote growth and are antiscorbutic. No sensible person would suggest, however, that dehydration should be applied to vegetables and fruits that can be purchased fresh and at a low price in a near-by market. The chief field for dehydration is in saving surplus crops and in cutting down the waste in hauling water that can easily be left at the base of production and replaced at the point of consumption. It goes without saying that dehydration will succeed best in those regions where crops are abundant and can be previously contracted for at a fair, fixed price.

Though the great future for dehydration of foods in the United States lies in the building up of a big commercial industry equaling in size our present great canning industry, there are unlimited possibilities for the expansion of the practice of drying foods on our farms and in our homes. The amateur should bear in mind a few fundamental facts when engaging in this work. Most vegetables can be successfully dried and fruits rich in sugar are especially adapted to the process. Meats also can be easily dehydrated, but in so treating them it is particularly necessary to keep all flies away. Primitive peoples were familiar with this fact and used to tie their strips of meat to the branches of trees thirty feet or more above the ground, out of the fly zone.

Various types of mechanical dryers for home use can be obtained in almost any locality. Many people build their own small portable dryers, which can be used on a kitchen stove or in connection with a special furnace. Artificial drying with mechanical appliances is far more cleanly and sanitary than drying by the sun.

Before starting the process the products should be thoroughly washed and drained and all inedible portions removed. The accepted practice is to cut the food in small pieces or thin slices before placing it on the drying rack. One authority suggests that corn should be blanched on the cob for five minutes, then cold-dipped and cut from the cob before drying. When a patent dryer is used the heat should be carefully regulated with the thermometer. The product should be turned frequently and when finished should feel dry on the outside but should be slightly soft inside.

Under no circumstances should the food be dried until brittle, for if it is allowed to become hard or crisp it will not absorb water readily when wanted for use. If the products appear to be too moist they should be returned to the racks for another period of drying. The dried foods should be put into glass or pasteboard containers, and one expert suggests that once a day for three or four days the foods should be removed from the containers and poured back and forth several times so that moist and dry particles are brought into contact with each other and a more even condition of dryness is secured. Rules and time-tables for drying can be obtained from the Government or other authoritative source.

When preparing dried foods for cooking it is usually advisable to soak the products overnight. This soaking should be carried on in a cool place to prevent souring. It is best to use enough water to soak properly and still leave sufficient for cooking, as it is generally better to cook in the same water, thus preserving the flavor. In the case of a few vegetables that have a strong or bitter taste, it is advisable to change the water. It is best to use from three to four cupfuls of water for each cupful of dried product. The color of the food is improved by the addition of a small amount of soda in the water in which the dried material is cooked. The palatability is improved by high seasoning with cheese, celery, mustard, paprika, and so on. In the cooking of dried fruits, lemon, stick-cinnamon and whole cloves should be added.

Though this country is already producing more than 500,000,000 pounds of dried fruits and vegetables each year, the greater part of this production comes from California and consists of the output of the big factories that are now producing dehydrated fruits. In three-fourths of our states no worth-while attempt is being made at the present time to develop this promising industry. In the meantime the country is confronted with serious transportation difficulties. We require twenty railroad cars to carry the same amount of farm and orchard products when canned that could be transported in a single car if first dried and then packed closely in inexpensive paper cartons.

It is a thought well worth remembering that every carload of canned goods contains 10,000 pounds of tin and 14,000 pounds of lumber in addition to the food. This gives us something to think about while we are considering the high cost of living and the lack of railroad equipment. At the same time there must be an adequate market for dried foods or the industry cannot develop. The only way we can provide such a market is to make these dehydrated products popular with the people. This end can only be gained through a campaign of education that will break down current prejudices and at the same time teach the cooks of our land the proper methods for making the dishes prepared from the dried foods as attractive and palatable as some of the dishes now prepared from the fresh products.

Time-Saving Business Ideas

WHEN a fellow can advance from a twelve-dollar-a-week shoe clerk's job in an unimportant store in a small town to the position of general manager and part owner of a large corporation operating two factories, and a dozen stores located in several of the country's greatest cities, it is safe to assume that he is possessed of business qualities of a high order of merit. Energy and ambition are splendid virtues, but they will not carry a man to the top unless he also has original ideas of a practical nature and sufficient courage and initiative to transform his theories into actual working plans.

Looking out over the Hudson River from a big office in a New York skyscraper is the busy general manager who twenty years ago was selling shoes to small-town folk and wondering if fate would ever be so kind as to permit him just to visit the nation's chief metropolis with its high buildings, famous stores and much-advertised theaters. The country clerk reached his present position of importance through the constant practice of time-saving methods. Unlike thousands of executives to-day who talk loudly about the present inefficiency of the average worker and yet only get in two or three hours of real work out of a possible ten, this busy manager follows the old-fashioned plan of actually working harder at his regular job than any of his subordinates. He has managed to keep his health and vigor without devoting the chief part of his time to the game of golf. He has refused to allow himself to become one of that clan of big bosses who never do more than render a few decisions a day and yet are so occupied with mysterious business that they are inaccessible even to important members of their own organizations.

The writer who must go forth with a dragnet to try and capture a few business ideas that are worth passing along finds his work transformed into a labor of joy when he meets an executive who, though noted for his accomplishments, is simple and direct in his methods. In the case here referred to I found management and men working together with the smoothness and precision of a single perfect machine. In my rather hasty survey of this manager's methods the following facts seem to be most interesting and to hold forth greatest promise of being adaptable and helpful. First, let me cite a few of his overhead principles which have been used effectively in his daily work:

Any man who is reluctant or unwilling to learn new ways is an impediment to the progress of a business organization. Instances are on record where men have met with unlimited success in one field and yet have failed dismally in a new position simply because of their insistence on putting into practice the same business habits that had served them so well in their former jobs. In one case a man of high reputation and having an enviable record of accomplishment in a certain field was employed at a fancy salary by a corporation operating in another territory and catering to a different clientèle. The second company barely saved itself from ruin by finally giving the new and highly advertised boss a substantial payment of several thousand dollars to cancel his contract and relinquish his job. His individual business methods had become so fixed in his nervous system that he found himself unable to change sufficiently to meet successfully the new situation.

This does not mean that all fixed habits are undesirable in our commercial life. Close attention to details, the practice of concentration and the art of making definite and prompt decisions all become habits in a short time and add to one's chances of attaining success. Each workman must guide his response by the demands of the present day and he can only get ahead by adapting himself to change, growth and progress. Still it must not be overlooked that when a good habit is automatized the faculties of the person are released for matters requiring careful thought. Fatigue is often lessened materially by an individual's habits which make his movements exact and properly timed.

Habit ceases to be a business virtue when it limits the output of an individual and prevents him from achieving his maximum accomplishment. The recent war caused many men to discover that they were doing only half as much as they could do because they had formed the habit of energizing at a low degree of intensity. Thousands of business men now attribute their breakdown in health to overwork, when as a matter of fact their illness has come from a long struggle under a load of bad physiological habits. Habits of ease have always been more readily acquired than habits of work.

As a general rule, ability to save time is the most accurate gauge of personal efficiency. The manager in question proved to be a past master in the art. He permits no ideas worth keeping to slip away. Each important business thought that comes to his mind is jotted on a small card and dropped into his desk drawer. At the end of the day the cards are gone over and the ideas that have been adopted and attended to are placed in the inactive file. Not more than ten or twelve cards with these daily reminders are permitted to accumulate in the desk drawer.

It is demanded that each employee shall develop conciseness and brevity in his work. Though not a fixed rule, it is generally understood by all employees that not more than one hundred and fifty words shall be devoted to telling any story. The boss says that the tale of the creation of the world was recited in less than five hundred words, and most business problems can be explained in at least one-fifth that many. Each worker is advised that he must know what he wants to say before he starts and that he must stick by his decisions after once they are made. This policy has tended greatly to shorten the average time of interviews between members of the organization.

When a department head wants an office boy he simply lifts his telephone receiver slowly twice. The operator at the automatic switchboard sees the signal and sends in a messenger. When a company official desires to send a telegram he lifts the receiver three times, and the telephone girl rings for a telegraph messenger. With this plan no executive need interrupt his work or stop dictating to signal for an office boy or messenger, and his secretary need not be burdened with the task.

All conferences are held the first thing after arrival at the office each morning. This plan was initiated because the big boss found that when he attempted to dispose of his mail the first thing in the morning he was embarrassed and delayed by many interruptions from underofficials. In the plan now used such conferences as are necessary are held at a time when everybody feels fresh. During the day notes are made for subjects to be discussed at the next conference the following morning.

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

FOOL FOLKS

(Continued from Page 10

against a wall and left a shell in it. You can bet I'll never take him out again. I don't want that kind of man's money."

Finally we warmed up a little, and I discovered that these fellows had been soldiers. They explained that they had been allowed to snap army rifles in drill and had got used to it. They recognized discipline, and as soon as they found out that I was boss and was going to stay boss they obeyed me to the letter. It turned out that they got a pretty fair bag of birds. I have never seen a hunter so anxious to apologize for being a fool, and I believe he was taught a lesson.

But giving lessons like that is not a paying business. That never-do-it-again promise doesn't do much good after some poor guide or hunter is shot or a gunning skiff is ruined.

As these boys were leaving I explained to them the lifelong rule that we baymen follow, and I hope some other careless gunner will read it. We never snap a gun, even if it is our own gun, until the breech has been opened and we have looked down the barrels.

It is better still never to snap a gun at all. It is of no benefit to the shooter and it only injures the gun.

I could point out a dozen accidents—some fatal—that could have been prevented if that rule had been followed. The hard part, though, is that they don't remember until something has happened—and the next time I have somebody else to watch.

Most of my gunning, fishing and boating work has been done in the Great South Bay, near which I was born. I have done guiding in the field, though, and have gone after big game with old hunters who wanted to have me along. Good friends have got me jobs all over the country at duck-shooting clubs. This very winter I am chief guide at a marsh club of wealthy sportsmen near the coast in South Georgia. I speak from long experience.

Gunners, just like other people, are divided into two classes—men with sense and those who haven't a grain of solid judgment in their heads. If a man has good, hard, common sense he is not dangerous, even if he has had no experience with a gun. He will follow instructions and will learn to be safe—if not to shoot. There are others who will be bumble-headed fools as long as they live. They never will realize that there is danger in guns and boats. They never give a thought to the safety of their companions.

I knew a stage comedian once who deliberately shot a hole through the bottom of a gunning skiff with a pistol just to have a joke on the guide. To this day he tells how funny it was to see the gang wade ashore—he waded, too. He never went out gunning in our part of the bay again.

Dangerous Company

Right now I could name a dozen men who have been shooting on the Great South Bay for fifteen years who couldn't get a guide to go out with them if they paid one hundred dollars a day. They are the fellows to blame for a lot of the severe laws put on real sportsmen.

Innocently I took out one of those men one day. He had a fine gun, and I picked it up from the floor of the boat to examine it. I discovered two loaded shells in it—and the safety catch off. On the excuse that the wind wasn't right and there was no use in going out I turned back and landed him on the dock.

"Well, if I don't go out, you know, I don't pay," he said.

I let him know I didn't want his money at all.

"Well, say," he insisted, "I'd be willing to pay anyway if you could show me something else to shoot."

"The only things I've seen round the shore here," I told him, "are some starlings in that oak tree over there."

I said this as a joke, of course. The tree was in the corner of a man's yard, with children playing round. I turned to my work of fixing up the boat.

In a few minutes I heard shots going at a great rate. I looked round to see what it was all about, and, I give you my word, here came that man with a string of fifteen dead starlings! He just had to kill something, and was all enthusiastic about having murdered a bag of these little birds.

I did not report that man to the game warden, though I should have done so. He got it, and got it good, a little later on, I hear. I did order him out of my boathouse, though, and told him I didn't guide for that kind of a sportsman.

The automobile, I believe, is responsible for the increase of fool gunners. They can come out from New York in a little more than an hour, park their cars near the dock, and after a day's shooting get back home in time for a late supper. Most of them, though, spend two days. They like to sleep in the shack or boat and eat shore cooking—roughing it, they call it.

This easy access to the hunting grounds holds good all over the country. As a result there are more people of all kinds gunning now than ever before. Naturally the smaller shore birds, such as the several varieties of snipe and plover, are getting scarcer. But there seems to be no falling off in wild duck, geese and brant. In fact last year was the best season we have ever had. Good strong local laws have protected the quail and partridge, which do not come under the Federal Migratory Bird Law.

In the old days—the ones I like to talk about—there were not so many gunners, but the parties stayed longer. Also they knew more about shooting. They were real sportsmen. There are still a lot of real gunners, but the number of fool gunners has grown too fast on account of easy transportation. Most of that class go out for a lark more than out of a real love of shooting. It is not at all unusual for me to get a telephone message that some fellow wants to come down to the bay to get over the effects of a drunk.

Sportsmen of Other Days

The Smart Aleck sportsmen think we baymen are queer characters, and they like to hear us talk so that they can laugh about it on the way home and describe us in the clubs. Oh, I know! But we are not as big fools as some of them think. I am paid well for being a quaint character, and often have some good laughs myself after they have gone. I can be just as quaint and picturesque as they like for ten dollars a day. I don't believe some of the comedians who come out here get more than that. If they do they are overpaid.

It is not so very long ago that it took nearly a month to arrange a duck-shooting trip. Our section of the shore is just thirty-two miles from New York City. Before the Long Island Railroad was built a stage ran from Brooklyn to Mineola. Another one connected with it there and came down to the South Shore, bringing the mails. It was quite a trip in those days. Many of the wealthy gunners used to drive all the way from New York in their own rigs, taking a full day. After exchanging letters and confirming dates it was my duty to get sleeping accommodations for my parties. The tavern keepers were just as clever then as they are now in making it easy for the city fellows to spend their money.

A certain millionaire in Wall Street, who died not long ago, used to come down to our place when a young man and make special arrangements by which he could shoot out the lights in the reflectors that hung round the walls in the barroom on the water front. He never hurt anybody, and was always willing to pay for the damage. In addition he always gave all present what they wanted to drink, and five dollars each. Strange to say, everybody liked that man—even as a gunner. Once he got out of the hotel and into a gunning boat he was as careful as anybody—was a good shot, too. He would do all his drinking at night, but would never touch a drop while handling a gun. But my, what a time he and his friends would have in that old shellback tavern!

I suppose it wouldn't be fair for me to identify these old-time gunners. If I did you would recognize the family names in a minute. In those days I was as familiar with the names of the young men in the Four Hundred as I am to-day with people round the village.

We didn't have any game laws then, and we could go out at any time we pleased, and could kill as big a bag as we wanted. We didn't have any motor boats either. When the ice came in late winter and the sportsmen quit coming out we guides would shoot for the market, and it was a good living for us. I have made as high as forty dollars in a single day shooting hunter gulls—tern, some people call them—for the taxidermists. They used the wings and breast feathers for dressing women's hats. All a guide had to do was find where bluefish were running—hunter gulls always follow bluefish schools—and imitate a wounded bird by a peculiar whistle. The little gulls would flock to the cry and were killed by the hundred.

The law put a stop to that, and it is a good thing. In our ignorance we would have exterminated the tern. They are plentiful now, under protection. The one thing that saved these birds was the law forbidding their use for hat decorations. As long as there is a market for any kind of birds it is impossible to keep professional gunners from shooting them. I know, because I have been a warden as well as a guide. The average bayman is narrow-minded, and he firmly believes that the ordinary game laws were made by educated people to rob him of his bread and butter.

In pointing out the fool practices that have cost many lives and have turned many strong men into cripples I naturally give most of my attention to duck and shore bird shooting. Duck shooting is more dangerous for green sportsmen than any other form of gunning on account of the gunners being so close together. In the field the hunters are scattered, and even if a gun should go off accidentally there is less danger of an individual being hit. There is certainly no boat to be put out of commission. In duck shooting, though, the guide and the sportsman—the word sportsman is always used by baymen for the man who pays the expenses—sit close together in a small gunning skiff or a blind, built of reeds, on the bank. Often three or more gunners will insist on sitting in the same blind for company. That is very dangerous, and I never permit it—one man to a guide is my rule.

Then we have battery shooting. That is shooting from a sink box made to float on the surface of the open water with the aid of canvas wings held down by heavy weights made in the shape of duck decoys. These batteries are usually far from the shore. In a double battery—the usual kind—two gunners have to lie down beside each other and rise to a sitting position to shoot when the ducks come in. It is quite a job for an inexperienced man. Also it is tough shooting. In the Chesapeake Bay they have a battery box in which the gunner sits upright, alone, the guide keeping in sight with a power boat to pick up the killed birds. That is the safest shooting that I know of. It is impossible for a man to shoot himself, and all others are out of range.

The big percentage of serious accidents in waterfowl shooting result from transferring a gun from one boat to another, or a gunner in excitement reaching for his gun and pulling it toward him by the muzzle.

A Common Cause of Accidents

Another guide and myself once took out two young men for snipe shooting, separating when we got to the marsh islands. Incidentally do not confound yellowleg shooting with the hunting of jacksnipe, as they are called in the West and South. The inland jacksnipe is walked up. The yellowleg is shot over decoys like ducks.

This day we were after yellowlegs, and my sportsman and myself were well away—unfortunately so, it proved—when a sad accident happened to the other party. The guide had pulled up to a marsh bank, in range of a small salt pond, where he intended to put out his decoys and then sit in waiting on the grass. Both of them had crawled up the bank when the peculiar soft whistle of a snipe was heard overhead. The yellowleg will come to that call when imitated by a guide, and my friend got out his whistle. The young sportsman became excited and feverishly rushed back to the skiff, reaching for his gun, which lay in the forward part of the boat. Grasping it by the muzzle he yanked the weapon toward him and it went off. The full load of shot struck the young man just at the elbow, practically tearing his arm off. The guide, an ignorant man, didn't know enough to make some kind of tourniquet and bind the arm above the elbow. When I got there an hour later the poor boy was near death from loss of blood. We got him ashore after a long pull, and the doctor amputated his arm. But it was too late. He died that night—had really bled to death in the gunning skiff.

That accident was talked about in the bay for months. It was told to every gunner. Now you would think such a terrible end to a day of sport would act as a lesson, wouldn't you? But it didn't. In the few years that have followed I have known of six hunters being shot dead or badly wounded from pulling a gun out of a boat by the muzzle.

I have a regular job as guide for a party of gunners who have a boat of their own—a large boat with a cabin—on which they can sleep and eat. I have been guiding them for ten years. At the very outset I made a hard and fast rule, which they agreed to, and it has worked well. It is forbidden to transfer a loaded gun from one boat to another under any circumstances—from the skiff to the big cabin boat, for instance. The moment a small boat pulls alongside and the gunner passes up his gun the man receiving it opens the breech and looks in the barrels. If a loaded shell is found the guilty one is fined ten dollars, which goes to the support of the club. We have never collected but one fine, and that from a guest. We also have a rule that when a boat is going from one point to another all guns must be laid on the bottom against the gunwale—longways—and that none must be loaded. We only allow guns to be loaded when we anchor and get ready to shoot.

Rules to Insure Safety

This little club is made up of men experienced in shooting—now—and who seem to have common sense. We have never had an accident, and I don't think we ever will. They used to drink freely at times on the big boat, but by common consent no one ever took a bottle or flask in a duck boat or skiff. We have found that hot coffee is much better than whisky or brandy when a man gets chilled while duck shooting. The vacuum bottle beats all the whisky bottles in the world for that.

Leaning a gun against the wall, whether loaded or not, is a common cause of accidents. Even if unloaded, the gun is likely to fall and break the stock. If loaded someone is liable to be shot. Two years ago I had a new man out. We went in that night to the home of another guide who had made arrangements to board us, and this man leaned his gun against the door facing on the outside of the house. I came in a little later, and by luck happened to see the gun. Just as I did so I heard someone call a child—a little girl. I saw the knob turn and knew that the child was about to open the door from the inside. Had she done so she would have been shot—I am certain of it. I made a jump for the gun and caught it by the stock just in time. Already it was slipping. I looked in it and found both barrels loaded and the safety catch off!

That was the finish of our hunting trip. To this day no guide will risk taking that man out.

Down in Georgia last winter I saw a very handsome gun broken by being stood up against the wall. The gun belonged to a very wealthy man who had not been trained in the care of weapons. Frequently he had been warned not to lean his gun against the wall. It was not loaded—no gun is ever loaded in that clubhouse—and he seemed to think that made everything all right. Just the same, as we expected, someone in getting up from the table struck the gun with his foot and it fell to the floor, breaking the stock in half at the grip. Carelessness had ruined a two hundred dollar gun—a brand-new one.

In that club, by the way, we have made a set of rules that might be well for others to follow. Due to the number of green sportsmen who come there as guests we decided that to prevent any possible accident we would prohibit the loading of guns within a certain zone. A fence surrounds the big yard at a distance of one hundred yards from the clubhouse entrance. On each outside gate we have posted a notice that all guns must be examined and unloaded before coming into the yard. It has grown to be a custom for each incoming hunter, upon approaching

(Concluded on Page 36)

the start of a perfect day

YOUR whole day depends on the start you get in the morning.

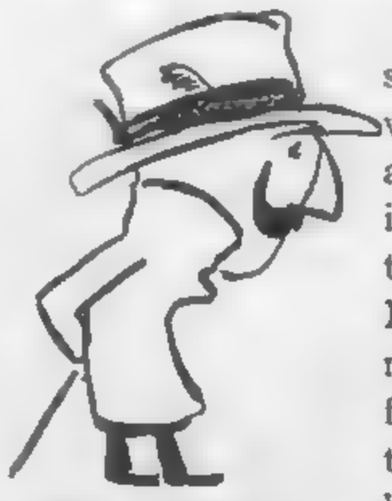
Therefore, your morning shave is much more than a mere matter of disposing of whiskers. What does your shave do to your morning morale?

The destinies of nations hang on shaves; any man can be a better diplomat after a pleasant shave. Home life, business life—in fact, the sum total of human happiness—is affected by the kinds of shaves men get in the morning.

Success itself is a matter of shaves. So, what kind of safety razor do you use? We say, absolutely without blushing, that every man in the world ought to use an Ever-Ready Safety Razor. *(Advertisement.)* It would be a better world.

Ever-Ready users start their day with an advantage over other men. The Ever-Ready gives them an exhilarating exhibition of efficiency.

They get clean, quick, comfortable shaves.



Success itself is a matter of shaves

And this is not simply fancy ad-writing. There is actually something in the fine edge of the Ever-Ready Radio Blade that makes it act different from other razors in the presence of hard beards. Ever-Ready owners will tell you:

"I tried four other safety razors before I found Ever-Ready. There's something about the blades that makes them cut easier and makes them last longer."

with an advantage over other men

We know what this mysterious something is, of course. It isn't accidental. It's the result of things we have been doing to our blades for years, and, furthermore, of the war-discovered Radio process of blade treatment.

Even experimentally, isn't it worth $1 to you to investigate Ever-Ready? We absolutely know that if we get three or four Ever-Ready shaves onto your face, you are our friend for life.

Start your day with an Ever-Ready shave.

Yes, still $1. A sturdy frame guaranteed for a lifetime, six Radio blades—all attractively cased. All $1. Make a mental note to buy the "Little Barber in a Box" today—at all stores.

Extra Blades 6 for 40c
Sold the world over

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Makers of the famous Ever-Ready Safety Razors and Ever-Ready Brushes

Factories:
New York Brooklyn
Toronto London
Paris

$1.00 Complete

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

(Concluded from Page 34)

the gate, to stop and throw the shells out of his gun. The only man who ever broke the rule was treated with such coolness that he cut his visit short. He has never been invited again.

The greenest of men are now careful to obey that notice. In the four years of my connection with the club there has never been an accident—inside the grounds. It seems we are bound to have them sometimes in the boats.

The main thing in working out these ideas of safety is to get the members so interested that each of them appoints himself an inspector. Down there they look upon a breaking of the rules as downright discourtesy, just as if the offender had insulted the host.

A good specimen of what I call fool folks out gunning is the man who monkeys with high explosives and dearly loves to tinker with his ammunition. Men who are supposed to be very learned in their business often do things like that. They seem to have no more judgment about guns than a child.

My partner and friend, a guide for thirty years, took a man out last winter who was known to have had much experience as a shore-bird shooter. They were after snipe and plover. This man, by the way, is a lawyer, and is said to be a successful one. Starting for the marsh the lawyer remarked to the guide that he had but eighteen shells loaded with Number 10 shot.

"I've got some more, though, that I loaded myself with Number 8," he said.

"Loaded yourself—what kind of loads?" asked the guide.

"Oh, three or four drams of ballistite."

"Of what?" asked the guide, laughing.

"Of ballistite."

My friend looked at him to see if he were in earnest.

"Well," he said, passing it off as a joke, "when you get ready to shoot those just let me know and I'll get out of the boat."

The guide thought no more of the matter until the shooting got good. Suddenly the lawyer remarked that he had run out of Number 10 shot and would use his eights. Even then the guide didn't pay any particular attention.

A snipe swung into the decoys and there was a big flash. The next thing the guide knew he felt a hard jolting pain in his side and found himself lying in the bottom of the skiff. He looked round, and the lawyer, bleeding from the nose and mouth, was holding his hands to his eyes and groaning.

The gun had been blown to bits and the stock had struck the guide in the side. Luckily neither was permanently injured.

That lawyer, a supposedly sensible man, had loaded a single shell with enough ballistite—one of the highest known explosive powders—to blow up two guns. When he said he had used four drams to the shell the guide naturally thought he was joking. He had used ballistite just as freely as we did black powder in the old days—had even guessed at the amount by pouring it in the palm of his hand!

Monkeying With High Explosives

Loading shells by hand with these new high explosive smokeless powders is a mighty risky thing. They all have a different force, and a person who is not an expert should stay away from them. In the old days of black powder it was customary for hunters and guides to load their own shells because it saved a lot of money. But not now. A guide never thinks of using anything but a machine-loaded shell put out by some reliable company. He is not a chemist and knows it.

I have another friend, a guide, whose arm was shattered and his left hand withered for life by accidentally using a shell that had been inaccurately loaded. Ammunition is the least expensive item of a hunting trip, and it is well not to monkey with it.

In big-game hunting I have found that there is but one thing to remember—one important thing: Never fire at any moving object until you know absolutely what it is. The man who exclaims in grief, "I wouldn't have shot, but I thought it a deer," has no excuse. He should have known it wasn't a deer. Such things as colored coats and red bandanna handkerchiefs round the neck help in a way, but they would not be necessary if every hunter made sure of what he was shooting at. Still, nobody ever has been able to make a rule that will keep a man from getting excited—and that's the pity of it.

In the big-game country there are comparatively few cases of a hunter accidentally shooting himself. The casualties happen to somebody else, and somebody at whom the rifleman has deliberately aimed, thinking him a wild animal.

I am getting a little too old for quail and partridge shooting. Though I feel sure of being able to go as well as many of the young fellows, I find at the age of sixty-eight that it is just as well to save up my strength and not walk all day through the woods and fields unless I have to. Besides, I always have preferred duck shooting to any other sport. Somehow it seems to give me more of a thrill. I can still feel the tingle of the blood when I see a bunch of canvasbacks drop their wings and head into the decoys.

The last time I was out quail shooting we were going through a rough skirt of woods where the dogs had scented a covey. We moved round slowly, waiting for them to come to a point. The young man with me was a stranger—a guest of the club where I was working. I had not paid particular attention to him, because we hadn't yet got up any birds, and I didn't know how he shot.

Some Close Calls

One of the dogs came to a point, and I was just stepping over a rotten log in going to him when the man behind me tripped and fell face forward. His gun went off and the entire load passed between my legs, cutting a big gap out of the rotted log and making a path through the underbrush. When I had recovered from my fright I examined his gun and found that he had been walking with his gun slung over his shoulder, both barrels cocked and the safety off! When he fell the gun was thrown forward and went off when it struck the ground. That, I believe, is the narrowest escape I ever had. If I had taken a half step forward or backward my leg would have been shot off.

I recall an accident a few years prior to that that has served as a valuable lesson when I relate it to other bird hunters. The dogs, after flushing a covey, were hunting out the single birds. An Irish setter had located one in front of us and was smelling round cautiously. We stood and waited for him to make a point. He was so deliberate and slow that my companion evidently got nervous. I happened to look over at him just as it happened. While waiting he was standing with his gun cocked and the muzzle resting on the toe of his shoe. It was too late for me to say anything. At the very moment I looked his fingers, nervously monkeying with the triggers, pulled one!

The only thing that saved him from losing his entire foot was that the muzzle rested on the tip end of his big hunting shoe. That was blown completely away and he lost part of two toes.

For years I have tried to pound it into hunters never to stand in a position of waiting for a shot with the muzzle of a gun down. If it accidentally goes off with the muzzle pointing in the air nobody will be hurt. And don't think they'll never go off! Guns in the hands of the most experienced hunters sometimes go off in most unexpected manners.

I suppose all of you have read of hunters being shot by pulling a gun through a wire fence by the muzzle. I have never seen an accident like that, but I often have read of them. It is just as easy to get killed that way as it is to jump across a stream or a ditch with your gun cocked and unsafe.

My forty-odd years as a guide have not been devoted entirely to gunning. In the closed seasons—that is to say, summer and spring—I work as a guide and pilot for fishing and boating parties. In fact boats are my first love. I am a boat builder and a licensed pilot for the waters round New York Bay. It was through my so-called expertness in boat construction that I was engaged during the war to do the woodwork on airplanes.

Almost as many fatal accidents result from the mishandling of boats as from gunning. Salt-water fishing is really a branch of boating sport. The only knowledge required for safety is in handling the boat. Inland the same thing applies, so far as danger is concerned.

From what I have seen I believe that more foolish, irresponsible people undertake the handling of boats than guns.

I know certain waters so well that I can find the channels and avoid the dangerous bars and reefs at night. Even so I fear them. At the same time I have seen men, utterly ignorant of danger, skimming gayly over stretches of water that I wouldn't think of attempting to navigate in broad daylight. How they get away with it the Lord only knows. Some of these amateur sailors ought to be in an asylum for lunatics. Every day or so I see men and boys, without the slightest knowledge of their engines or the channels, taking power boats out into the open water. And in nine cases out of ten they have with them helpless, trusting guests. The practice has grown worse since the gasoline motor came in. A man must know something to handle a sailboat.

There is no law that I know of to prevent a man from navigating his own pleasure boat. It would probably be a great hardship if there was. I believe, though, that it would add a lot to his pleasure and to the safety of others if some kind of examination or instruction were given with his license.

If you will remember, there were some rather cold days the first part of last September. On one of them we had frost. It was on that morning that I was taking out a gunner for snipe. We had come out of a winding creek about daylight into the main waters of the bay and were skirting the edge of a big sand bar partly covered with eel grass. The low tide had left it exposed. I was steering when the gentleman with me tugged me by the leg to indicate that he had heard an unusual noise. I am a little deaf, and stooped over to hear what he said.

"There's somebody in trouble over there," he shouted, pointing to the big sand bar.

This bar is very dangerous to navigators, as it cannot be seen when the tide is up. The channel is marked by barrel buoys, however.

I looked in the direction the gentleman was pointing and made out something like a boat out on the bar. I came about, made a circle and skirted closer to the edge. Presently we heard a woman calling. A man was waving his hat. I stopped my engine, and after getting as close to the sand as possible pulled on my gum boots and waded out to them.

A small power boat—kicker type—was stuck hard and fast in the sand. In it sat a man, a woman and a child of three years, all shivering. That early September wind cut like a knife. The child was blue from cold.

"What are you doing here—how'd you get here?" I asked.

Innocents Afloat

"We were coming across the bay and our boat struck bottom," the man told me, just as calm as you please. "I tried to go ahead but the farther I went the harder we stuck. Then my engine stopped and I have not been able to start it. I guess it's full of sand."

I was so stumped for a moment that all I could do was stand there and stare at him.

"How long have you been here?" I finally asked.

"Since yesterday at three o'clock!"

"Why didn't you try to pull off when the tide came up?"

"I haven't any oars," he said.

This was getting to be unbelievable. I was just about to ask about his anchor, when I saw it. That man had contrived an anchor out of part of an old stove grate. It wouldn't have held your hat in a blow. That was his complete equipment for emergency.

"You mean to tell me," I asked him, my dander getting the better of my pity, "that you took this lady and this baby out in a boat on the bay without oars or an anchor?"

"Well, I thought it would be all right," he said. "I had just bought the boat and wanted to give them a ride."

"And you didn't know this bar was here?"

"Why, no!" he answered, as if surprised at such a question. "How could I? You see, I'd never been out here before."

They hadn't had a mouthful to eat or a drop of water. The boat was absolutely unprotected from the weather. They didn't even have an oilskin. The child had suffered all night. I told them I would bring them something to eat. I waded back to our boat, took out the sandwiches and the vacuum bottle of hot coffee and fed them. That warmed them up considerably and made the woman more cheerful. I also brought them an oilskin coat to cover up the child. I left them as comfortable as possible, telling them that I would have someone come for them at high tide. I never knew if the baby suffered any illness as a result. They never wrote or came to see me. But that man should have suffered.

Can you imagine a sensible man taking his wife and child out in a boat across tricky, shallow water without an oar, in case of engine trouble, or an anchor? Don't you think you would at least have asked someone about the course or have procured a chart? Can you blame me for enrolling that man in the list of fools who think they are sportsmen? Honestly, don't you think something ought to be done to protect men like that—or at least their families?

In October, a month which gives us some heavy blows, a man who owned a cottage at a summer resort some distance down the coast from us had some city friends out to dinner. About four o'clock in the afternoon he suggested that they take a sail in his new power boat to get up an appetite for the big meal. All agreed that it would be a dandy idea. Without further ado and with no preliminary inspection they boarded the boat, got the engine started and were away, waving flags and yelling merry "Aye, aye, sirs" to the shore.

Necessary Precautions

The self-made skipper and owner steered a direct course toward a sand dune between the ocean and the bay. The wind was breezing up in the southwest, but that meant nothing to him. Presently it began to blow hard, and the little boat was taking the waves gamely when it went out of sight of those ashore. In the wallow of what was now a pretty heavy sea the engine suddenly stopped. The skipper couldn't understand that at all. With the boat rolling and pitching he made an examination and found that he had come away without gasoline—only a half gallon or so in the tank. And he had no oars! Also the party had no food or water!

Despite the efforts of the amateur crew the tide and wind spun the helpless boat along until it was washed ashore on a small marsh island. The wind was then blowing a gale out of the southwest. A sailboat saw them, but could not take a chance on getting close. There was no life-saving station near.

The next morning at daylight, when I first heard of the trouble, I was asked to take a boat and try to rescue them. It was noon before we got them ashore. We had to bring them one at a time, as nothing but a small boat could get near, and in the blow it was unsafe to handle it with more than one passenger.

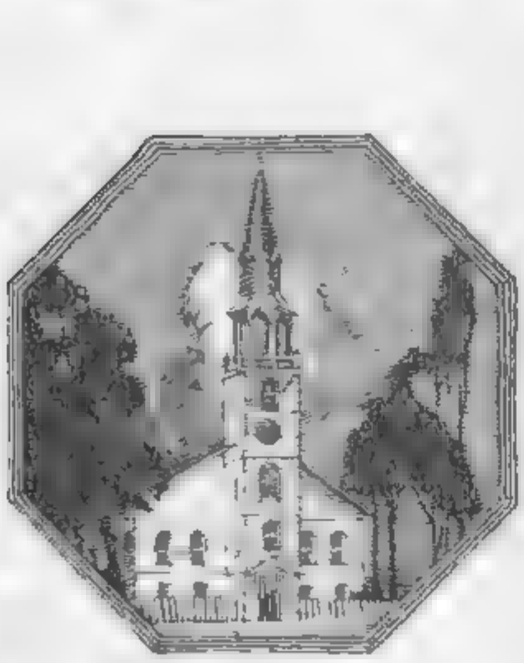
Those men had the appetite for the big meal all right. They had been there all night, numb with cold and hungry.

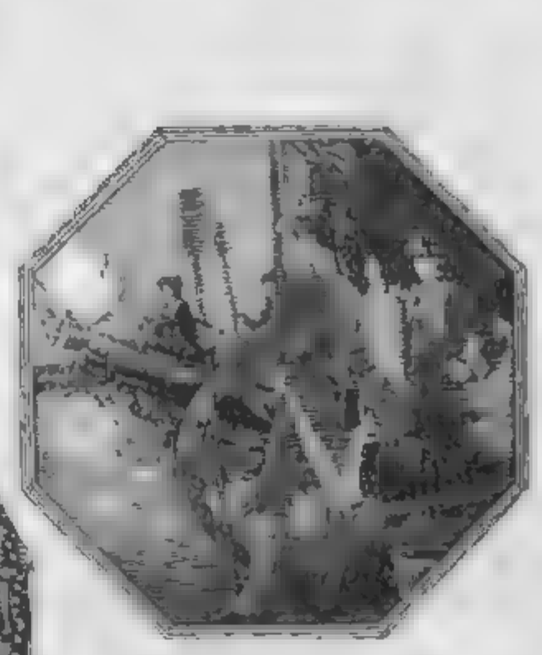
In case these two incidents do not indicate the remedy I would suggest that no one should ever take a boat out on open water without first examining the engine and the supply of gasoline. Next he should see that oars and a good anchor are provided, and that the cables are in good condition. A piece of rotten rope in a boat may cause a lot of trouble when a strong one is needed. Always he should carry a few sandwiches or canned goods and some fresh water.

Having seen to that he should either procure a chart—and know how to read it—or make inquiries from some old-timer as to a safe course to sail. If I were not accused of trying to build up my trade I would add that he should do all that, and then hire an experienced boatman to handle his boat until he has learned how and had some realization of the dangers.

It almost makes me weep when I think of the lives that are lost through the ignorance of foolish people who never seek information, or the upstarts who will not heed advice when they get it. If you are not a waterman you will naturally think that constant talk of accidents like that would act as a lesson, but it doesn't seem to. Some ignorant, unthinking fellow goes right out the next season and does the same thing. For forty-five years I have seen stupidity taking its toll of human lives, and I reckon it will go right on. I know a lot of new people are born every year, but even with the increase I haven't noticed much difference in the percentage of brains.

Good Craftsmen Make Good Citizens





WHEN old John Hull established his mint in Boston in the year 1652 and began the manufacture of Pine Tree Shillings—the first American coins—he showed the same brand of independence that later built the American Nation.

A good craftsman by birth, by nature and by necessity, he was also a good citizen—treasurer of town and colony, town representative, commander of the Boston Artillery Company, a founder of Old South Church.

So, even in the earliest days of our history, good citizenship and good craftsmanship went together.

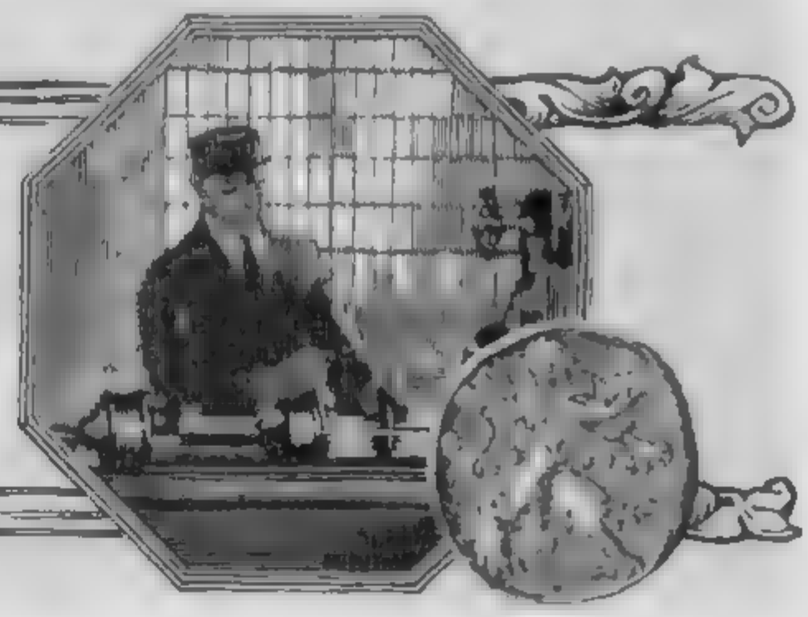
In modern New England this is as true as ever. And modern New England craftsmen work as they live. They don't believe in short-cuts to accuracy and efficiency any more than in short-cuts to Utopia.

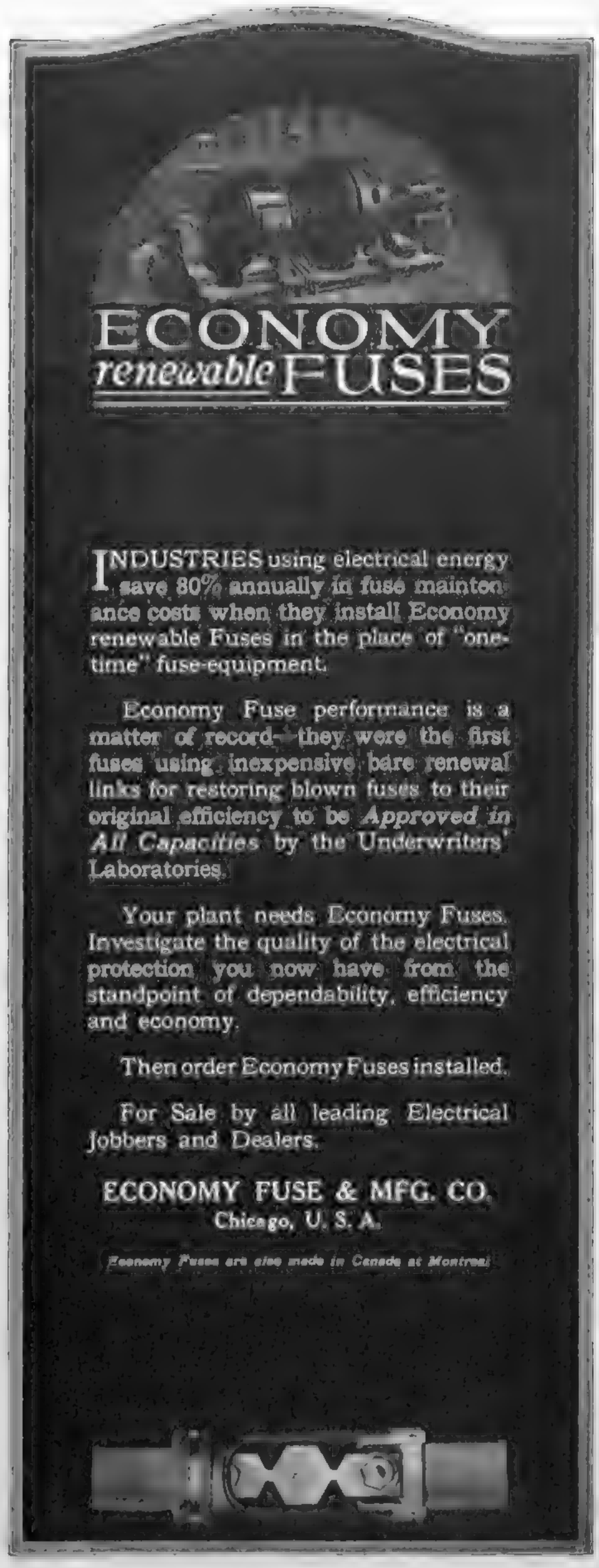
People have said that the Stevens-Duryea Motor Car was made better than was necessary, that too much time and money were spent upon such things as square-taper joints and close tolerances; but you may be sure that such expenditure and workmanship are worth while or these modern craftsmen would not insist upon them.

For the methods that produce this car, though they express the finest traditions of many generations, are as modern as the performance of the car itself. The texture of every piece of steel, the result of every manufacturing process, the scientific solution of every problem have their meaning for the owner of a Stevens-Duryea during the long, uninterrupted, satisfying years of possession and use.

STEVENS-DURYEA, INC.
Chicopee Falls · Massachusetts

Stevens-Duryea

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MAN TO MAN

(Continued from Page 28)

Starbuck smiled. He gloried in the intimacy he had established with this powerful man, an intimacy that made him marked in the Street and himself sought after and flattered.

Yet it was only a business association, an association that gained him access to the man's private office at will as business reasons suggested. There was nothing personal about their relationship. It was, in fact, as cold and hard as could be.

But this was as Starbuck would have it. Certainly there was nothing about this man to enlist his affection, however much he might admire him. Starbuck was as ambitious as the next man and, much as he might mean to Cullen, Cullen meant more to him. Cullen, he knew, was using him for his own purposes; but those purposes appeared to be—in fact, had already proved to be mutually beneficial. And there were immense future possibilities of all sorts.

What Starbuck hardly realized was that the admiration, that all the elements involved in his attitude toward Darius Cullen were elements that upon adequate occasion could easily give birth to fear. For he was in the spell of the man's personality—the personality of a man who knew how to make millions. It was all-compelling.

"We'll have to have another pool with another agreement, calling for at least fifteen thousand shares. I don't want a big pool. What can you take? Eight thousand shares?"

"Why—yes. Eight thousand."

"All right. I'll take two, personally. You might get Yates, Gwynne & Co., Selden, Pratt & Jamieson and one or two others to take up the rest. Bring them up to dinner to-night. Metropolitan Club."

"Yes, sir. But ——"

"Look here, Starbuck. I'm too busy to bother with questions. Let it stand as I say or, if you don't want to, why, just tell me so and I'll make other plans."

"Why, certainly I want to, Mr. Cullen, but ——"

"All right, then. Good morning, Starbuck. See you to-night."

Starbuck met Yates by appointment for luncheon at the Bankers Club.

"Look here, Jim, let me tell you something." Yates was eying his friend solemnly. "I'm not going in on this new pool, and I'm not going to renew on the old one. I don't feel good about this movement at all. What's old Cullen up to anyway?"

"What do you mean—what is he up to? He's putting up Blauvelt, isn't he? That is, I am; with his influence of course."

"Yes, but neither he nor you nor anyone else can keep it up. It's a rotten property, I tell you. You hear talk all round now about manipulation. I don't trust Cullen too much anyway. Why should he play out of his class with us? I don't want to be associated with it—or with him. And you shouldn't be. Except we all know you're right at Cullen's elbow, and of course ——"

"Tom Yates! Steady there, old chap."

"Well—forgive me, dear boy. I didn't mean that. But for your own good, Jim, keep out of any more agreements. You're loaded up now with nearly your whole commitment of five thousand shares ——"

Starbuck flushed angrily.

"All right, Tom; if that's the way you feel about it."

The conversation, which was stilted thereafter, ranged fields apart from finance.

That night at the Metropolitan Club when cigars were lighted in the private dining room Starbuck cleared his throat.

"Mr. Cullen," he said, "I have explained the idea of the new pool to the men who are here and they are all—well—anxious to go in. I only want to say for my firm that eight thousand shares as my commitment seems out of proportion and ——"

"But your firm is the main backer of the movement, Starbuck."

Starbuck's eyes fell before the man's steady gaze.

"Why—why—yes—that is, publicly. But of course we all know here that you are the main backer—that is, without you we would be helpless. And for us to take eight thousand shares at the present price ——"

"If you want to back out, say so."

For a full minute the eyes of the two men met, Starbuck's eyes questioning, almost pleading, Cullen's steady and level, lighted by a wintry gleam.

"I am relying upon your opinion, sir," Starbuck said at length.

"If I asked you to buy eight thousand shares, wasn't that an opinion?"

"Well ——" Starbuck's voice fell away.

Cullen drew his memorandum book from his pocket.

"Now then, let's get this straight. Me, two thousand shares. Lambert, Starbuck & Co., eight thousand shares. Selden, Pratt & Jamieson, one thousand. Ryan & Black, two thousand. J B Dick & Co., one thousand. Alison, Kirby & Co., one thousand."

Darius Cullen placed the book in his pocket and rose from his chair.

"Thank you one and all, gentlemen."

As he nodded dismissal Dick Alison stepped forward.

"There's something I think ought to be brought up, Mr. Cullen. Every ten points that Blauvelt has gone up there's been a definite selling movement, and it has required fresh buying by the pool members to start the stock going again."

"You mean someone in the pool is unloading?" Cullen's voice twanged resonantly.

"I don't know. I shouldn't say so."

"I've known of it, but it didn't strike me as big enough to be at all worried about," remarked Starbuck in a voice of forced cheerfulness. "There's always some selling in a bull movement."

"You should have spoken to me about it, my boy."

"I did, Mr. Cullen; several times. You joked it off."

"Did I? Anyway, I'll look into the symptom."

III

TOWARD the end of the second week in November, shortly before noon, Starbuck entered Darius Cullen's private office. His face was tense, his straight black hair somewhat disheveled; his hands were clenching and unclenching as he stood confronting the man at his desk. Cullen looked up from a letter and nodded.

"Well, Starbuck?"

A bronze Laocoon, the only ornament in Cullen's office, was holding Starbuck's gaze. The stalwart figure fighting in the serpents' toils seemed to fascinate him; so much so that for the moment he seemed unable to direct his attention to the man he had come to see. Cullen eyed him without curiosity

"What's the matter?"

Starbuck cleared his throat.

"I've been trying to see you for a week, Mr. Cullen. You've been ——"

"I've been having a set-to with old Knipe. Got a nasty wallop while I was concentrating on Blauvelt. Had to get out and mend fences. Blauvelt's keeping up—eighty-five, isn't it?"

"It'll break soon unless something happens, Mr. Cullen. Break like a bubble."

"Break like a bubble! What do you mean? Where's your nerve, boy?"

"My nerve's all right. It can't stand against facts. There's been unloading of Blauvelt by someone for the last three weeks. The effect is going to tell sooner or later—sooner, I guess. I've come to ask you about it—ask you what to do."

"What to do! Why, stand up and support the stock! What is your situation now?"

Without a word Starbuck stepped forward and laid a sheet of handwritten figures before the man, who picked it up and ran over it hastily. He whistled.

"I had no idea you were like this, Starbuck."

"I didn't myself until yesterday, when they began to raid Blauvelt in earnest. Yesterday we bought block after block of the stock and almost exhausted our calls on the pool for help. We've kept the price up, even raised it a point. But we can't stand another such day."

"Why can't you?"

"Because—because we're about exhausted. The banks keep throwing securities back at me. What is your advice?"

"Simply to stand up. You're floor manager of this pool. You'll have to support the stock, that's all, Starbuck, unless you want to go under."

"I know that. I am asking your help. How about your banks? Couldn't you give me a note to them?"

"I'm using my banks myself in another matter. I'm tight, Starbuck, awful tight. You'll have to see this thing through yourself."

(Continued on Page 41)

How a Pot of Coffee Saved $1502.00*

WORKMEN in a certain plant found the bare hot surface of a steam chest a most convenient stove on which to heat their coffee.

Refilled by each oncoming shift, it became a continuous service to coffee drinkers—and as it turned out it was the means of teaching the plant management a very valuable lesson.

One day a Johns-Manville man (a Waste Killer) happened in, saw the simmering brew and used the instance as a simple demonstration of the way heat intended for power alone was being wasted by many surfaces throughout the plant because of the lack of proper insulation. The calculations given in detail below* show that the plant was losing $1615. yearly in this way. Insulation cut the loss to $113., an annual saving of $1502.

Through Johns-Manville, Insulation has become an exact science. Read about it.

There are hundreds of places where heat is being wasted at a much greater rate than in this conservative coffee-pot instance, and at a greater expense because fuel costs more than ever.

Many surfaces regarded as insulated are wasting almost as much heat as if they were bare—so poor is the protection their covering affords.

For rule-of-thumb often regulates the application of so-called "Coverings." In fact, guess work coined the phrase "pipe covering," a mysterious material that may have little to commend it except that it saves some heat.

Today there is an expert technology in Insulation. Johns-Manville now maintains a national service in Insulation for all fuel users. It is based on sound engineering practice, made practical through materials of known merit as heat savers. Moreover, it is possible to calculate losses from present faulty materials now in service and to predict new savings under corrected conditions.

And in this day of high coal prices it is no wonder that Industrial Management eagerly welcomes this phase of Johns-Manville Service in Conservation that is saving thousands of dollars of wasted power to the hard-pressed industries of our country.

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★*The average temperature of the surface on which the coffee pot stood was 320 degrees, in a room temperature averaging 70 degrees. There were many surfaces like this in the plant, some large and some small. Based on a low cost of coal at $5.00 per ton, the total loss from these in a year was $1615.00. Insulation was applied, reducing the loss to $113.00, a net saving to the plant of $1502.00 annually*

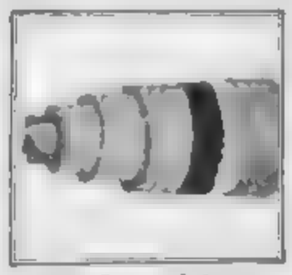
Johns-Manville Insulations

Whether the service is for steam, hot water, air, brine, cold water or some special heat-carrying medium in the plant or in your home—whether for heating or for power use—Johns-Manville will apply the material, a most important factor in assuring maximum heat-saving performance. There is a complete department of this service in each Johns-Manville branch.

Asbesto-Sponge Felted, Asbestocel, Underground System of Insulation for Steam and Hot Water Pipes, Anti-Sweat Sectional Pipe Insulation, Built-up Brine and Ammonia Insulation.

Asbesto-Sponge Felted for high pressure steam lines

Asbestocel for hot water and low pressure steam lines



Built-up Brine and Ammonia Insulation for Refrigeration Lines

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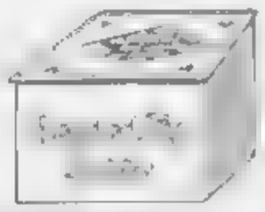
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make heaters safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

DEALERS

This handsome, mahogany finished cabinet in your store will help you sell more shoe laces. Keeps your stock clean and well assorted. Write our Dealers' Help Department or your jobber for details of our Special Display Cabinet offer.



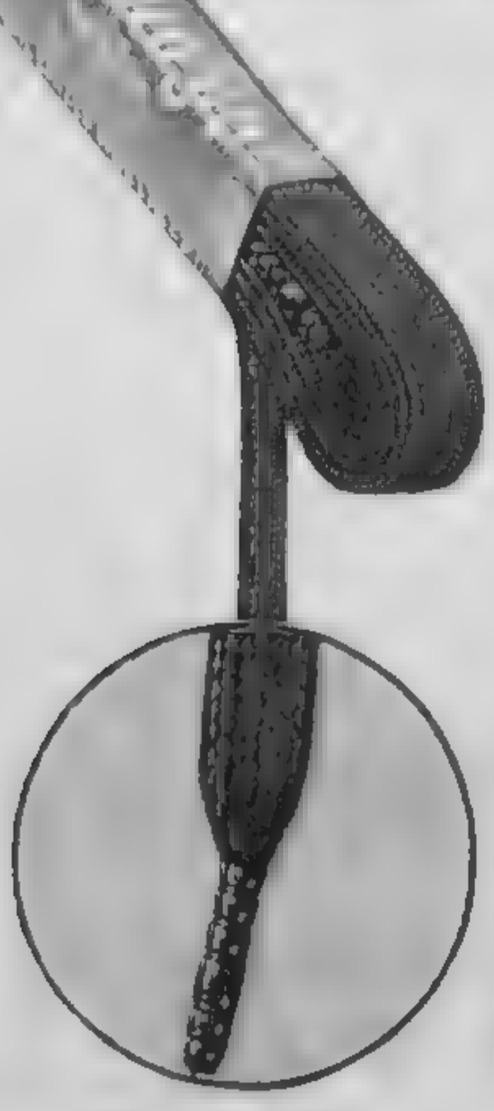
How to Get

SERVICE

From Shoe Laces

BUY only laces of the finest quality in yarn and weave. Cheaply made laces will soon take on a shabby appearance, exposed to dirt and weather.

Keep an *extra pair* on hand for each pair of shoes. Replace your laces before they are worn out. Neat laces keep shoes looking like new.



The Tip That Won't Come Off

Beaded Tip Shoe Laces

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Shoe dealers and repair shops recommend Beaded Tip Laces; they *know* the service they will give.

The best yarns are used in making Beaded Tip Laces. Colors are absolutely fast. The workmanship is perfect. The tips are stamped into the fabric—*won't come off*.

Beaded Tip Laces are imitated, but the QUALITY is unequaled

"Buy an Extra Pair"

Manufactured by UNITED LACE & BRAID MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

BEADED

(Continued from Page 38)

"But as it stands, if I have to buy any more I won't be able to take up what I buy. You can see by that memorandum I'm overloaded now."

"Well"—Cullen picked up a letter and rang for his secretary—"go out and see what you can do. Call me up in the morning and let me know."

Starbuck stood irresolutely as Cullen's secretary entered and took a seat at the side of the desk. Without a glance at the younger man Darius Cullen entered upon the dictation of a letter. Suddenly after completing a sentence he looked up as though for the first time recognizing that Starbuck had not departed.

"Excuse me, Starbuck, but this is private correspondence."

"Oh!" Jim Starbuck reddened and grew rigid. "I beg your pardon."

Turning, he left the office.

Once upon the street he stood by the curb, living the agony of a man who has been weak and knows he has been. For a week he had suffered all the torments that a comparatively young man suddenly confronted by grave alternatives can suffer. He had fought, yes; fought as a red-blooded man will fight, all yesterday and throughout the morning. He had stood with his back to the wall taking all that his opponents could give; holding up a rotten stock through the sheer force of indomitable energy and will. But throughout he had sensed an enemy within his own camp. In Cullen's withdrawal during a crucial week, in the subtlety and malignity of the selling movement in Blauvelt, he had divined that the man, if not guilty, was not ignorant as to the nature of the underlying forces. And he had gone to his office to confront him with his suspicions—well, not exactly that; he had gone to beg the man that he would rid his mind of those suspicions.

But he had not voiced them; barely intimated them. His fists doubled. He wanted to beat himself upon the head.

Something seemed to break in his head, something that released through his entire being a flooding anodyne. As in a daze he walked over to the Stock Exchange.

Jamieson, one whose firm was in the pool, always ebullient, optimistic, slapped Starbuck upon the shoulder.

"Good work, Jim! That shove up to eighty-six was good work. The morning ended up with buying; no selling at all."

"Yes."

Starbuck regarded the man vaguely. Turning away, he was walking up Broad Street with no settled purpose save the vague idea of luncheon when he felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"Jim Starbuck!"

Starbuck regarded the man dully for a moment. Then his face brightened.

"Buster! Buster Taylor! What are you doing round here? Didn't I read somewhere you were up in New Haven coaching?"

"Yes, trying to. Things haven't broken well, Jim. The team's in a rotten slump. Everybody's been licking us. I don't know why. We've got the men—and they know the game. There's something wrong; has been all along. Now it's two days before the Princeton game, and the team's in for a licking, for no reason other than lack of the right spirit. The material's there, as I say. Best I ever saw. But ——"

Starbuck, who had been listening with an absent expression, suddenly laughed.

"Gee, Buster, are you still worrying about football?"

"We can't all be Wall Street magnates, Jim. But look here; I tried to get you yesterday on the phone all day. Day before too. Don't you answer telegrams, either? I sent you three. So I simply came down to get you myself. Jim, you've got to come."

"Eh, telegram? What did you want? Want to buy some Blauvelt?"

"Buy nothing! Yale's in trouble, old boy. She needs you. Jim, listen; you remember that time on the night of the Harvard game when you took us up in your hands and simply pumped so much punch into us that we won a one-to-three-shot game? Well, your big act is needed up there again. So come on; we'll just get the one o'clock."

"Look here, Buster, you idiot; don't be foolish. I'm busy. I'm in a bad hole. I've got other things besides football to worry about. I can't go to New Haven."

"Yes, you can too; just this afternoon and evening. Do you good; do everyone good. It's for Yale, Jim. Don't you catch it—Yale! We're in a hole and we need you."

"In a hole? Why, Buster ——"

Suddenly Starbuck advanced toward the man, placed both arms about his shoulders and let his head fall heavily forward.

For a moment Buster Taylor stood immobile. Then gently he released Starbuck's hands.

"All right, old boy. Yale may need you, but you need Yale more."

Linking his arm through the man's, he strode with decisive step toward the Subway.

IV

AS THE Yale football squad was dressing in the gymnasium a group of men entered the room from the trainer's apartment a few feet down the hall. Three of them were members of the coaching staff; the fourth was in football garb, a stalwart man whose sweatered chest with its big white Y was not matched in expanse by any chest in the room. There were patches of gray in the tumbling black hair.

While the players gazed at him curiously the trainer, who had been supervising the bandaging of a bad ankle, left his task and hurried toward the newcomer.

"Hello. This is Mr. Starbuck, isn't it? Jim Starbuck? I wasn't here when you were playing; but I saw you play all right. That Harvard game! I ——"

But the captain, a manly upstanding lineman, intervened. His face was solemn.

"Mr. Starbuck, this is mighty fine of you. We need you." He lowered his voice. "We can still teach them football up here, but we can't make them play it. Not this team, anyway. Mr. Starbuck, we need something, need it badly. I won't say spirit, no; we take our lickings. But that isn't the point. We've got it in us somewhere to make the other teams take their turn. You're the man to find it."

"I! I find it? Find what, Hale?"

"Why, find the fight. It's in us. Dig it out. Buster is always telling about that night—Harvard-game night when you routed the whole team out of bed, sat them on the floor and —— Well, I wish I could do it. But I can't. I've tried. Princeton's due here day after to-morrow, and we're in for another licking. That's all. It's up to you, Mr. Starbuck."

Starbuck smiled vaguely, turning to the coach.

"Nineteen years ago! Buster, I had something that night. It's—it's gone now."

"Gone nothing!" The coach took the man by the arm, literally shaking him. "Gone! Why, big as you are I'll land you on the jaw in a minute. Gone! Look at yourself—and then tell me that!"

"Well"—Starbuck surveyed the little terrier of a man doubtfully—"tell you what, Buster. I'll do the best I can, if you'll wait a minute until I call New York and see how Blauvelt closed."

The special trolley car conveying the team out to the Bowl rattled and rocked upon the tracks just as it had always done. Jim Starbuck stared out the window, marking the houses as they were passed. He remembered them all, or most of them. How many fall afternoons with the sunlight like this and the air like this had he ridden through these old streets! A moleskin knee was rasping his; there was a feel to the contact that evoked rushing memories. And the owner of that knee was a blond; reminded him of Jo Rogers, something.

There was the same silence as of a regiment being hurried to battle. And in many of the faces was a look he had seen in the faces of the teams he had captained—that expression which he had changed overnight to an expression that Harvard had speedily come to fear.

There was another player who sat opposite—a rangy youth whose gray eyes vaguely bothered him as they turned on him. The past fled. Starbuck moved irritably.

As the car stopped and he stepped to the ground instinctively he turned toward the gray weather-worn fence that surrounded Yale Field.

"Not that way, Jim," called the head coach. "Here's the Bowl over this way."

"Oh, yes; the Bowl."

Starbuck gazed with interest at the huge circle of earth and concrete, so very like a fortress. He had not seen it before.

The coaches went on ahead as the team reached the Bowl and collected in one of the runways for their advance upon the field. Starbuck remained with them,

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A man who is so absorbed in his business that he thinks business while at meals fails to give the necessary attention to the proper mastication of his food and usually suffers from indigestion.

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standing in the front rank behind the captain, living scores of tumultuous recollections.

Then out into the open, the gridiron still gleaming like emerald, the skies and clouds booming above the towering sides of this crater of football spirit.

"Fellows, come here; gather close."

Buster Taylor, with a list of names in his hand, immediately became the center of a group of some forty young men who stood with arms linked about one another's shoulders, their eyes fixed upon him.

"Fellows ——" Buster paused and looked round. "Where's Jim Starbuck? Oh, come in here, Jim, will you?

"Fellows," he went on, "this is your last hard scrimmage before Princeton comes. I've taught you all I can. It's up to you to put it over. I'm going to have nothing to do with you; at least not yet awhile. I'm going to sit on the bench while I turn you over to Jim Starbuck here. You don't know Jim Starbuck; some of you, I suppose, never heard of him. Well, Jim was captain of a great Yale team, a team that was great because it came up under reverses—reverses such as you have had—and won out. Why? Because Starbuck was captain and knew how to make men fight. Well, that's what he's here for to-day, to give you stuff. Catch it? I'm going to turn this scrimmage over to him and ——"

"No, you're not, Buster. At least not yet. Fellows"—he turned to the players, who were gazing at him curiously—"I've been getting something while I've been here with you; something I'd forgotten I possessed. All sorts of things are going through me. Now I'm an old man ——"

He paused until a chorus of flattering, incredulous laughter died away.

"Well, thank you. I don't feel old, anyway. What I want to do, if Buster will let me, will be to go out there and play left tackle for the scrub as long as I can last. Then, after that, I may have something to say. If I think I have I'll say it; if not I'll keep my mouth shut. What do you say, Buster?"

Buster laughed.

"Jim Starbuck in at left tackle of the scrub. Right. Varsity, I'm a friend of yours, so I'll give you a bit of advice—look out!"

The scrub kicked off, and when a Varsity back had been nailed on the twenty-five-yard line the teams lined up hastily.

Starbuck, standing half crouched, expectant, his hands upon his knees, as Jim Hogan used to stand, grinned at the opposing end.

"What's your name, youngster?"

"Cullen, sir."

"Cullen!"

Then it was that Starbuck remembered why the cold gray eyes of this boy had made him uncomfortable during the trolley ride. Cullen? He recalled Darius Cullen's statement of a nephew at Yale who knew nothing but football. Cullen! With a sort of fierce pleasure he outstared the boy.

Then, as though it were someone else speaking, Starbuck heard his own voice, a voice fresh with youth and with the abandon and the daring and the impudence thereof.

"All right, you end—Cullen. You know what the defensive tackle does to you."

"I know what he tries to do, sir." The voice was twangy, resonant.

The Varsity quarter rattled forth the signal; the next instant with a gurgle of joy Starbuck's great body was leaping forward.

"Bang! Cullen, see. I charge you and make in toward center. Ah, you block it, eh. Then—bing! I use you as the fulcrum to drive myself into the play. Blooie!"

Like chaff the interference was knocked apart by Starbuck's hurtling body, while the defensive left end launched in and nipped the runner for a good four-yard loss.

"Ha!" Starbuck rose, laughing and shaking his head, his teeth bared. "Catch it, Cullen? It's you and me battling over a piece of ground. That's what you want to keep in your head. What you've learned about your game tells you where you want to go and what you have got to do. That's what it does with me too. But besides, I say: 'Cullen'—all you fellows of the Varsity listen to this I say: 'Cullen, you and I have a personal misunderstanding, and you, Cullen, personally, have got to yield to me personally.' Catch it, all you fellows? It's a fight between two men, a fight hitched to your team-play machinery and all that sort of thing. Now, come, Varsity and scrub. Make it personal as well as mechanical; every man with a fight on his hands—someone to—to—outman. Yes, that's the word—outman. Are you wise?

"Now you, Cullen, here's another point: By your shifting and eye glances you were trying to ball me up as to the trend of play and what you were going to do, and so on. But you didn't faze me a bit. Why? Because I had to get you, and to hell with everything else until I had got you. And I knew I was going to get you. Why? Because I knew I was gamer than you and more of a fighter and —— Ha! That makes you mad, eh? Well, that's what I want. Now, come at me and prove I'm a liar—if you can."

It came to be one of those wonderful tackle-end fights that live in the memory of all who see and can appreciate the extraordinary elements involved. And it ended when the Varsity captain at length was forced to assign a back to assist Cullen in blocking the hurtling tackle.

On offense Starbuck had succeeded also in making of the game a personal encounter with the defensive guard and had done that portly young gentleman a lot of good, but his heart was not in this as it was in the battle against that end with the stone-cold eyes. And it was not until he had him where he wanted him, with the assisting back-field man doing most of the blocking, that, panting, bleeding, chuckling, he withdrew from the mêlée.

"It's in your hands now, Buster."

The head coach surveyed the big man.

"Jim, just what was it you said you didn't have? Lord, man, look at 'em! You've sent my best scrub tackle out of the game with a nose broken by a man who never before even stepped on anyone without saying excuse me. Johnny Mack had to stop three fist fights out there. Well, I'll have to go out and apply a sedative."

Starbuck grunted.

The deep shadows of the afternoon were falling; only the squat towers of the Bowl were gilded with cold light when the whistle of the coach was heard calling for cessation of labor.

Out in midfield stood a monolithic figure with blanket flowing from one shoulder.

"Out here, fellows. Everybody gather round."

Starbuck's voice sounded like a trumpet.

"Fellows, you caught it. Do you know what you caught? Answer."

"Fight!" The chorus was as savage as a bayonet charge.

"Right. Listen. When I was captain here we had a team that was shot to pieces just as you have been. Our material wasn't so good as you have. Princeton had licked us. Harvard was going to lick us. Well, the night before the game at a mass meeting a little runt of a professor got up on the platform and he made a speech. No one had asked him to. But he was full of his theory and he had to get it off. What he said was that though football was collective, mechanical, it was also individual, personal. Eye to eye! Man to man! I can hear him now. Do you catch it? Man to man."

He swept his arms in a gesture.

"A system is only as good as the men who are parts of that system. When you beat one man down, dominate him, make him mellow, there's a cog of the system gone. That's what we did way back nearly twenty years ago against Harvard. Every man who faced us had to show us, personally. Every man of us was not fighting a position; we were fighting another man. We weren't even fighting Harvard, not concretely. No, sir. We were fighting individual men. Do you get it? Man to man! Eye to eye! And we broke that Harvard machine to pieces bit by bit until we had our will. Who do you play day after to-morrow?"

"Princeton."

"No, you don't. You are going to play eleven men who happen to represent Princeton. Eleven men. Man to man. Eye to eye. They quit or you quit—personally."

Starbuck was conscious of the gray eyes of Cullen, the end, fixed upon him steadily, unblinking. He straightened up, laughing, a curious thrill quivering down his spine.

"System! We bend to it. We play it. We let it rule us. When you get out into business you'll find ——"

Suddenly he stopped. His hands clashed together. He swung round upon the coach.

(Continued on Page 45)

IN three days and three hours McElwain could make as many pairs of shoes as there are men, women and children in Nevada

There are cheaper shoes than McElwain Shoes but none that are less expensive

THE very high priced shoe and the very low priced shoe are both often expensive shoes.

The real test is this: How much style and beauty, how many months of wear does each shoe dollar buy? And by this test there are no less expensive shoes than those McElwain makes.

For the McElwain Company buys its hides direct in the hide markets of the world, tans them in its own tanneries, and makes each separate part of the shoe in a separate, specialized factory.

At every single operation there is a saving of pennies; and the pennies amount to dollars by the time the shoe reaches you.

Millions of men discovered McElwain worth before they knew the McElwain name.

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Send to us for the booklet "How to Make Your Shoes Last." It will help you to make a definite reduction in your shoe bills; and it is free. A card will bring it to you.

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YOU can't stain "Tepeco" China. If it's medicine or any bottle containing acid that is upset over the lavatory, it may be a laughing matter or a reason for lasting regret, depending on the kind of lavatory you have. You can't stain "Tepeco" China.

"Tepeco" All-Clay China Lavatories are not affected by acids. The glaze is baked on and into the body so hard that even acids (hydrofluoric excepted) cannot penetrate. Medicine stains, so often the ruination of softer surfaces, can be removed from a "Tepeco" Lavatory by a second's application of a dampened cloth. It's just like washing a dinner plate.

Add to these virtues of "Tepeco" ware, durability—the life of the house itself—and beauty—glistening whiteness, with lines of attractive simplicity.

"But 'Tepeco' All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures must cost a lot of money," you may think. Not over 10 or 15 per cent more than you would pay for some other fixtures which at the best do not last nearly so long—and with each month added, harder to clean. And the cost of installation is the same in either case.

"Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures include every description of plumbing fixture from the Si-wel-clo Silent Closet or a Kitchen Sink to a "Tepeco" Porcelain Bath. If you intend to build or renovate your plumbing, write for our instructive book "Bathrooms of Character."

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY
Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A.
BOSTON NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
World's Largest Makers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures.

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"Buster, excuse me. But I have to hurry. I want to get back to New York, quick. First train."

"What's the matter with you, Jim? You're going to stay up for dinner. In fact I want you here to-morrow."

"Nothing doing, Buster. You can swing this situation now. As for me, I've got something of my own on my hands; something very important."

"It must be."

"It is, Buster, old boy. It is. Good-by. See you again sometime."

He turned and galloped across the field to the exit.

SHORTLY after eleven o'clock next morning Starbuck appeared in the outer offices of Darius Cullen & Co.

The guardian of the door looked doubtful.

"Mr. Cullen has turned away several men this morning. He's very busy. Maybe he'll see you, though. I'll take in your card."

"All right."

Starbuck handed the man his card and then, as he turned, followed close behind with the lithe noiseless steps of a panther as the man walked down a corridor to the door of a secluded private office. Here suddenly he pushed the negro and entered.

Darius Cullen was reading a newspaper.

"You here? Well, how is it?" He gestured the negro to withdraw.

"I think you know how it is." Starbuck stared into the stony eyes without quivering a lash. "They began to pound it down as soon as the market opened. It was eighty when I left. Our resources are practically exhausted and we ate up calls on the pool for support in the first half hour."

"I see. Pretty bad."

"When it gets to seventy my firm will have to go—and others too."

"That's a fighting margin if you can stand the gaff."

"We can't stand it. The stock will be at twenty by closing."

Cullen's head was shaking sadly.

"Starbuck, I'm disappointed in you. I picked you for a bright young man who could swing this thing. You've bungled everything from start to finish. Already you've bought more than the pool called for. Well, it isn't my fault. I'm sorry for you."

"You're sorry, eh?" Starbuck moved close to the desk. "Mr. Cullen, I spent until four o'clock this morning talking to the members of this pool; talking to other people. I went into the club of one man whose name you'd like to know, caught him in the washroom and choked him until he told me what I wanted."

Cullen eyed the man calmly.

"Starbuck, I think you're crazy."

"No, I'm not crazy, Cullen. My trouble has been that I have been playing a system instead of men. That's where you tried to beat me; where you've beaten others. You had no rules of the game. You play a personal game. You played me and a lot of the rest of us for suckers. And all the time we were playing what we thought was a game, whereas we ought to have played you. Man to man. Eye to eye. I was so late getting this fact that now I've got to take you in my bare hands—sort of a short cut."

Cullen sat quietly watching the man, saying nothing.

"Eye to eye! That was your long suit. You have a cold, penetrating look—hypnotism, I guess. You'd look at me and I'd crumble. Why? Because you were a great money getter and because I wanted to get money. I was money mad, like the rest. So much so that I rolled over and played dead every time you batted an eye at me. Afraid of the chief. That's what we all called you."

"Get out of here, Starbuck!"

"Not just yet. We were playing the system, the financial system. Which means that we stood to win if you played straight and to lose if you played crooked. And if we lost we were to take our medicine, get our newspaper notoriety and begin over again."

Starbuck slapped the desk a ringing blow, which made the glass blotter cover jump.

"And you played crooked. You've been unloading on the quiet every week ——"

"That's a lie!"

"Oh, no, it isn't, you old double-crosser. You were playing us. We were playing your system. All right. Now, I'm going to change. I'm going to play you. Do you get me, Cullen?"

With a sudden movement the man's hand went out and touched a button, the fingers withdrawing just the shade of an instant before Starbuck's big fist descended with a force that would have broken every bone in them.

He stood back waiting as the door opened and the secretary, a dapper little man, entered.

"Ah, Mr. Stobbs. Will you just step over there and pull that call box?"

The man started to obey. Starbuck reached out and seized him by the arm, drawing him back to the desk with a jerk that sent the man's eyeglasses flying.

"If you move, Stobbs, I'll twist your neck off!"

With a swift movement he reached down and tore out the desk telephone wires by the roots. Then, laying hold of the under ledge of Cullen's heavy mahogany desk, he dragged it across the floor, swung it round as though it were a mere trunk, and jammed it against the door.

Cullen, utterly bewildered, still sat in the chair which had been by the desk, the secretary at his side.

"This is pretty strenuous, young man. I suppose you know you'll go to jail for this?"

"Jail! It's the electric chair that's bothering me. But I think I can escape it on the ground of temporary insanity. I took care to establish an impression of the sort at the Exchange. They led me from the floor. Nervous wreck. Do I look like one, Cullen? I'm sorry you called in Stobbs. Still, that will make it look crazier, since I've nothing against him."

"No," quavered the little man; "you've nothing against me. And I want to go out. I'll ——" Filled with sudden thought, his mouth opened. But before sound could come Starbuck's fist had crashed to the jaw and he tumbled into a corner.

"Now then, Cullen, stand up!" He took the man by the collar and jerked him from the chair.

"You poor old shrimp! You're the chap that sets up to bust strong men, play them for fools, take their money and then listen with a smile while they whimper. You're a joke. It'd take me one minute to shake all the life out of you that still sticks to your bones."

With a dart like a serpent's tongue Cullen's hand struck Starbuck on the temple.

"My! My!"

Starbuck laughed as he seized the hand and then stepped behind, drawing it with him until he had a hammer lock. The man kicked backward, his heel biting Starbuck's shin. Starbuck drew the hand upward until an involuntary groan came from his victim.

"Cullen, in a minute I'm going to pull your shoulder out of the socket—that is, unless you do what I want. Look out there! If you try to call I'll strangle you like a rat. It would be a poor chance anyway. No one could hear you in this remote place."

A stream of foul profanity began to flow from the man's writhing lips. It broke into another groan as his shoulder joint strained in its socket. Starbuck forced him across the room to an extra telephone set in the wall.

"See that telephone, Cullen? Call up your broker, Stacy, and tell him to buy thirteen thousand shares of Blauvelt Common."

"You ——"

The stream of curses flowed again—flowed until the fingers of Starbuck's disengaged hand seized the thin neck and brought sound to a mere wheeze. There was a crackling of cartilage.

"Look at me, Cullen!" Starbuck twisted the man's head round. "Why, you've got eyes like a dead fish. That's all; a dead fish. Now look sharp! I want you to call Stacy and tell him to buy thirteen thousand shares of Blauvelt Common."

He jerked upward upon the man's hand. Cullen sank to the floor, writhing, groaning in unbearable pain.

"Come up!"

The man rose like a puppet under his tormentor's grasp.

"Call Stacy. Turn your head round. Look me in the eyes. Call Stacy or I'll pull you apart, so help me!"

Suddenly a quiver went through the thin body. His hand went out to the telephone receiver.

"Five thousand — one — one — Broad." Cullen's voice was thin as a reed.

A good way to down your worries, if you have any. Forget them a while and they'll forget you. When troubled, light up a Girard. Let its mellow fragrance help you to think your way through hard problems smoothly, cheerfully and with a keen clear active brain.

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"That's better. Ask for Stacy."

In another minute Cullen's head darted forward.

"Stacy, hurry at once and tell the pol——"

But Starbuck was not caught napping. His fingers were round the man's throat, so tightly that the jaws fell open.

"Tell him to buy thirteen ——"

"Stacy, quick! Buy me thirteen thousand shares of Blauvelt. Yes—buy! I said buy ——"

"Tell him to hurry."

"Hurry!"

"Good"

Starbuck hung up the receiver and drew the man from the phone. He threw him into his chair, standing over him.

"Now it's eleven-twenty. That'll do nicely. We'll sit here half an hour, by which time, due to your influence, there ought to be a fine rising tendency. The floor of the Exchange will be a sight, won't it? Cullen buying Blauvelt! My broker has been ordered to begin selling as soon as you begin to buy, so that'll be all right."

For a few minutes there was silence. Starbuck watched the older man, curious as to the expression that had settled upon his face. As for himself, he seemed to have no feeling.

There came a sigh from the body lying in the corner.

"Poor Stobbs. Coming to life again. That's good. I'm really sorry I hit him, but I had to."

Suddenly from Cullen there came a cackle of laughter. Starbuck turned to him, surprised, menacing. But Cullen held out his hand.

"Starbuck, this is funny."

"What's funny?"

"I ought to know men. I made my first money as a timber wolf. In my time I've—but I won't tell tales on myself." Again came the cackling laughter.

"What's the joke?"

"Oh, it's on me. I picked you for a fool."

"Well, you picked right."

"I thought so. However, I guess not. But you know you won't get away with this, Starbuck."

"I'll get away with all the Blauvelt I hold."

"Yes, you will. I grant it. You turned that trick. The joke's on me. I'll stand the gaff. I won't even throw you into jail. That's the way I lose. But"—the eyes began to glitter—"you're a young man, Starbuck, and I'm not dead yet. We both have yet a piece of the road to travel down here in Wall Street. You've made an enemy of a man worth a lot of millions and who doesn't fight a piker game. That's a bad enemy to have, Starbuck. I'm warning you."

Starbuck stretched leisurely.

"Cullen, that's all right. Perfectly square and open. Only let me ask you one favor—whenever you start anything, let it come just before the Princeton or the Harvard game."

THE OTHER MR. BENEDICT

(Continued from Page 5)

thrust it out at her. "This isn't for me. It's for the other Mr. Benedict. Send it over to him." Here he caught sight of Miss Capron's expression, and impulsively he called himself a brute. Her solicitude should properly have touched him; there was no earthly reason for her to suspect the source of his irritation. His voice softened. "By the way, Miss Capron, did you telephone to the City Directory people yet? What did they say?"

Miss Capron wasn't accustomed to being squelched, so that she answered with some punctilio:

"Oh, yes; long ago. Why, they're very sorry they made the mistake, of course, but there's nothing they can do about it until next year's directory is published."

"Humph!" said Stephen. "And here's another—wait a minute—no, this is his too."

He leaned back in his chair and regarded the document with great interest. It was a stockbroker's statement. "What's that other thing, Miss Capron?"

"Just a receipted bill. From a jeweler."

"Let me have it back. Thank you. We'll put them both in one envelope. All right, Miss Capron, you can send in the insurance man now. But tell him I'm busy; he'll have to cut it short."

Methodically he began to set his desk affairs in order. From his silver case he took four cigarettes and aligned them neatly on the blotter; they constituted his morning's allowance of nicotine. From a waistcoat pocket he took a patent card-index memorandum book and placed it to flank the row of cigarettes; and from a desk drawer he brought out a miniature card file, which contained all the fugitive memoranda of yesterday, and last week, and two years ago. From the breast pocket of his coat he produced a flat packet of papers, confined not by a single elastic band at the waist, but by two bands, an inch distant from top and bottom. The tools of his trade were in readiness and Stephen was himself again.

"Mr.—Stephen Benedict?"

He glanced up briskly. "Come in. I'm Mr Stephen Benedict. What can I do for you?"

"Why," said the visitor, advancing, "I really don't think you can do anything for me at all. On the contrary, I came in to do something for you."

This introductory remark was enough to ratify Stephen's original belief and he shook his head. "I've got a hundred and ninety-seven friends in the insurance business already. I'm perfectly willing to let you be the hundred and ninety-eighth. But I'm afraid that doesn't give you the slightest chance in the world."

The visitor, who by this time had seated himself at Stephen's elbow, put up his hand in the gesture which stops all traffic.

"You've got me wrong, Mr. Benedict. I'm Mr. Hawksford, of Gossip. You know the publication, don't you? Of course you do. Everybody does."

"I've heard of it," said Stephen brusquely. He knew that it was a journal devoted to society matters that justified its title. "But I think you're wasting your time on me."

"But I'm quite sure I'm not." And Mr. Hawksford managed to give his mouth a twist that suggested extreme confidence in himself.

"You see, there's another Stephen Benedict, and we're crossed in the directory—that is, my office and his home, and my home and his office. So I naturally get a lot of his bills and letters and one thing and another, and he gets a lot of mine. And once in a while somebody comes in to see me by mistake too."

Mr. Hawksford hitched a little closer. He was well dressed, well manicured and fairly well mannered, but even in the dawning of acquaintanceship Stephen didn't like him.

"I'll trust our organization, Mr. Benedict. We're only four years old, and we've gone into a field that was pretty well covered by The Society Mirror, but we've got a system down there that's just about infallible. We don't make any mistakes."

Stephen didn't attempt to conceal his unrest. "You've made one this time. Society doesn't interest me." He glanced at his desk. "And I'm rather busy this morning, so if you'll kindly excuse me ——"

The visitor laughed softly. "I wish I could afford to get to work at eleven o'clock. Let me show you I'm not mistaken. Weren't you born in Chicago?"

"Yes."

"Lived there quite some time?"

"Yes."

Stephen picked up his memorandum book and studied it, but Mr. Hawksford refused the hint.

"Went abroad a few years ago?"

"I was in the Army, yes."

Mr. Hawksford made an odd grimace. "Well—all right; we'll let that pass. Came back about a year ago?"

Stephen brought his hand down on the desk. His restiveness had nearly reached its limit.

"Yes, but, really, Mr. Hawksford, I've told you ——"

"Just let me finish if you don't mind. While you were overseas your father was—taken away?"

Stephen put down the memorandum book.

"Why—yes."

"And you took some of your inheritance and moved over here and bought a business, and now you're living very quietly and all that sort of thing. Pretty accurate so far, aren't I?"

(Continued on Page 48)

What happened in your home this morning?

Between 7 and 7.30 A.M.

Fill in this picture yourself

Was the steam heating system dead? Did you shiver in an icy bathroom? At breakfast -in spite of high steam pressure- did the radiators stay cold or spout water or thump and bang?

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Hoffman Valves are guaranteed in writing for five years' perfect operation through your architect or heating contractor.

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No. 8 Hoffman Return Line Valve for vapor, vapor vacuum, modulating and vacuum systems

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(Continued from Page 46)

"I'll grant you that," said Stephen, and in spite of himself he betrayed a rising curiosity. "But where'd you pick up all your information, Mr. Hawksford, and what's the point?"

Mr. Hawksford duplicated that earlier twist of his mouth. "The point is just this—if I hadn't known you're the man I was looking for I wouldn't have hung round an hour and a half to see you. Now let me tell you a little bit about Gossip. Maybe you don't know the paper as well as you ought to." He put an unwelcome hand on Stephen's knee. "In the first place, there's no halfway business about Gossip—none whatever. A man's either with us or against us. He's a good friend of ours or else he's an enemy. Some people don't like us; of course they don't—and maybe you've been prejudiced against us by some of those people. But if they don't like us there's a reason. I'm here to state, Mr. Benedict, that Gossip is one of the strongest influences for good in this community. We're a deterrent. You and I and all the rest of the world are pretty bad, Mr. Benedict, but some of us are worse than others. Now, Gossip acts as a deterrent of wrongdoing and fourflushing and shamming, because we publish the truth. That's what Gossip is."

"All very well," said Stephen, glancing at his desk, "but I fail to see how it concerns me one way or the other."

Mr. Hawksford gazed steadily at him. "You're in sympathy with our aims, aren't you? Of course you are. Every decent citizen wants the truth."

"Well?"

Mr. Hawksford's eyes were piercing. "When a man believes in a good cause, Mr. Benedict, he ought to be willing to support it, hadn't he?"

"I've already told you I don't see ——"

"I'm here to explain it to you. We're in a position to be of very great assistance to our friends, Mr. Benedict, and we extend you an invitation to join the family. We've got a mighty powerful organization; we've got a big outside staff that collects exclusive information; we've got the best financial news bureau in the country; we've got representation in banks, hotels, brokerage houses, newspapers—everywhere. We're young yet, and The Society Mirror's got a big start over us and a big reputation, but we can do all they can, and more too. If one of our friends wants advice about the market or if he's got social ambitions or if he wants the entrée to any particular group of men, whether they're politicians or financiers—why, we generally manage to take care of him. That's our service, and that's what we offer our friends."

Stephen began to drum on his desk.

"Specifically, Mr. Hawksford, I can't imagine anything you could ever do for me. As I said before ——"

"Specifically, Mr. Benedict, I can't swear that we ever could do anything for you. But if there ever came a time when you needed us we'd be right there on deck. Let me illustrate what a powerful organization it is." He branched off into a story which showed how Gossip had once saved an innocent state senator from the plot of his political opponents; he told of a parvenu millionaire who had acquired prestige through the benign influence of Gossip; he added an anecdote of one who had made a fortune in the stock market by adopting the recommendations of Gossip's financial editor.

"What we'd like to have you do," he said in conclusion, "is to join the family, and be a subscriber to the service. Mind you, I can't guarantee exactly what we could ever do for you. That's a gamble. But if you want my private opinion, it's the best gamble you could make, because our big idea is to be friends with our friends. And one more thing—Gossip never repeats an invitation. We come once, and that's all." He sat back and smiled blandly.

To Stephen the purpose of Mr. Hawksford's visit was crystally apparent.

"What you're really getting at," he said slowly, "is that if I don't subscribe to this service of yours you'll print something in Gossip you think I won't like?"

"Mr. Benedict!" Mr. Hawksford was righteously indignant. "There isn't money enough in the world to buy any part of our columns! There isn't money enough to get anything into them, and there isn't money enough to keep the truth out of them. And as far as the service goes, some men have paid as high as ten thousand dollars for it."

"I'm not interested," said Stephen flatly. "You've got the wrong man."

Mr. Hawksford received this with sad tolerance. "Aren't you interested in our principle of publishing the truth, then? Of course we're only four years old, but it's quite a significant fact that in those four years there've been just two judgments against Gossip, and both of 'em were for nominal damages of six cents."

Stephen got to his feet. "You'll have to excuse me now. I've told you repeatedly that you think you're talking to the other Mr. Benedict."

Mr. Hawksford also stood up. "I'm sorry," he said. "You're overlooking a mighty good bet, but that's your own affair, and not mine. I won't trouble you again. Well, good morning, Mr. Blair."

"Benedict," said Stephen.

Mr. Hawksford seemed to be amused by something.

"I beg your pardon. Benedict, of course." He paused on the threshold. "Just a little pleasantry of mine. We're not supposed to, but sometimes we do tip off a—a friend of ours. I was hoping to take your check back with me, but—you won't change your mind? No? Well, maybe you'll hear from us a little later. Good morning."

When Mr. Hawksford had gone and Stephen set himself to the task of meshing his brain with his daily routine he found it peculiarly difficult to concentrate. He was disgusted by the nature of the recent session, and yet he was morbidly fascinated by it; he told himself that the ramifications of life went almost beyond the imagination. He guessed that Mr. Hawksford had unearthed some indiscretion committed by the other Mr. Benedict. The other Mr. Benedict had probably committed it under the alias of Blair; at least that was logically to be deduced from what Mr. Hawksford had said in parting. Stephen had never seen the other Mr. Benedict, but he knew, from the character of some of the bills and letters he had opened by mistake, that the other Mr. Benedict was a man of far less simple tastes than his own. He had accumulated a rather keen disapproval of the other Mr. Benedict, but he wondered whether it wasn't his active duty to convey to him a warning that Gossip was on his trail.

It seemed to Stephen that inasmuch as he had just sat through an interview that had obviously been planned for his namesake he had acquired toward him a special trust.

He rang for Miss Capron, and as she entered he was putting the jeweler's bill and the broker's statement into an envelope.

"Miss Capron, please call the other Mr. Benedict at his office and see when's the earliest time he can possibly make an appointment with me. Tell him it's urgent."

She came back presently with the information that the other Mr. Benedict was out of town for two or three weeks.

Stephen deliberated. "Well, write him a letter, please, and ask him to be sure to get in touch with me as soon as he comes back. Say it's important."

Then gradually his commercial mind got into gear, and he forgot about everything but business and the burden of his debts.

III

AS HE took his seat in the forward car of the five-forty-two that afternoon he was prepared for another skirmish fire of facetiousness, and he got it. Singly and by twos and threes the Oakmont passengers drifted in; they spoke humorously to Stephen, and they passed on; the car was comfortably filled, yet Stephen occupied a seat alone. At first the fact escaped him, but perhaps because he had been living since yesterday below the surface of life he slowly and inevitably became aware of it. And when it was once firmly established in his consciousness he let his paper fall to his lap and yielded to self-inquisition. The verdict was startling.

For six months he had traveled twice a day this road between Oakmont and the city, he was on speaking terms with dozens of commuters, and at least one in each dozen called him by his Christian name. But of a sudden it was borne in upon him that often he sat alone throughout the entire journey. It was rarely indeed that anyone spontaneously chose to ride with him while other seats were left untenanted. To be sure, he usually wanted to read his newspaper, anyway, but to-night it struck him forcibly that he was seldom interrupted in his reading; and for all his habits of mental discipline he was gregarious by instinct, and he craved friends.

Last evening he had resented all that Betty Paget said to him. This morning he had surrendered to her wishes without fully understanding them. But now, when he was thoroughly awake to his isolation, he began to ask himself what was the basic cause of it and what he had ever done to deserve it. In honesty to himself he had to admit that he had never compromised with Oakmont; Oakmont hadn't isolated him; he had engineered it himself.

Someone slipped in beside him; it was Charlie Coolidge, and Stephen, in his raw sensitiveness, drew a little away. He told himself with acid garnishment that Coolidge wasn't here by preference, but by necessity, unless he had elected to stand up all the way to Oakmont.

"Hello, Stephen. Caught your breath yet?"

Stephen achieved a faint smile. "Just about," he said.

He hoped that Coolidge wouldn't try to talk to him; he didn't want to talk—he wanted to think.

Coolidge opened his paper. "Business pretty good?"

"It never is, in summer. We hardly take in enough to pay postage."

He was speculating upon the mysterious difference which made Coolidge popular and himself a part of the background. They wore the same sort of clothes; they had both been to college; they lived in the same atmosphere. Furthermore, Stephen could maintain, without conceit, that he himself was the more distinguished figure of the two. His physique was better than Coolidge's, his features were better. Yet Coolidge was the pattern by which Miss Betty Paget—and some others—judged all men, and Stephen was on the ragged edge of becoming a laughingstock.

He had made a covenant to be more like Charlie Coolidge, and he inspected his model critically, and catalogued his activities and his contradictions. Coolidge went to church on Sundays, but he always played golf after the sermon; he was one of the village trustees, but he wasn't afraid of a cocktail; he was called a hard-headed banker, but he was always available for dances and bridge and week-end parties; he was one of Mrs. Hamlin's lieutenants, a worker for local charities and a sponsor of civic improvements, and yet he was proud to know a scattering of bohemians in town. Finally, as Stephen knew from experience, he had a reversible vocabulary, one side for business and the other side for pleasure. Stephen sighed at the magnitude of the contract he had accepted.

"Hello!" said Coolidge with sudden animation. "Here's a good picture of Lucile Cartwright. Isn't she a peach?"

Obediently Stephen glanced at the halftone. "Yes, she's a peach," he said abstractedly. It occurred to him that at college he, too, had cultivated a certain flippancy of diction; he hadn't by any means attained great prominence at repartee, but he had held his own with the average undergraduate. They had borrowed a phrase from the vaudeville stage, and called it "sidewalk conversation." Stephen hadn't objected to it at college, but after he had taken his degree he had felt that it was irreconcilable with the serious ambitions of an adult. "That's the one you were talking about this morning, isn't it?"

Coolidge nodded. "I shouldn't wonder. She's the best little actorine in America. You ought to see her."

The knowledge that he was expected to be more like Charlie Coolidge involved Stephen's sense of humor, but he reasoned that if a banker could get away with that sort of language, then he himself could. Experimentally he threw out a comment in the olden style.

"Oh, she doesn't cut any ice in my young life," he said, and had to smile at the sound of his own voice.

Coolidge looked up, puzzled. "That's an odd expression to hear from you."

Stephen continued to smile. "What's all your crush on this actress person?"

Coolidge continued to stare. "Why, it's not that. Betty and I both liked her immensely. What's got into you, Stephen? You're as sprightly as a two-year-old."

Stephen flushed a little. "Oh, nothing."

"Feeling your oats? That sprint this morning must have done you good."

"Yes," said Stephen, encouraged, "if I felt any better they'd have to call out the reserves."

Coolidge laughed and didn't revert to the dramatic page. "I thought you'd be working to-night to make up for lost time."

"No, it's too hot. I'll work some other night."

"Not Friday, though."

"What's the matter with Friday?"

Coolidge raised his eyebrows. "Mrs. Hamlin's dance?"

"Oh, of course."

"They say it's going to be a grand party, so I'm counting on you to be there, Stephen."

"How so?"

Coolidge laughed again. "Because you're so beautifully conscientious. You can give the mothers a whirl while I go and frolic with the débutantes."

"Noth-ing doing!" said Stephen brightly. "I'm sort of tired of towing those dreadnaughts round, myself. If I come I'm going to have a good time with the flappers."

Coolidge sat up straight. "Man! I don't know you! You talk as though you'd been through a rejuvenation!"

"Or in other words," said Stephen with a faint little laugh, "as though I'd been eating meat? Well, in a way, I have."

He told himself that it was ridiculously easy to be like other young men; it was rather fatuous, but from the technical side it was no trick at all.

"That's the only thing I've really got against you, Stephen—dancing." Coolidge shook his head perplexedly. "You claim you hate it and you won't dance unless you're dragged into it, and yet as soon as you get out on the floor you're as graceful as a silly gazelle; and I'm crazy about it and dance all the time, and compared with you I'm a regular rhinoceros. It doesn't seem right to me. There's no justice. Do you really hate it as much as you say you do?"

"I'm a deep and subtle man," said Stephen, "and you'll have to do your own detective work."

For the remainder of the journey he was engrossed by Coolidge's new attitude toward him. Heretofore Coolidge had treated him in one of two ways, either impersonally, as a client of the bank, or with a sort of restrained levity, suited to their respective positions in Oakmont society. But Coolidge to-night was a different man; he chatted to Stephen as though to an equal; and Stephen, who knew very well that his own change of manner was responsible for the change in Coolidge, was both pleased and enlightened.

His enlightenment, however, included a vague deprecation of the facts. He held it to be remarkable that a man of Coolidge's standing should be so favorably affected by this superficial dialogue. Stephen didn't realize that Coolidge at twenty-eight was merely a boy with a thin veneer of maturity, while he himself at twenty-eight had been behaving like a patriarch with a thin veneer of youth. But regardless of the applied psychology, it was all very novel and entertaining; so much so that Stephen was genuinely astonished when the train slowed down for Oakmont.

A thunderstorm was on the point of breaking, and Stephen, with a score of others, raced for the taxi stand, only to discover that all the cars were out on service. As he returned to the shelter of the station he passed Coolidge, who was climbing into a neighbor's limousine. Coolidge was speaking:

"Why, it beats me! He was just as sociable and clubby as anybody. Shifty with his tongue too. I tell you, maybe there's two sides to that fellow, and so far we've only seen one ——"

Stephen enjoyed a grim little smile, all to himself; and while he loitered for his taxicab he found diversion in the memory. His resolution to act like Coolidge, to talk like Coolidge, even to think like Coolidge, had brought him its first appreciable reward—it had made Coolidge almost enthusiastic about him. He wondered what effect it would have on Betty Paget.

On the trip to the inn he was still retrospective, but when he went down to dinner he had allowed a strong dash of cynicism to mar his pleasure; and by the time he returned to his room he had renewed a portion of his resentment against Miss Paget, and charged a little of it to Coolidge too. It occurred to him that once he had been so great that no one ventured to criticize his character; indeed, his mannerisms had been slavishly copied by a horde of freshmen; and he went thoughtfully to his top bureau drawer and ran his fingers through the heap of trophy medals. The pride of conquest welled up in his heart, and he saw himself coming down the home

(Continued on Page 51)

KANTLEEK

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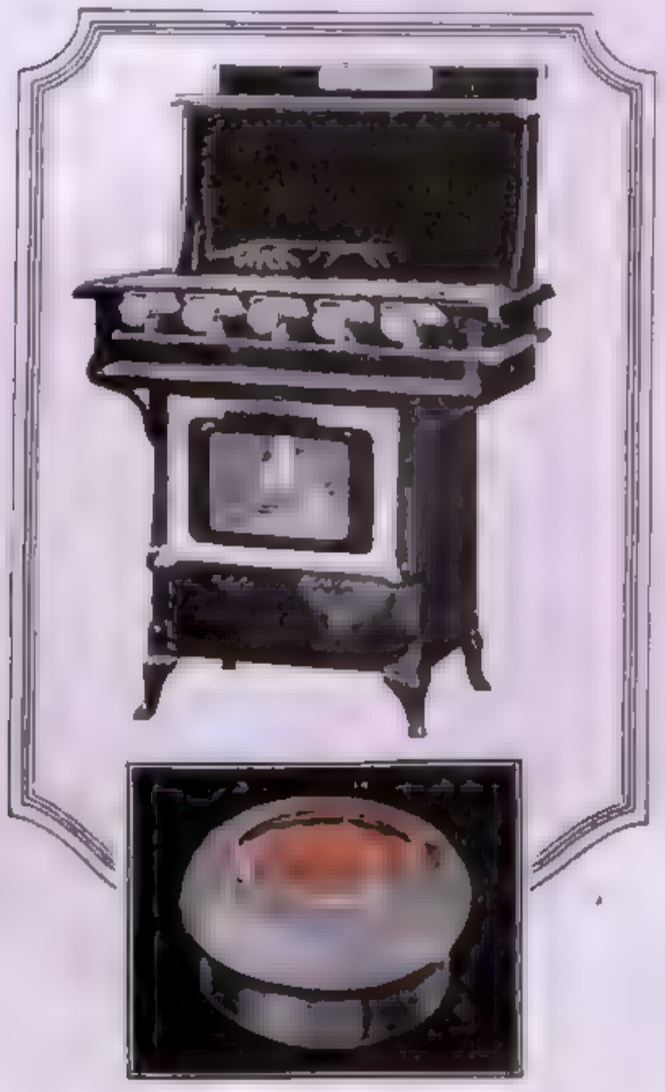
Detroit Vapor Oil Stove



No Wicks—No Asbestos Rings

No Smell—No Smoke

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stretch, eating away, inch by inch, the lead of the Wolverine captain, and finishing, all out, a hand's breadth to the fore, in forty-nine seconds flat.

Then unexpectedly there flashed into his mind a lecture delivered him by old Mike, the trainer, on the day after his greatest victory.

"Steve," the man had said, "there's only one thing keeps you from bein' one of the best quarter-milers that ever stepped on a track. You don't never get no real let-down. You never break trainin'. Your habits are so damn good that after the season's over you don't get no let-down to give you a sort of a kind of a purchase to come back stronger the next time. Now if you was to spend part of your summer just loafin'—just bummin' round—stay up late, take a few drinks, eat like a fool, smoke your head off—and then go back into trainin', you'd flirt round forty-seven seconds. But you're stale. You're stale in your body, young feller; but you're stale in your noodle, too, and that's worse. That's why yesterday's race was the best you'll ever run, unless you use some horse sense. Paste it in your hat."

And in his senior year Stephen had never beaten fifty-one seconds; he was a poor third in the Conference meet; and he didn't even place in his trial heat in the Intercollegiates.

He sat down on the edge of his bed to think it over. Stale in body, and in his noodle too! No one but himself could realize how diligently he had trained for permanent success in life; how he had worked too hard and thought too hard and fought too hard to reach a standard that was too high. He had longed, half a dozen years ago, to be crowned Intercollegiate champion; and he had failed because he went stale. He longed now to be young, to have friends, and above all he longed for Betty Paget. She had given him a recipe, and he had tested it and found it accurate. Her recipe required him to break training intellectually, commercially, socially.

Stephen had intended that night to pay a penance for his morning's sins and to digest some export statistics and write an article on the immediate situation in Paraguay. Three persons, however, joined spiritual hands and made him the center of a circle; they were Betty Paget, and Coolidge, and old Mike, the trainer.

So that instead of paying his penance Stephen deliberately took himself away from the inn and over to the Country Club. Betty Paget wasn't there, and neither was Coolidge; but Stephen had a tête-à-tête with Mrs. Anthony Hamlin, and danced with a flapper to the music of the phonograph, and wound up with bridge at a quarter of a cent a point, and when he went home he was conscious that he had created a mild sensation. He had made Mrs. Hamlin laugh, he had made the flapper look soulful, and he had played buccaneer bridge instead of his usual ultracautious game. It had cost him three dollars and sixty cents, but even his own partner was pleased by his adventurous spirit, and Stephen knew that it had been a good investment.

His last coherent thought as he fell asleep was a consolidation of the old and the new doctrines. He was firmly resolved to get a sort of a kind of a purchase, to come back stronger next time; and he told himself with a flickering little smile that to this end he was going to be more like Charlie Coolidge than Charlie was himself. Then Betty ——

IV

ON THURSDAY morning he caught the eight-twelve without having to run for it, and he didn't sit alone; nor was he isolated on the homeward trip either. Hamlin and two other men invited him into the smoker to play cards, and, though he disapproved of smoking cars on sanitary grounds, yet he recognized the value of the invitation, and perceived that he couldn't afford to reject it. He won back a dollar and twenty cents, but more than this he won an appreciable measure of companionship. The trio quizzed him intermittently, but he noted with much satisfaction that it was the same style of quizzing that passed current among themselves; it wasn't by any means a concerted movement against Stephen. He gained in confidence, and from purely defensive tactics he dared once or twice to take the initiative. As a result of one of his sallies he got himself heartily slapped on the back, and after an instant of ingrowing dignity he sensed that he had received an accolade. From that point onward he was content to switch off his scruples and to run on neutral.

He went jauntily to call on Miss Paget, but his mood collapsed when he found Coolidge there ahead of him, and then it revived again when he discovered that Coolidge had been acting as his press agent. This inspired him to heights of joviality that astonished even himself, and true to his resolution he modeled his demeanor upon Coolidge's, and then attempted to surpass the model.

Coolidge outstayed him, so that he had the opportunity for only a word or two apart with Miss Paget at the door, but each word was a trophy infinitely more precious to him than a gold medal.

"I'm awfully pleased by what Charlie says about you, Stephen."

"I don't care a lot what Charlie says; I want to hear what you say."

"I liked you better to-night than I ever did before," she told him.

Stephen flushed and looked away. "I'm glad of that."

"Keep it up—you're doing splendidly."

"I—I will," said Stephen; and on the way to the inn the flagstones felt like clouds under his feet.

Later, however, when he recalled how Coolidge had conducted himself in the Paget living room, how complacent and possessive he had seemed, Stephen was visited by a brand-new apprehension. Somehow he had never visualized Coolidge or any of the other men as potential rivals; he had assumed that Miss Paget was merely flirting with them, just as she had flirted with Stephen. He had thought of her in her relation to himself and then to the rest of the world in bulk; he hadn't conceived that there was any question of the survival of the fittest, but simply a question of whether Stephen individually would survive or not.

But Coolidge's air of mastery worried him. He wondered if Miss Paget had been quite candid when she prescribed Coolidge as a model. Then Stephen was thunderstruck; for when he went back over the realities he could remember very clearly that Miss Paget hadn't prescribed Coolidge at all. Stephen had asked her if she wanted him to be like Coolidge, and she hadn't even answered him! Her reaction might have implied an affirmative, but she certainly hadn't spoken it.

Wide-eyed, he began to pace the floor. Was it possible that he had entered an actual competition, man to man, against Charlie Coolidge? He shuddered to think of it. And if Coolidge were in fact his rival, what a ghastly circumstance that Stephen should have to go to Coolidge within a day or two to plead for additional accommodation—for increased credit to carry his business through the lean, dry months of summer.

His logic warned him that he had better go to Coolidge to-morrow, before any personal contention had a chance to assert itself. His second thought, however, produced a complication. He was expecting to receive in the near future several advertising contracts that would materially strengthen his case, and he hesitated to approach the bank until he was supplied with every available item of ammunition.

Between eleven o'clock and midnight he thrashed out the problem, and at the end he decided to see Coolidge to-morrow, and to begin negotiations, but to prolong them until his new advertising contracts were on the books.

Accordingly he dropped in at the bank on Friday morning and explained his errand. Coolidge was genial enough, but his vocabulary was functioning on the business side.

"Let's see," he said; "I want to get this whole situation straight. You bought the property in 1919, didn't you?"

"Yes, just about a year ago. As soon as I got back from overseas. It was published in Chicago then."

"I see. It was in pretty bad shape, wasn't it?"

"Why, it was practically insolvent, but it looked like a bargain to me, and it does yet. I paid thirty thousand cash for it, and took over its obligations—they amounted to eighty thousand more—and I've paid off forty-five of it."

Coolidge was as calm and unimpassionate as a magistrate. "But not out of profits?"

"Oh, no. I put up the money myself. But we've made a small profit the first year, and sooner or later it's bound to be a young gold mine."

Coolidge nodded. "That's fine. But what you really need isn't banking accommodation; it's working capital. Isn't that so?" He regarded Stephen benignantly. "Well, then, what I want to know is why you don't put up some more money yourself and clean the slate. That's the simplest thing, isn't it? And the best business policy?"

Until a few days ago Stephen had argued that the best policy was to confess the truth and to throw himself on Coolidge's mercy. He had hated to give up the financial prestige with which Oakmont had gratuitously endowed him, but he knew that any prestige that rested upon so slight a foundation was ready to topple over at any moment. He had argued that the wisest course was to be frank and ingenuous with Coolidge; but now that he put himself to the trial he was inhibited by a rankling sense of antagonism. He refused to play into the hands of a possible rival.

"I've got enough in it now," he said. "I've put up seventy-five thousand already. If it's going to succeed somebody else has got to hold the bag for a while. I'm between you and Hamlin."

Coolidge was tapping his desk with the tips of his fingers.

"I can appreciate your idea on that all right, but we can't look at it from your angle; we've got to look at it from ours. The point is just this, Stephen: We've given you a little accommodation, and you've certainly handled it in a perfectly shipshape fashion so far. We all know you're an earnest, conservative business man, and we don't doubt that in time you'll put this magazine on its feet and make a wad of money with it. We hope you will. But your company isn't on a sound footing now—you know that as well as I do—and the credit situation's very tight, and still you want to increase your discounts. Well, unless you can show me a lot better company statement than I think you can there's just two ways to get round it; one's collateral ——"

Stephen flinched. "Collateral!" he said.

"Well, if you don't care to put up collateral you can try the other way. Now you've evidently got some private resources that you aren't anxious to shovel into your business. Very well; furnish us with a list of your personal assets, indorse your company's notes, and you can have anything within reason."

Stephen cleared his throat. He was in desperate need of the credit, but his personal assets consisted of a few hundred dollars in a checking account and a very modest flock of Liberty Bonds bought at par and now selling at eighty-five. Every other penny of his inheritance had gone into his company's till. The company even owed him his salary for the past six months.

"My dear man," he said at length, "you don't call that credit, do you?"

"That's the best we can do, Stephen."

Stephen's mouth went upward at the corners. "Your bank doesn't think much of what the older Morgan said about character being the basis of credit, does it?"

Coolidge shook his head amusedly. "No; you see the older Morgan was never on our loan committee. As a matter of fact, old man, we'd like to have that personal statement, anyway—that is, if you expect to renew your present note, and I suppose you do. We'll want your own indorsement, and a statement to support it. Bring it in by next Tuesday, if you will; the committee meets on Wednesday."

Stephen was reflecting that both Coolidge and Miss Paget had indicated the same flaw in his cosmos; as long as he was on a casual footing with them they took him at face value; but when he asked for special consideration they both demanded collateral. He wondered if he could make any greater headway with Hamlin than he had with Coolidge. He adopted a bearing of great indifference, but his soul was abject.

"I'll try to," he said.

"Good. See you to-night, then?"

"Yes, I'll see you to-night."

He went back to his office and spent a day of pungent distress. He couldn't afford to give Coolidge an inkling of his poverty, nor could he even afford to pay his note, which matured within the week. Furthermore, he couldn't continue in business unless somewhere, somehow, he got the funds to guarantee him against the summer. The next few days might settle his future in more ways than one.

He dreaded the necessity of going to Mrs. Hamlin's dance, for he knew that Coolidge would be there, and he shrank from immediate contact with him, to say nothing of the possibility that he might try to monopolize Miss Paget. It demanded the utmost of his will power to compel himself to dress and to set out for the party. Once past his hostess, however, he relaxed a trifle, and wandered out to the veranda, where he found Miss Paget, as usual, the focus of an admiring group. He took up his position on the fringe of the circle.

"Hello, Stephen. Not working to-night?"

"No," he said gravely, "not yet."

Across the circle Charlie Coolidge grinned at him.

"You'd better watch your step, old man. That old bluff of working late at the office doesn't go any more. What do you do when you stay in town anyway?"

Someone else picked up the cue. "Can't you just see Stephen hanging round a stage door with an armful of azaleas?"

Miss Paget giggled.

"Is that what you do, Stephen?"

"Absolutely."

"The Midnight Foolishes, and everything?"

"And everything," he said absently.

"Loganberry juice until the wee small hours?"

"Discovered!" said Stephen.

Coolidge sat up in pretended horror. "People, he's leading a double life!"

"Triple," said Stephen. "Oakmont, office and Orpheum."

He peered across at Miss Paget to see how she was taking all this, but Miss Paget was airily detached. She was sitting next to Charlie Coolidge in the duskiest corner of the veranda; suddenly Stephen's heart turned over, for he saw that her right hand hung idly by her side, while Coolidge's left hung idly by his side. He had caught her, *flagrante delicto*. The flirt! Or—was she?

Indoors the music began, and the group filtered slowly through the French windows to the living room. Stephen followed, introspective. He hadn't wanted to come to this dance, and now that he was here he wished that he had stayed away. He couldn't bear to see Miss Paget so familiar with these other men, especially with the one man who, above all others, stood as the arbiter of Stephen's double destiny. He knew that the evening held little happiness for him; he told himself that it was best to go and dance once with his hostess, for duty's sake, and then to immure himself in the welcome solitude of the inn. Nobody would miss him, anyway—Miss Paget least of all.

Accordingly he stalked straight to Mrs. Hamlin, and whirled her through a dizzy one-step that left her breathless. Duty performed, he was actually on his way to the men's room when Miss Paget caught his eye. He hesitated and then went over to her.

"Aren't you going to ask me for a single dance, Stephen?"

Unsmiling he gazed down at her. "Come out under the trees. I want to talk to you."

With complete graciousness she rose and took his arm, and Stephen led her out to the veranda and across the Hamlin lawn to the protecting shadow of the giant elms.

"Betty, I've got to know something. I can't go on like this any more. I've got to know. Have I got a chance?"

"Silly!" she said under her breath.

"That isn't an answer."

"Why, Stephen—you're so funny to pick out a time like this to ——"

"Never mind that. I want an answer."

She was very soft and appealing. "Don't you think you'd better just go ahead the way you're going—and see what happens? Just do what I told you? Be like other men, and ——"

"Be like other men!" said Stephen thickly. "Be like other men!"

Before she could be on guard against him he had seized her in his arms and kissed her. He had kissed her and released her, and stood back, defiant. This was a crisis he himself had precipitated; now let her meet it.

Miss Paget laughed—a low, sweet, mischievous laugh, which pecked at Stephen's nerves. In that instant he lost a fragment of his delusion. He drew a very deep breath and squared his shoulders.

"I—I'll take you back to the house now," he said. "I think I'd better."

"Yes," said Miss Paget, with curious accent. "I think you had."

V

FOR the next three days he tried to drown his somersaulting passions in overwork, but the panacea was quite as sharp as the disease, because it continually

(Continued on Page 53

GARFORD

The Motor Truck vs. Frozen Credits

Insufficient transportation has congested shipments of finished goods and materials to such an extent that millions of dollars of capital have become tied up and unavailable. This has resulted in "frozen credits," and the problem of the day is to alleviate this situation.

It is conceded by our ablest business men, financiers and railroad officials that the fullest possible utilization of the motor truck is the indispensable remedy for this condition.

For self-protection, as well as for the general good, it is the duty of each and every business man to assume his share of the responsibility and—

Keep the Traffic Moving

TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 51)

reminded him of the day of reckoning just ahead. He didn't venture to call unbidden upon Miss Paget; he wasn't sure that he could properly call upon her until she betokened her forgiveness by sending for him. One thing was certain, that on Friday night, after the interlude by the elm trees, she had flirted so outrageously in his presence as to suggest that she was doing it for his own especial benefit. He had tried to manage another conference, to abase himself and come to an understanding, and for that purpose he had lingered at the Hamlins' until the last, but she had kept him always at a distance, and made him a mere onlooker at her capriciousness.

He had gone home downcast, and he had found that his qualms couldn't be blotted out by overwork. She didn't send for him; even though in the dim hope of a message he kept to his room all day Sunday.

And then the next week began with a bad omen, for he spoke hazily to Mr. Anthony Hamlin about the future, and Mr. Hamlin grew very serious and preached a lay sermon about conservation and retrenchment, and the possibility of a panic in the late autumn.

Increasingly he was embittered by the knowledge that he had to depend on Coolidge for salvation; but there was no help for it and no time for delay. Instead of making out a list of his personal assets, as Coolidge had asked, he presently took a fresh record of his company's condition, a profit-and-loss statement and an inventory, put them in an envelope and went over to the bank to fight for his commercial life. The statement wasn't particularly optimistic, but it showed some progress; the expected advertising contracts had come in and Stephen could only pray that Coolidge would see the light and be generous.

"I've just been talking to Tony Hamlin about you," said Coolidge cheerfully. "He's your biggest creditor, so his opinion naturally has some weight with us. For your own good, old man, I want to repeat what I said the other day. Your company doesn't need loans; it needs working capital. What you ought to do is to put up forty or fifty thousand more yourself. You've got it, of course, haven't you?"

Stephen wouldn't lie about it, but he saw no crime in sidestepping.

"I've said before that I've put up all I'm going to." He brought out a neat parcel of papers confined by two rubber bands, slipped out the top envelope and handed it over to Coolidge. "That's as good a story as I can give you." He turned his head and stared fixedly out of the window to conceal his misgivings. "Does it—alter your opinion at all?" And he loathed Coolidge with inexpressible loathing.

Coolidge glanced up from the documents. "These are for our files, are they?"

"Certainly. That's why I brought them."

"Stephen," said the vice president, "they alter the whole situation. To tell you the truth, I didn't expect you to show anything like this; you've shown more than I ever asked for. When you went out of here last Friday I had a very wrong impression of you. But when you bring us data like this we've got to talk turkey."

Stephen's pulses quickened. "Do you call it a satisfactory statement?"

Coolidge leaned back in his chair. "I call it more than satisfactory," he said. "I call it convincing. And I'm mighty glad you came across with it too. I'll tell you what I'll do. With your permission I'll take this up with Tony Hamlin. If he'll increase your bill of credit from twelve and a half to twenty-five thousand, we'll increase ours to twenty-five thousand."

Stephen swung back toward him. "Without a personal statement?"

Coolidge struck the envelope with the back of his hand. "I'll take this, and your personal indorsement."

Stephen's heart jumped, but he succeeded in beating down his radiant joy.

"Can I—could I put the notes through this week? A new one, and a renewal of the old one?"

"Well, I'll get in touch with Tony this morning. I think it ought to be all right." He stood up and grasped Stephen by the arm. "You're getting more human every day," he said. "This last week I've hardly known you. Only don't go too far, or some nice old widow'll have to marry you to reform you."

Stephen went out in a daze of relief and exultation; he had looked forward to a long, debilitating summer of scheming and contriving and desperate financing, and of a sudden the clouds threatened to lift. He couldn't believe it; it was too good to be true. Of course he had given Coolidge the best possible statements, and he had held them back until he could include the new advertising contracts, but even so, his success was beyond his wildest anticipations.

And he had no latitude to worry about Hamlin's action, for he had hardly reached his office when Coolidge called him.

"Hello, Stephen. I've got some good news for you. Yes, I've talked with Tony and it's all right. You send him a letter stating your proposition—what you want in the way of credit—and he'll accept it. And about those notes, you can shove 'em through any time. This is special, and the loan committee'll O. K. it."

"To-day?" Stephen's muscles were tense, but Coolidge's voice was heartily reassuring.

"Yes; send 'em over. I'm going out to play golf, but the note teller'll take care of you. Make 'em either three or four months; suit yourself."

As in a dream Stephen gave instructions to the bookkeeper, and as soon as the notes were dispatched by messenger to the bank he dictated his letter to Mr. Hamlin. He waited then in half-fearful doubt until the boy came back with the loan slip. After that he abandoned himself to his almost delirious joy. Like so many other troubles, his own had never happened. He warmed prodigiously toward Coolidge; perhaps the rivalry for Betty Paget wasn't true, either.

It was past five o'clock when with light-headed celerity he began to clear his desk. He put away his miniature card file and pocketed his patent memorandum book. There was a letter he wanted to keep with him for reference, and he added it to the flat packet with the twin rubber bands. Something in the appearance of that packet arrested his attention, and he paused and eyed it perplexedly. He drew out the top envelope; it contained the company's statement, and the profit-and-loss account, and the inventory which Miss Capron had typed for him that very morning.

As he stared blankly at these papers his thoughts went tumbling over each other in loose confusion. There was no hallucination about it; here were the original exhibits, intact. Stephen began to feel a trifle giddy. What, then, could he have given Coolidge? What under the sun could he have given Coolidge to justify a bank loan, and twice the normal line of credit from Mr. Anthony Hamlin? A terrifying notion seared his brain and he rang violently for his secretary.

"Miss Capron, do you remember what we did with two pieces of mail that came by mistake on the day I was so late getting in? Did we send them over to the other Mr. Benedict?"

Miss Capron shook her head. "No, sir. You kept them."

"But I'm sure I gave them to you to ——"

"You gave me one of them, and then you took it back. Don't you remember? You were going over to see him that morning. Then I called up for you, and found he was out of town."

"I—I kept them? You're sure I kept them?"

Miss Capron was very respectful, but she was also very positive. "Yes, Mr. Benedict, I know you did."

"Hold on a minute. That man from Gossip was here, and when he went out I sent for you and ——"

"Yes, sir, and you were just putting them away when I came in. I haven't seen them since."

Stephen caught his breath. "Did you—did you see what I did with them?"

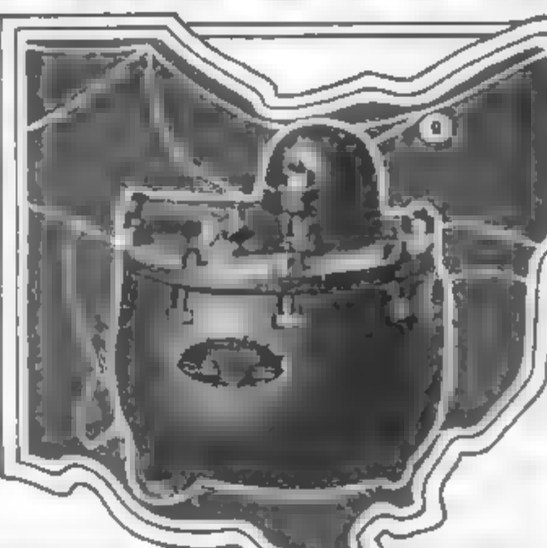
"Why, yes, Mr. Benedict. You put them in an envelope and put them in your pocket."

Stephen began to laugh helplessly. He, the conservative citizen; he, who was too ministerial to suit Betty Paget; he, the man who wasn't like other men—had acquired credit by virtue of a broker's balance sheet and a receipted bill from a jeweler. The balance sheet gave proof that the sum of sixty thousand dollars was waiting for the owner to claim it. The bill covered the purchase of a lady's wrist watch in platinum and diamonds. The man who had paid the bill and who also was entitled to the sum of money was the other Mr. Benedict.

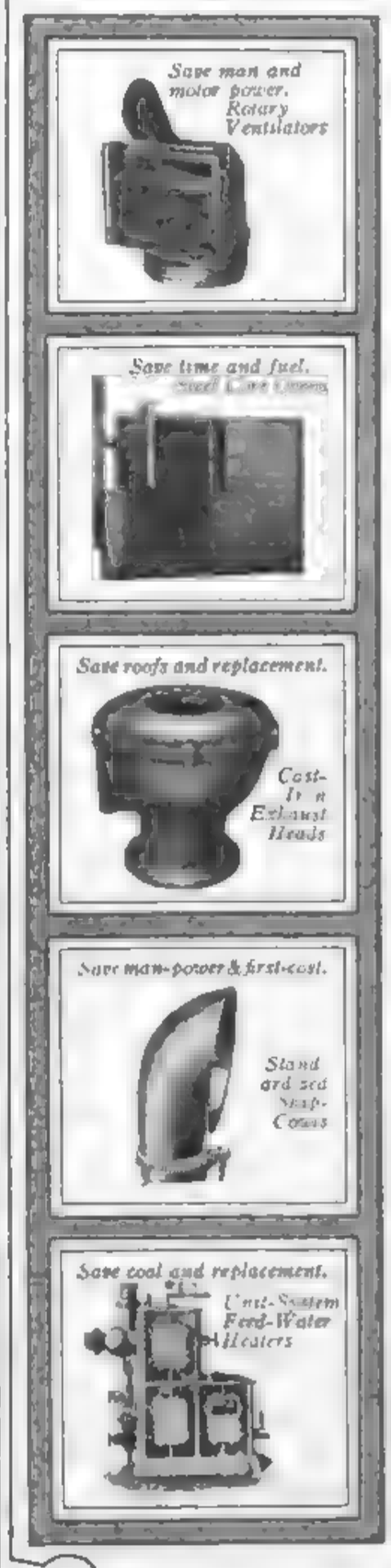
VI

TWICE on the way across town Stephen's taxicab was blocked in traffic, and twice again he leaned perilously through

Swartwout



Ruggedly built, simple in design and operation, having only two moving parts, the Swartwout Hydromatic Trap prevents waste of steam from coils and heaters and increases their efficiency.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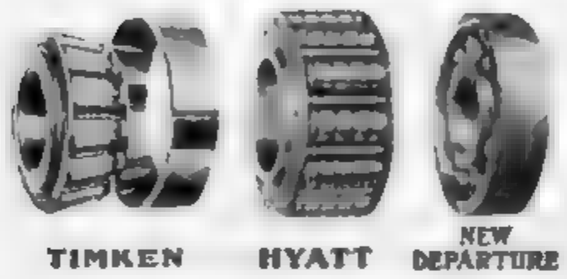

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BEARINGS SERVICE COMPANY

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the door and bribed the chauffeur to disregard the speed laws as soon as the jam was broken.

He had laughed at first at the very palpable comedy of errors. It had struck him as really laughable that he had gained, by means of a receipted bill and a broker's statement, which were both meant for the other Mr. Benedict, all the advantages he had needed for himself. But after a few seconds of humorous appreciation he had got a different perspective and he had stopped laughing. He saw that he owed Coolidge and Hamlin a very humiliating explanation of a fraud that was no less a fraud because it was innocent and unintentional. And to make that explanation, as inevitably he had to make it, would put him in far worse straits than before, and bring out the fact that he and his company were mutually bankrupt. But it had to be done, and more than that it had to be done before either Hamlin or Coolidge had breathed to any living soul a single syllable that bore on the transaction.

Coolidge was playing golf and couldn't be reached until later; but Stephen had telephoned to Hamlin's office and learned that Mr. Hamlin had already started for the station. It was his intention, therefore, to waylay Hamlin in the train shed and to prevent the development of any unfortunate rumors. To be sure, Hamlin wouldn't deliberately publish information that had come to him in a more-or-less confidential manner, but Hamlin was certainly a normal-gaited citizen and Stephen didn't put it beyond him to indulge in small talk in the smoking car. And every word that Hamlin might say about Stephen, definitely or indefinitely—every casual remark he might naturally make to the effect that Stephen really did have money, or that Stephen maintained a big open account with a brokerage house, or that Stephen had been buying ladies' wrist watches at twelve hundred dollars—every such remark would pave the road to a greater humiliation when Stephen was obliged to confess and Oakmont was to hear the sequel.

He was destined to lose his prestige, anyway, as far as Coolidge and Hamlin were concerned, but he shuddered to think of any public degradation.

And there was still another point that made Stephen set his teeth. During the past week he had repeatedly planted in the consciousness of Oakmont the idea that he was leading a double life. He had done this in utter pleasantry and almost in self-defense; no one could possibly have taken it, at the moment, with any smallest grain of seriousness. But there had been all sorts of quips with reference to his activities on those evenings when he stayed late in town, and Stephen had made rejoinders which he now remembered with chagrin. He also remembered what Coolidge had said to him to-day, at parting: "Don't go too far, or some nice old widow'll have to marry you to reform you."

Stephen writhed at the conception of what Coolidge was probably thinking about him, and what Hamlin was thinking too. Neither of them must retail any part of the story. Everybody in Oakmont would know that Stephen hadn't bought an expensive wrist watch for Betty Paget—indeed, she would be the first to say so; and then there would spring up a vivid curiosity and a prompt suspicion. Of course, Stephen could establish his alibi, but just the same he sensed that he would be in a far stronger position if he suppressed the story at its fountainhead instead of being obliged to provide the alibi.

He had to place unqualified trust in Coolidge's discretion, but he also had to try to intercept him, somehow, in Oakmont, before Coolidge had a chance to see Betty Paget. He also had to waylay Hamlin in the train shed and blockade the only other source of any compromising bulletins. And then he would quietly pack up his belongings and find another place of residence; he would sell his tottering publication for what it would fetch and start life all over again.

The gates of the five-forty-two were already open and a thin stream of commuters was trickling through them. Stephen shot a hurried question at the gateman.

"Do you know Mr. Anthony Hamlin by sight?"

"Nope"

"Stout man, bald, about forty-five—usually takes this train."

"Nope."

"You don't know if he's gone through yet?"

"I said 'Nope,' didn't I?"

Stephen pressed through the gates, but the attendant grasped him by the arm none too gently.

"Hey there, young feller, my lad, that don't go! Show us your ticket!"

Fuming, Stephen showed his ticket and raced down the long platform. He stepped aboard the last car, which was the smoker, and before he was fairly in the aisle he perceived Mr. Hamlin, moist and cheerful, dealing the first hand of the inevitable bridge game. Stephen came to a standstill.

"Hello, Benedict," said Mr. Hamlin, and went on dealing with calm precision.

Impotent, Stephen gazed at him. He was eager to separate Hamlin from his friends, to ask the vital question, and to lay the strictest of injunctions upon him, but his tongue balked at a plausible excuse. Then Stephen noticed that the three other men in the game were all looking up at him, and that each of them wore a rather remarkable expression—an expression composed partly of embarrassment, as though Stephen had come in while they were talking about him, and partly of critical amusement, as though the underlying topic of discussion had aroused both their interest and their disapproval. And in the atmosphere there was also a faint trace of some other feeling, which might have been sympathy or even a mild degree of envy.

Stephen quivered. He was convinced that he had come too late; that Hamlin had already told them everything—that is, everything that counted.

"Well," said one of the three, drawing a deep breath, "I've got to take my hat off to you, Stephen. You certainly did put it all over us, didn't you—you sly old dog?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Stephen gruffly, and if looks were deadly Mr. Anthony Hamlin would have ridden home in the baggage car.

"Seen this week's Gossip?" inquired one of the others.

"Oh, shut up!" said Mr. Hamlin amiably. "Shut up and play bridge! I make it a spade."

Stephen was gazing at the man who had mentioned Gossip, and abruptly he was put in mind of Mr. Hawksford, who had sat in his office and purred about his financial service, and informed Stephen, as he took his leave, that Stephen might hear from him later.

"No, I haven't seen it. Why?"

No one replied and Stephen became vastly more confused. His eye was attracted by the characteristic cover of the magazine, and he leaned over and picked it up from the far window ledge.

"Second page," said the man who owned it. "Two no trumps."

Stephen had found the place.

"'Too much suspicion of human nature indicates as great ignorance of the world as too much confidence.' This is all very well in its place, but there is some doubt whether its place is in a book of familiar quotations or in the best society. For example, the not-too-open infatuation of a quietly Vesuvian young man of exclusive Oakmont—Why dissemble? We mean Mr. Stephen Benedict—for a young and beautiful and talented follower of the art of Melpomene and Thalia—Why equivocate? We mean an actress—is to be interpreted in accordance with any reasonable doubt of any reasonable reader. This column cannot hope to compete with the ouija board. If, however, the Vesuvian, who has always been known to his friends as a prince of propriety, desires to convey the proof of his sentiment in secret he should certainly say it with flowers and not with jeweled trinkets. We deduce that Miss Lucile Cartwright is equally concerned with secrecy, for the trinket itself has never been seen to adorn her charming person. To give honor where it is proved, Mr. Benedict's taste is most excellent, and he buys his platinum-and-diamond wrist watches at the very best price and at the very best jeweler's. As to his motive, we return a Scotch verdict—'Not proven'—but we assume, of course, that Mr. Benedict and Miss Cartwright are old family friends. In later issues we shall hope to be able to affirm this, or deny it, or something. Our Chicago correspondent promises an interesting biography of Mr. Benedict—who is Chicagoan by birth—for an early issue."

Stephen, lifting his horrified eyes from this lengthy paragraph, saw that his four acquaintances were neglecting their game of bridge. Limply he edged into the opposite seat; the eyes of the four pursued him. He knew that he must say something, and say it promptly, and yet his thoughts were so tumultuous that his speech lagged back. He wondered if it wouldn't be best to make a brief and general denial of the whole business—simply to say that there was another Mr. Stephen Benedict who had been confused with him. And he could add to Mr. Hamlin that there was a further explanation to be made to him privately.

A man with a different mental make-up from Stephen's would probably have come out flatly with a defense, and the alibi, and carried it off with some sort of spontaneity. Stephen, however, was a man of peculiar sensitiveness and diffidence, and recently he had built up a considerable distrust of his own effectiveness.

He struggled for exactly the right thing to say, and, struggling, he gave the impression that he was overcome by a truthful accusation.

Mr. Hawksford hadn't even kept the complication in its original form; he had got both of Stephen's addresses, and neither of the other Mr. Benedict's. Stephen realized that no one who knew what Coolidge and Hamlin knew could be swayed by any brief and general denial. Furthermore, if he made such a denial in public, and in Mr. Hamlin's presence, it might not even be possible to stave off Mr. Hamlin's natural reaction until Stephen could get him alone. And if Hamlin should blurt out just one query—if he should demand what sort of chicanery Stephen had tried to practice, then, in the negotiations of to-day—the situation would be out of control entirely and Stephen's dignity and reputation would be in the ash heap.

His next realization was that if he had intended to make a denial he should have made it at once. One—two—three minutes had passed, and he had been occupied with thinking and not with defending himself But the car was filling rapidly; and a man was actually now asking to share the seat with Stephen. Other men were standing in the aisle. He couldn't possibly bring his case before a public forum in which there were more strangers than acquaintances; he had used Fabian tactics at the wrong time, and now he would have to wait for his opportunity.

The man beside him, a stranger to Stephen, touched the magazine.

"Through with this?"

"No," said Stephen brusquely, and opened it again and glared at it with unseeing eyes.

He went into a dull trance which was ended only by the brakeman bawling "Oakmont!" at him, and even then the brakeman had to bawl it out three times before Stephen's mood was penetrated. He descended blindly from the car steps and cast about for Hamlin; Hamlin came up behind him and linked arms with him.

"Well, young man!"

Stephen shook himself free. "Let's get out of this. I want to explain to you that ——"

"Nonsense!" Mr. Hamlin took his arm again. "Don't ever explain anything, Benedict. Your friends don't need it, and your enemies—if you've got any—wouldn't believe you anyhow. But you fly high, don't you?"

Stephen was in such haste to speak that he stammered badly. "You see, there's another man of the same name, and ——"

Mr. Hamlin laughed: "Come on, now, pull something new! There isn't another Stephen Benedict in Oakmont, is there? Why, the thing's absolutely photographic. And besides, I'm on the inside."

Stephen's throat was arid. "Did you—did you tell those fellows on the train ——"

"Why, I simply said I knew positively it's a fact."

"Oh, Lord!" said Stephen. "Mr. Hamlin, you've got to listen! I ——"

"Now, hold your horses a minute. Don't you worry a bit about that innuendo in the paper. Of course it'll hit Oakmont right between the eyes, but what of it? We all know what kind of man you are. Heaven's sakes, you aren't ashamed of it, are you? She's a wonderful actress, and they tell me she's a mighty fine girl. Some of Charlie Coolidge's friends in Detroit know her intimately. Why, if Charlie knew her he'd brag about it from dawn to dark."

"But, Mr. Hamlin, it's all a mistake. I didn't know I was giving Charlie that bill, and ——"

(Continued on Page 57)

Do your $5-a-day men use $3-a-day shovels?

The cost of shoveling—sand, ashes, cinders, stone, etc.—was too high in a large industrial plant in an eastern city. It was out of all proportion to the cost of many other operations.

The leak was discovered and corrected by an operations expert in the Mechanical Department.

"The trouble has been," he reported to the General Manager—"$5.00 a day men and $3.00 a day shovels."

"What's the answer?"

"One and three-eighths inches."

"You win," said the General Manager. "What does it all mean?"

"Wear in the business end of the shovel—that is, the main shoveling edge. I found shovels worn down to half size still in use. Now, it's human nature for all the men in a gang to shovel at the same rate of speed. Therefore, these worn shovels meant that some men were doing from one-third to one-half less shoveling than others in the same gang. On every $5.00 in wages paid to these men your return in work done was about $3.00.

"Now, we know that when a shovel with an 11⅞ inch shoveling length when new has worn down 1⅜ inches, it's economy to junk it. Theoretically a man should fill his shovel full. Practically even the best man doesn't. The heap rests on the forward three-fourths of the shovel. When wear cuts the shoveling surface down 1⅜ inches, or nearly one-sixth, the heap is reduced about one-third. Get the point?

"Only the best shovel can keep the cost of this junking policy from being prohibitive. That's why we use Wyoming Red Edge shovels. They put up a gamer fight for that 1⅜ inches than any other shovel we know of. In fact, they will outwear an ordinary shovel two or three times.

"Naturally *shovel costs* are now higher than formerly, but *shoveling costs* promise to be thousands of dollars less each year."

Great railway systems, mines, large industries and other big users are eloquent in their testimony to the endurance of Red Edge shovels, scoops and spades.

The blades are of Chrome-Nickel steel, heat treated, hard as tool steel, tough as spring steel, which is why they wear down so slowly. They are equipped with handles of second growth Northern White Ash. Three severe tests of both blade and handle insure a shovel that gives the buyer real economy in the cost of shoveling. (Note on each blade the mark left by the Brinell test.)

Whether you buy shovels in quantity or only one now and then, you want Red Edge—a durable tool on every kind of a hard job.

How Red Edge shovels became the leaders is an absorbing—yes, romantic—story of modern industry. It is told in pamphlet form. Ask our distributor—probably the leading supply house or hardware store in your town—for it, or write us.

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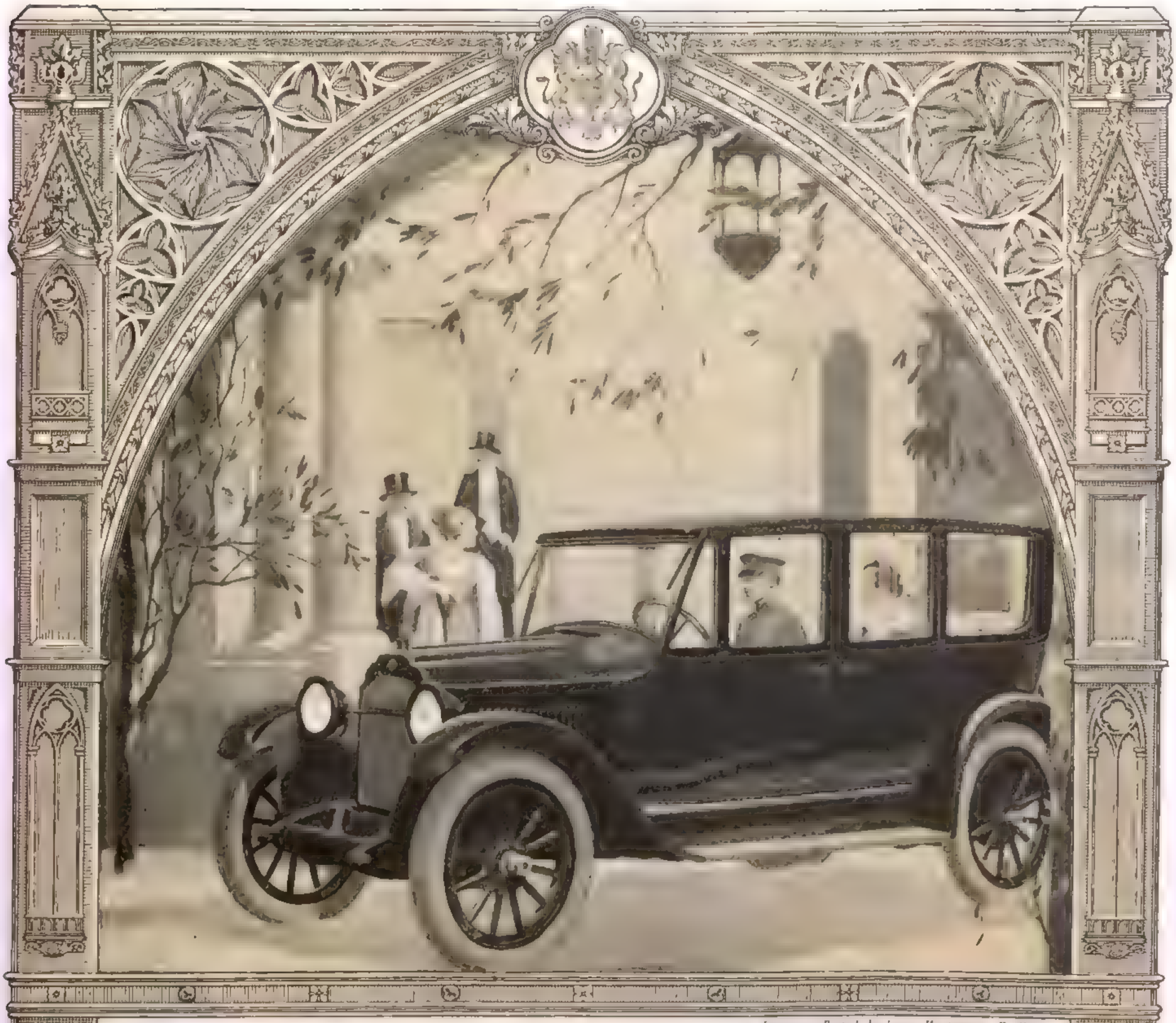

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Their Majesties the King of England and the King of Spain use the Silent Knight Motor. We mention this, not as a tribute to Royalty but as Royalty's tribute to quality!

They chose it because it is a motor that will not falter in the performance of its duty, and, perhaps, because it preserves the ancient tradition of flunkeyism by being eternally at beck and call.

The Knight Motor has no valves to grind, service but adds to its efficiency and power, and like a fine violin whose quality improves with age, the longer you use it the better it performs.

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Willys Knight
SLEEVE VALVE MOTOR IMPROVES WITH USE

(Continued from Page 54)

"I'll bet you didn't! But what's the odds? I'll tell you something: It's nobody's business but your own what you do with your money. One man's extravagant one way and another man's extravagant another way. The only mistake you made was in not letting us know you're a friend of Miss Cartwright's. Then this wouldn't have caused so much as a ripple."

Stephen was almost apoplectic. "I'm trying my best to tell you ——"

Mr. Hamlin tightened his grip. "I've got an idea! Why don't you bring Miss Cartwright out here next Sunday? You bring her out, and Mrs. Hamlin'll have a little tea for her. That'll choke off any talk, and besides she's somebody that everybody wants to meet. Do that, why don't you?"

They were abreast of the Hamlins' lawn, and Stephen was still incoherent. He was endeavoring to say that he had never met the lady in all his life, that he had never as much as laid eyes on her, but he was also striving against the temptation to quit under fire. Hamlin wouldn't accept the truth; there was no use in arguing with him until Stephen could bring forward his proofs, and at the earliest he couldn't bring them forward until to-morrow. In the meantime Coolidge would probably be in the same frame of mind as Hamlin. Betty Paget too. He could imagine how stunned she would be, how completely bowled over by amazement, and perhaps by wrath, and even—as he hoped with all his heart—by a wave of jealousy. Well, it would serve her right.

A paralyzing inspiration came to him; he thrust it away, but it fought back as often as he thought he had conquered it. If he had won the oblique reputation, why not take the ephemeral glory that went with it? Coolidge's money was safe; Hamlin's money was safe; Stephen knew for an utter certainty that with fresh credit his business success was insured. Instead of stultifying himself by proving the chain of errors, why shouldn't he enjoy the benefits fate had tossed into his lap? No one would be harmed; Coolidge and Hamlin would get their money back, and Betty Paget might conceivably be brought to terms. It was a demoralizing inspiration, and it carried Stephen clear off his balance.

Another thought! If he elected to prove the facts, would Coolidge and Hamlin believe him? Or would they opine that in his desperation he had tried to pry credit out of them by fair means or foul, and that if Gossip hadn't printed its article he never would have confessed at all? This, too, was a factor to be considered, for when Hamlin and Coolidge once comprehended the poverty Stephen had so far concealed, they might readily believe anything else about him.

Many a man is honest until the last ditch, and then forfeits his integrity in a final scramble to preserve his business existence.

"Come on, Benedict," said Mr. Hamlin encouragingly. "Give the neighborhood a treat. If you say you'll do it I'll have Mrs. Hamlin fix up the details and confirm it over the phone. Come on—will you bring her out Sunday?"

Stephen, battling against temptation, was forced a step backward.

"I—I don't know if she could come." He was promptly blighted by the consciousness of downfall.

"Well, you do your best. Mrs. Hamlin'll call you. See you later, Benedict. Bear up!"

Stephen went lethargically toward the inn. He couldn't understand himself at all, but he understood very clearly what he had just done. He had burned his bridges.

His philosophy had always told him that it was more important to be friends with himself than with anybody else. In the past half minute he had sacrificed that friendship. And yet when he remembered the salient points of his career he was savagely persuaded that Oakmont was responsible for his dereliction.

At college he had been a hero; and in the Army he had been a genius—a routine genius of such repute that he had been withdrawn from his division and made a cog in the machine at Chaumont, and eventually promoted from the silver baby pins of a first lieutenant to the gilded oak leaves of a major.

But Oakmont had belittled him—belittled him until he had begun to ape Charlie Coolidge—and then Oakmont had fawned upon him.

And look at the farce of to-day! Mr. Anthony Hamlin had always treated him with courtesy, but never with fraternity—until Gossip had printed this yarn about a popular actress. He wondered if Oakmont would follow Mr. Hamlin's example. It was a fine comment on the value of hard work and serious purpose as against a glittering bit of notoriety.

A flood of resentment washed over him, and he snapped his head back, straightened his shoulders and went up the steps of the Oakmont Inn like a staff officer reporting at headquarters.

When he came down to dinner it was evident that rumor had preceded him, but as soon as he had intercepted a few of the glances sent in his direction, and realized that they were composed of the same elements as Mr. Hamlin's actual remarks, he lifted his chin a trifle more and became imperial. By the time that the salad was served he had disproved the theory that a man can't swagger while he's sitting down. He felt horribly guilty, but he also felt a thrill of excitement which sometimes counteracted the guilt; he told himself that he was going to furnish Oakmont with the prize sensation of its history—and then move somewhere else. In the meantime, let the world roll on!

At eight o'clock he was summoned to the telephone, and when he heard Betty Paget's voice, and caught the delicate note of agitation in it, he knew that a minor triumph was in the making.

"Stephen! Charlie's been dining with us. I'm going to send him home in just a minute; I wish you would come over here at once!"

Her tone ruffled him at the same time that it gave him revenge. Even in the telephone booth he kept his chin high; nobody could dictate to him like that. And without hesitation he resisted her orders, for it spontaneously occurred to him that this was strategic.

"Sorry, Betty, but I'm afraid I can't."

There! Now she could estimate how much influence she had lost.

"Stephen, you must!"

"Can't do it, Betty."

He threw into his voice the utmost of friendly nonchalance, and hoped that she got it.

There was a pause.

"Why can't you? Are you going anywhere?"

It was as good a reason as any, and he adopted it.

"Why, yes, I am."

"I don't think it's as important as this is—do you?"

"Well," he said, "it's pretty important."

And he knew that his intuition had been correct, and that he was stirring her, for the first time, to a genuine emotion.

Another pause, during which he remembered how Betty and the others had laughed at somebody's comic picture of Stephen hanging round a stage door. It was significant that Betty didn't seem to have a laugh in her system.

"You'd better come over."

"I'm awfully sorry, but it can't be done."

"Where are you going? In town?"

She was making it very easy for him to economize on imagination.

"Why, yes, I might."

"Oh!" This time the hiatus was even more prolonged. "I suppose you think you've behaved in a very gentlemanly fashion. After all you said to me—and then have it turn up that you're giving presents like that to another girl—an actress!"

Stephen interrupted her.

"Didn't you say that Charlie Coolidge is over there?"

"That's different."

"Is it?"

He recalled the quality of her laugh on the evening that he had kissed her, and how a part of his delusion had perished then, and how a little more of it had perished as a result of her subsequent behavior.

"Oh, I suppose you'll say you're dear old friends, and ——"

"Very likely I will, Betty. Very likely I will. But I never asked her what I've asked you."

An odd little sound came to him; it might have been either a sniff or a sob. Probably a sniff.

"Are you going in town to see her?"

This gave him an opening for a slashing offensive, and he took it.

"I might. I'll tell you one thing, Betty: If I do she won't try to make me over into somebody different."

For a full quarter minute nothing else came over the wire.

"All right, Stephen. Good-by."

Still holding the receiver and marveling at the implied avowal she had just made to him, he almost yielded to a wild impulse to call her back and to swear that he loved her and that it was all a silly mistake and that he would rush to her as fast as his feet would carry him. But the impulse weakened as he recognized the power that was in his grasp. She had demanded of him a change of character, and he had tried to satisfy her; very well, she could change her own character now if she cared enough. She could stop flirting. The power was in his hands, and at his leisure he would transform Miss Paget into a Mahomet, while he himself would play the stellar rôle of the mountain.

He would carry out his bluff; he would go to town and—here he conceived an impromptu so brilliant that it made him dizzy—he would seek out Miss Cartwright, and show her a copy of Gossip and unravel the whole scenario to her. She was a friend of the other Mr. Benedict's; and the copy of Gossip would be an adequate introduction.

What if she proved to have a heart and a sense of humor? What if she proved to have a woman's understanding? What—oh, glorious fantasy!—if she could be persuaded to accept an invitation for tea at the Hamlins' on Sunday afternoon?

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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SEED OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 23)

there would be a chance for a drawing-room and berth on the slower Pacific Limited leaving Thursday at one o'clock. He was the very flower of ticket agents, a young man who could pass before a rack the length of a city block and never hesitate until he had picked out the right ticket; a young man who could hold a telephone receiver between his shoulder and the lobe of his left ear while he barked mysterious numbers into the mouthpiece and never missed a number, despite the fact that other and equally important ticket agents were walking on his toes, gouging him in the ribs and repeating comic anecdotes into his disengaged ear.

"For Thursday afternoon, madam," announced the prodigy at last as he dropped several squares of cardboard and wisps of paper into an envelope.

While Anna was counting out her money Kipps stood with his inquisitive gray eyes peering just over the edge of the counter.

"Gee!" he muttered. "If I had that much dough I'd buy an airplane."

There was little left to do but wait for Thursday, but Anna filled the first hours of intervening time with further efforts to see Mr. Sato. To approach him, as at first she had tried; by means of a call at his office seemed now quite hopeless. Indeed she repeated her attempt Tuesday afternoon, and was again smoothly passed from clerk to clerk. She failed to reach as high a point as the vice president this time. The sweetest Japanese in the world almost wept when he told her that Mr. Sato was not in.

Anna was too sensible a woman to harbor resentment against the busy establishment. True, she had no reason to believe that Sato was not in.

"He out!" seemed to be the only words of English Mr. Sato's clerk could say.

She heard this phrase often enough during her second visit to his headquarters. Later on, when at her hotel telephone she tried the simple ruse of calling him by wire, again she was told "He out!" in many degrees of politeness.

She was unable to take offense at any of this. Why should so important a man as K. Sato bother with a woman on an entirely unknown mission? If his assistants lied amiably, even that was but an act of diplomatic mendacity borrowed from the white man's books of ethics. Any man of affairs on a busy day would have shielded himself from interruption just as Sato had done; and Sato had a reputation for being the most unapproachable of his race.

She clung doggedly to her program, however, not because she hoped to come face to face with Sato, but because she wanted to feel that she had tried to do something in behalf of the poor Awagas.

Finally Anna relinquished the vocal method and considered other means. Influence, of course, will take you anywhere if you have the right sort. But what influence could Anna summon to open Sato's closed door? She thought once of Tazumi. He undoubtedly could have touched the right button, but Tazumi was out of the question. At last she hit upon direct action, which often succeeds where circumlocution fails. She wrote a letter to K. Sato, President of the Natural Energy Fruit and Land Company.

"*My dear Mr. Sato:* I am writing to beg a favor. Will you give me a little time that I may explain a matter affecting the success and happiness of two of your own people? I realize that you are a tremendously busy man, and it is only because I feel that great injustice might come with delay in this case that I am anxious to see you as soon as possible.

"My business—which I could not fully explain to your subordinates—concerns I. Awaga, pastor of the Japanese church at Bly. I feel assured that I can appeal to your fair-mindedness, regardless of your faith, because you must sympathize with this claim on the part of a humble countryman of yours; and his only offense, I assure you, consists in his unselfish sacrifice to his convictions.

"Hoping that I may be permitted to talk with you, however briefly ——"

Anna wrote this on the second-grade stationery of the Royalmere, signed, sealed and addressed it and sent it away with the favor of a special-delivery stamp.

The post box had scarcely swallowed up her letter when she was tempted to break a Federal law and fish it out again at the end of a hatpin. She had a picture of her plea being delivered to an undersecretary of the Natural Energy Fruit and Land Company to be passed up the line, possibly as far as the desk of the second vice president. There it would flutter to the wastebasket. Or possibly the egg-faced office boy opened the mail; in which case her letter would drop in the first wastebasket instead of the sixth or seventh.

She wrote this letter on Tuesday night. At five o'clock Wednesday afternoon she was just coming into the shabby foyer of the Royalmere when a woman behind the desk leaned over and said: "Gentleman in the parlor for you, Mrs. Bly."

"Oh! A gentleman, did you say?"

"Japanese gentleman."

It was too easy to draw a conclusion from this announcement. Sato, the mysterious and powerful, had harkened to her humble plea and sent an envoy or come in person!

The sitting room, a plush-upholstered dungeon on the second floor, held a solitary figure when Anna entered its dimly lighted depths. In the shadowy atmosphere details were obscured, but Anna knew that the neat little person sitting so upright beside the lace curtains was a Japanese. He rose and bowed as she approached.

Baron Tazumi! And he had taken her hand in his! Anna released his cold, silken fingers, and it was an effort to be civil to this man, always courteous, always helpful, whom she had resolved never to see again. His manner, however, was so friendly and natural, so full of his former thoughtfulness for her that her qualms disappeared almost upon his first word.

"I am sorry to be a little late," he was saying in the voice of one who has kept an appointment tardily. "It is almost impossible to be punctual at this time of day, when Market Street is so crowded."

She had no reason for being impolite, but do what she could, she was unable to reply. She seated herself stupidly as he laid his gloves and walking stick beside his pearl-gray hat.

"I understand that little Zudie is married," he said as soon as he had taken a chair. "I was immensely pleased to hear that. A fine chap, Footridge! A little narrow perhaps, but who isn't? And did you get a good price for your farm?"

"A very good price," said Anna, finding her voice. "The terms were better than I expected."

"I am very glad of that. I was afraid your inexperience might lead you into a bad bargain. They are very sharp people, these land speculators."

"I had a great deal of trouble with my Japanese farmer," she went so far as to inform him. "His inefficiency on my behalf and efficiency on his own made it so that I had to sell to save myself."

"My dear Mrs. Bly! I am wretchedly sorry to hear that. You should have let us know."

Since when had Baron Tazumi become "us"?

"And in the matter of these Awagas, Mrs. Bly," he went smoothly on, "I think you will agree with me that many very estimable people can make trouble for a whole community."

"Baron Tazumi," Anna broke in, a suspicion having obtruded itself, "have you come to me as a representative of the Natural Energy Company?"

"I shall never come to you, Anna-san, except as a friend," he replied, his voice losing its overtone of politeness and reverting to an earnest bass.

"I confess I can't quite understand," admitted Anna. "There is no reason for you to know that I am here. I wrote a letter to Mr. Sato, asking if he would talk to me about the Awagas."

"My dear Anna-san," cut in Tazumi, "would it please you better to talk to him?"

"Frankly," she said, "it would please me better."

"Very well," answered Baron Tazumi, "then you have your wish. You are talking to him now."

He leaned a little forward as though to make himself plainer as he added: "I am K. Sato."

xxx

IT WAS Thursday morning, and the Bly trunks having just been sent away, there was nothing to do but wait for a quarter

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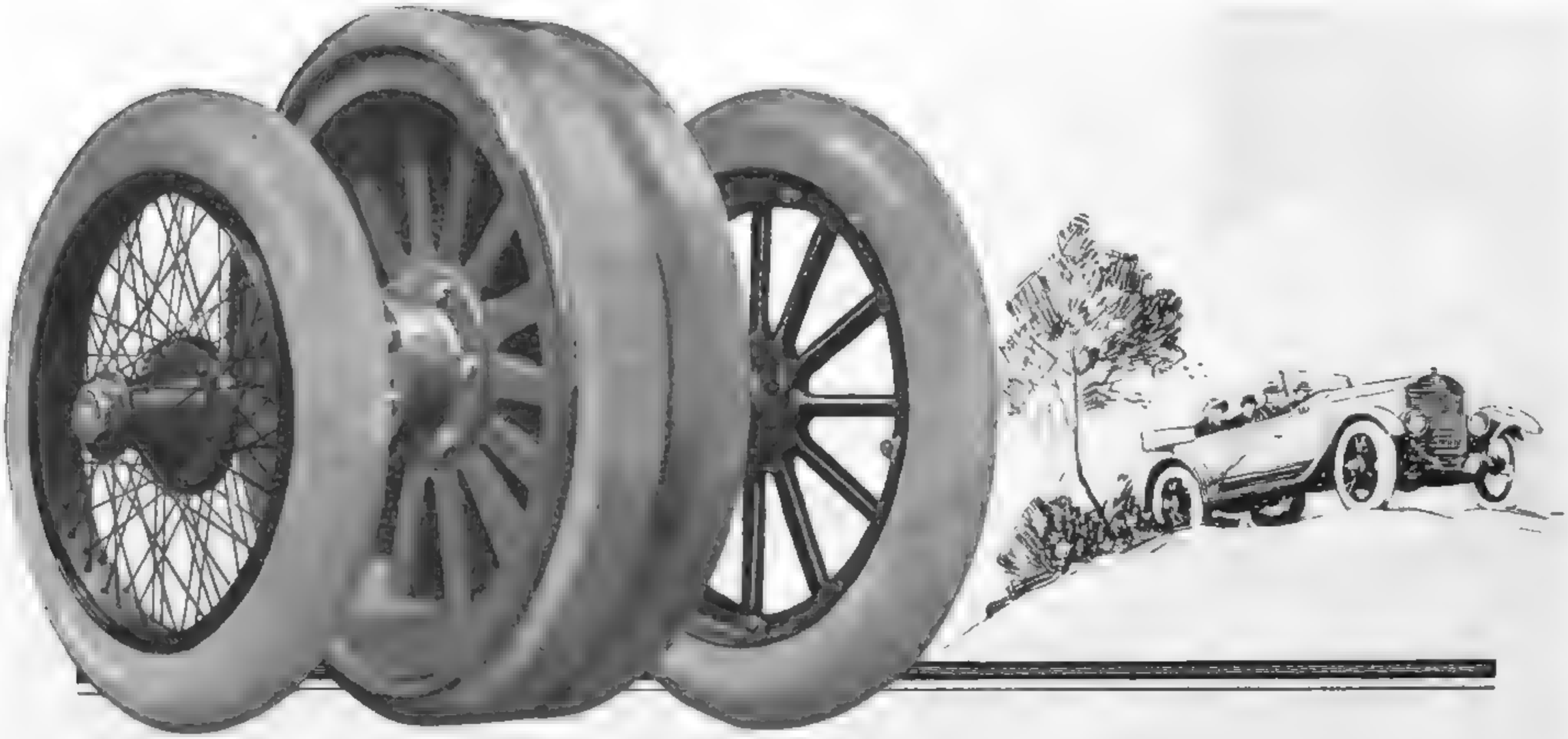

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past eleven, when the taxi would come to take the little family to the ferry.

"What are you doing, Kipps?" asked Anna, who had been seated at the window trying to read by the light which sifted through imitation Nottingham lace.

"Fixing my necktie," replied the he boy, his angular elbows flopping before the mirror.

"Please don't!" she begged. "I spent half an hour tying it for you."

"There never was a woman born," declared the sage, "who knew how to tie a necktie. See, moms! You don't do it by making a noose and sticking the end through. You pass it over and round like that."

Kipps illustrated his lecture by twisting the strip of silk into his own idea of fashion, which, though no better than his mother's, suited Kipps.

He had on a very new suit of clothes and a pair of bright tan shoes which squeaked as he walked. Altogether he looked the model boy.

"I don't like this idea of dolling up every day," he complained. "The minute we start East I begin looking like a Molly. I think it's awful efeminine."

"It's what?" asked Anna, truly concerned.

"Efeminine," he repeated.

"Where do you pick up such words?"

"Oh, I read a great deal," he informed her loftily as he shook out his new gray coat with plaits in the back and began putting it on. After this was done he slouched on the window sill and continued his interrogation.

"What's the big idea about our going East, anyhow?"

"Do you prefer California, dear?"

"Who wouldn't?"

"But Aunt Julia wants to put you in school, Kipps."

"Aunt Julia! She'd put me in dresses like a girl if she had her way. Aw, moms! I'm pretty near grown up anyway. I've got about all the education a man needs for a practical business life. I could get a fine opening with Dune Leacy if I wanted to strike out for myself."

"Would you strike out and leave your mother, Kipps?"

"You bet I wouldn't!" he replied after what was undoubtedly an inward struggle. "And that's why I'm following along. Somebody's got to look out for you, moms."

"Come here and kiss me!"

The affectionate demonstration was cut off by a parrot call from Susan Skelley demanding to know why Kipps had opened another hand bag and what it was he had spilled across Nan's new shoes.

"Susan never gives me a chance to concentrate on anything," complained the young genius as he passed into the room beyond and engaged himself in a violent argument with his sister.

The hour dragged slowly. Through the Royalmere's shoddy curtains Anna could look down into Geary Street and study the ways of city-living Japanese. Most of the store fronts were lettered in flowing *kana* or the more elegant characters borrowed from China centuries ago. Across the way were several boarding houses with urbane Japanese passing in and out. A little beyond these high-stooped houses a low door was marked "Baths" in English above bold brush strokes in the island language.

From her place at the window she could see a little cobbler busily at work shaping soles at a complicated electric machine, while his partner rat-tatted patiently by the door. Japanese women passed by, trundling gocarts or carrying children against their shoulders, their bodies swayed back by the weight of their young. A Japanese laundry wagon backed against the curb. It bore an English name—chosen perhaps to disguise its Oriental proprietorship. At a corner farther uptown a Japanese bookseller was dressing his window with tinted lithographs of American beauties in the deminude.

From her height Anna could study the brown faces. Those of the women were as unwrinkled as though they had been enameled with porcelain; those of the men were puckered into serious lines. They gave the appearance of men worked until everything but a lust for work had been driven from their characters—men born of tired parents to a heritage of hard ambition. They smiled mechanically, they bowed mechanically. Behind them stood the invisible slave driver, goading them on to reclaim their souls from an age-long bondage.

"Who are the great of the earth?" again the woman asked, gazing like a disembodied spirit down upon a scene as busy as any in the little town which she had quit because Japan had conquered it. "If singleness of purpose is great, then Japan is great. If patience to endure is admirable, then Japan is admirable. The will to power ——"

The phrase struck cold upon her heart. Prussia had worshiped that thought before her man-made Valhalla fell and the houses of the gods were steeped in death's twilight.

Busily in and out, under the picturesque signs which she could not read, dapper business men, smartly clad young women, dumpy matrons came and went. Every face was marked with the expressionless expression which spelled "ambition." Ambition for what?

At a second-story window across the street a child of three appeared and peeped with elfin black eyes down upon a problem equally insoluble to child or man, yellow or white. The huge, swollen face of a Japanese woman came into view beside the inquisitive head. For an instant the mother soul seemed to shine out through the mask as her heavy shoulders drooped and her eyes were turned toward the little face.

A telephone bell rang out in Anna's narrow room, urging her away from her thoughts.

"Mr. Johnson calling," announced the hotel operator.

Anna went down to the reception room to meet Henry Johnson, who, faithful to his trust, had come to report. As he rose before her he looked starved and prophetic in his shabby plaid suit and Bohemian necktie.

"Omega has arrived," he said in a deep voice.

"It isn't quite finished," she told him, attempting to brighten his long, solemn face.

"It is the longest letter in the alphabet," he replied. "According to Milton's inaccurate account, it took Lucifer longer than union hours to tumble from heaven to hell. Rome took her time about going to pieces, you will remember. Nothing stops all at once. And in my case I have required a number of days to settle up your affairs on the ranch."

Henry's long fingers went probing into a greasy vest pocket to bring out various folded papers.

"Your storage warehouse receipt," he announced, presenting the first one, "and a receipt for your automobile. I left it for sale, mentioning the price which you required. Your trunks you received, I suppose?"

"Thank you, Henry. They came Saturday."

"I am surprised. It all goes to show that I might succeed if only I had sufficient will power to keep my attention on one thing for a long time. Do you know, Mrs. Bly, that the months I spent on your farm represented the longest time I have ever stayed in one place since I was twenty-five years old?"

She motioned him to a chair and sat beside the anomaly for whom she had learned to feel an affectionate interest.

"Why don't you get the habit, Henry?"

"You mean sticking at things?" He laughed bitterly. "Sticking is not meant for a thing like me. Staying in one place indicates a healthy mind—I am a diseased condition, Mrs. Bly. Two good stocks, never intended to interbreed, have come together in my poor soul and body. I am like a mongrel attached to a tin can—I try to escape it by running."

"Henry," began Anna impulsively, feeling that she might not see him again, "you have always been so bitter against intermarriage. Do you remember what you promised me a few weeks ago?"

"The day you found me making merry with Japanese newspapers?"

"Yes. You said you would tell me why ——"

"Why I hate myself," Henry supplied.

"Was your mother Japanese, Henry?"

"No, the Japanese was my father," he said, a rough note coming into his voice.

"But your name's American."

"What's in a name?" He snapped his skinny fingers over the Shakesperean question. "Henry Johnson is a ready-to-wear name, easy to get, easy to cast aside. My father? Oh, probably you have read his name a hundred times in the newspapers. You would recognize it if I told you—which I shall not do."

"You've never explained anything about yourself," she reminded him.

"Why explain the inexplicable?" he asked, but suddenly the habitual look of sarcastic humor fell away from the warring features and his eyes were filled with savage pathos as he said, "My mother—she was an American. Do you really wish to know how I came into being?"

"So much!" replied Anna.

"I'll tell you about her. It's rather a story—Euripides might have made quite a decent tragedy out of my mother; but people don't tear out their eyes nowadays. They tear out their hearts and get a polite obituary in the morning papers. I'll leave my mother's story with you. It's all I have to give in return for your kindness."

The oddly matched features were stern as granite as he went on, "My mother's been dead a long time now. She's just another forgotten episode back in the Meiji epoch. My father, I think, still says prayers to her tablet. It's a delicate attention, isn't it, to apologize to a block of wood after the damage is done?

"He's an intellectual man, my father, and he belongs to what in France they would call the small nobility. He was one of the first Japanese of position to drop his prejudice and go in for money-making. The old nobility, you know, used to regard merchants as something lower than pawnbrokers. They say in Japan to-day that our last gentleman died when General Nogi committed seppuku, which you inaccurately call hara-kiri. But my father was very radical for a nobleman. He came to Boston nearly forty years ago, representing the silk industry; and there he met my mother.

"In Boston, you know, they are very fair-minded on the subject of race. My father became popular, and he met this pretty lady, whose parents had been abolitionists; they had filled her with romance about the dark-skinned races. The marriage was quite a natural thing; wasn't it?

"I remember my mother very slightly, because she died when I was a small boy. I have an impression of a colorless, sad woman who wore her Japanese clothes—well, you know how Japanese women look when they try to dress like Americans! It must have been a dog's life. She seemed always to have an apologetic look, because it's impossible for the white woman to carry chains gracefully as the Japanese women do.

"I don't want to give the impression that my father is a bad man. He merely lived the life which society required of him. Had he taken my mother with him to dinner parties he would have been regarded as insane. Public dinners are for gentlemen and for women hired to entertain them. Here in America you would not invite ladies to a prize fight, would you? It was no fault of my father's that the social system demanded that his wife should be left at home.

"It was many years after my mother died that I began to realize just what had killed her. It was what in Tokio they call matrimonial felicity and in Boston they call neglect.

"His social obligations kept him away from home most of the time. As ladies of quality were not allowed to appear at large public dinners, his feminine companions were naturally of the geisha class. If my mother had been head of her own household, as she would have been in America, it might not have been so trying. But there was always my honorable grandmother to rule the place with a rod of iron.

"It was the rod of iron and the cord of silk that killed my mother. Through the thin partitions of my bedroom I used to hear her crying in the night. Once I slid away the panel and crept in to her, and I heard her praying to a Christian God that she might die before another morning. My grandmother found me there and took care of me after that."

"You loved your mother a great deal?" asked Anna, touched and terrified.

"That, too, I cannot say. I loved her dearly as a child. Then as a boy of twenty, when I realized what I was and renounced my father, I harbored a certain bitterness toward her. She had been a partner in the plot to make me what I am."

His lank body drooped for just an instant, then he straightened up, a wild humor in his eyes.

"You remember the song of the soldiers, Am I a Man or Am I a Mouse? Certainly I am a bad job upon the face of the earth. My father sent me to the university, and I became addicted to the fashionable thing in socialism. The Japanese students didn't understand it, but they delighted in aping

(Continued on Page 63)

Measured Light Sells Goods

Imagine, if you can, trying to buy or sell goods without the yard, pound, bushel, quart or any other accurate unit of measurement! It seems almost impossible, yet merchants have until recently been compelled to make one of their most important purchases—*lighting*—without any guide except their own "judgment."

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Three ways to make your hosiery wear longer —

WHEN hosiery wears out quicker than it should, there are three reasons for it:

First: The fabric of the hosiery has been weakened in the process of dyeing, so that decay has started before you have worn the hosiery at all.

Second: The reinforcings at points of wear are not strong enough.

Third: The hosiery fits your feet too tightly.

Therefore, if you are to get maximum wear from your hosiery and keep its cost down, the following three things are necessary:

First: It must be dyed by a *harmless* process which does not affect the fabric. The Durham Hosiery Mills have perfected and are using such a process.

Second: The reinforcings at points of wear must be *stronger* than most reinforcings on hosiery. All Durable-DURHAM stockings and socks have this extra protection.

Third: The feet of the hosiery must be *full size*. There is no skimp in Durable-DURHAM sizes.

The most impressive proof of the superiority of Durable-DURHAM is the fact that it is the largest selling brand of hosiery in the world. When you wear it you will know why.

For Men, Women and Children

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DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY

DURHAM HOSIERY

Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

(Continued from Page 60)

the white man's spirit of unrest. We plotted toy revolutions among ourselves, and it was well that I joined myself to the scum of the earth, because my mixture of blood made me a despised thing.

"At last I cut away from my father. I have what you call a yellow streak, and it makes me hesitate upon decisions. But one night when I was a little drunker than usual I wrote him a letter and renounced all relationship to him. He had been married again, and had two sons by his Japanese wife, so you see it was easy enough for him to agree with me.

"And so my travels began," he concluded with a twisted smile. "I've been on the road to Nowhere ever since. Everything has its purpose on the face of the earth. Mine is to serve as an object lesson."

"You should think more of yourself," said Anna. "You have a fine mind, and all it needs is a sense of direction."

"You might as well say that I am a fine automobile, and all I need is a new engine. Do you know what Herbert Spencer said about me, possibly before I was born?"

"I can't imagine."

"He wrote a letter to a white man living in Japan and warned him against the intermarriage of whites and Japanese. Hybrids he said, are usually inferior. Nature rebels against bad mixtures of breed just as much in the human species as in the case of sheep or cattle. If you don't believe it, look at me."

"So you have decided to go wandering again," she mused after a kindly glance at the unsuccessful experiment.

"I have taken passage on the Shinyo Maru."

"When does it leave?"

"Next week."

"It may be a long time before we see each other again," said Anna when they were shaking hands.

"We shall never meet again," he declared. "I am returning to my father's country to start a revolution on Christian principles. Until we have ceased to worship the Emperor—a god of flesh—we can never hope to talk on equal terms with the modern world."

"Are you entirely satisfied with the modern world?" she asked.

"No. It has behaved very badly, but it has a hope." The prophetic look came back into his long face as he said: "If it could learn of Japan as Japan has learned of it!"

He stood there squinting his flat gray eyes and lingering over his final message.

"I have said too much about the faults of Japan. Let the Japanese in me speak about America. If you had studied my little half brothers instead of hating them you might know by now how to save the soil of California. Long hours, economical lives, safe investments—see how they have studied Poor Richard's Almanac while American labor has been joy-riding between radical meetings. The Japanese is not afraid to be poor a few years in order to be prosperous a long time. Perhaps the Japanese do not deserve a share of California, but you can't deny that they work for what they get."

Henry Johnson held out his hand, and all his elfin humor had returned.

"What a wonderful thrift-stamp campaigner I would make!" he grinned, and took his departure toward his shabby destiny.

XXXI

THE taxicab which was to bear them to the ferry was late, of course, and the trip down Market Street was embittered by Susan Skelley's dark predictions. Of course they'd lose the boat, she pointed out, and again they would be thrown upon the tender mercies of "thim dirty Chinees and thim winds that fair tear the hair off ye." To Susan every train was met on Friday the thirteenth and every railroad schedule was a book of evil tidings.

At the foot of Market Street the ferry clock assured them that it was a quarter to one, and they had time to spare; but the situation was complicated by Nan's getting herself lost in a press of pedestrians going in exactly the wrong direction. Susan effected a rescue, however, and two burly porters took charge of the family luggage.

Anna had seized hold of Kipps—the latter loudly protesting that he was too old to be treated like a baby—and Susan was convoying Nan through the jumbled, hurrying crowd, when Kipps stopped in his tracks, upsetting an Italian laborer and his magnificent blanket roll.

"You see not'ing where you go?" snarled the hot-blooded victim of Kipps' perversity, and Anna was formulating an apology when her attention was diverted by the boy's ear-splitting yell:

"Hello, Dunc! Here we are, Dunc! Aw, hur-ee up!"

Dunc Leacy, looking like a traveling millionaire in his sport coat and cap, was shouldering his way through the mob, and as he came up he winked at Kipps and roared: "Seems to me you're taking pretty poor care of your mother, sonny. Here's a hole in the air. Let me give you a lift, Nannie. There you are!"

That was all his explanation. Anna, torn between an impulse to run away and a desire to make her train, found herself submitting without a word to Dunc Leacy's uninvited management. In all the hurly-burly she had no time to ask how, when or why he had come. She satisfied herself with the sight of his broad shoulders, upon which Nan rode triumphant through the crowd. What a picture they made—the big, clean-looking man and her little girl, whose quiet beauty was always a joy!

He set his decorous burden down as soon as they had reached convenient benches in the waiting room upstairs, and all that time his face was a puzzle.

"Baggage all right, Anna?" he asked in his matter-of-fact tone.

"I don't know—please don't bother about it," she begged none too cordially.

"Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed in his usual self-disparagement.

Whereupon he strode among the throng and was gone in search of the porters. Anna was given little time to delve into the enigma of his presence when he came back smiling.

"How many pieces in your band wagon?" he asked cheerfully.

"Eleven," Kipps spoke up promptly.

"All right," he sang out; "the count's correct."

His eyes kept wandering wistfully over to Anna, but he seemed to find no responsive spark there, for he looked more serious when he asked: "What decided you to go all in a rush like this?"

"I didn't know that we were in a rush," she answered coolly.

"I've been scouring the town for you," he grunted. "I've exhausted all the registers in the big hotels and quizzed every living being that I thought would know anything about you. It wasn't till this morning that I got a trace."

"Where?" she asked in the same guarded tone.

"Baron Tazumi," said he, and his voice betrayed his dislike.

When Susan had led Kipps and Nan nearer to the big door which was soon to slide open she unbent sufficiently to ask: "Why did you want to see me now?"

"You stole away from Bly without a sign," he muttered. "I found the house gutted of furniture and a tribe of Japanese looking it over. It wasn't right to me, Anna. Why don't you ever tell me anything?"

She held her peace, and he went on: "Couldn't you at least have let me know you were going East so soon?"

"I might have," she agreed noncommitally.

"Anna, you've got to marry me," he said quietly.

"What?" she asked as if she hadn't heard.

"Marry me," he repeated distinctly, so distinctly that she was ashamed and looked away.

"It's too late to talk about that, Dunc."

"Why?"

"There are a great many reasons."

"What sort of reasons?"

"I'm going East in a very few minutes. I intend to stay there."

"Have you got your tickets?"

This seemed a sordid question to be thrown into his song of despair.

"Right here in my bag."

"You haven't any objection to my seeing them, have you?" he asked in a tone which savored of a command.

"Certainly not."

But she made no move toward her bag.

"There have been two or three schedule changes this week," he explained, holding out his hand. "It might be just as well if I looked them over."

She brought out a Southern Pacific envelope and permitted him to examine the accordion-plaited length of pasteboard and the brilliant paper coupons.

"I thought so!" he grunted, and dropped the envelope in his pocket.

"Anything wrong with them, Dunc?" she asked, made nervous by his manner.

"Wrong!"

His thick eyebrows gathered to a frown as he asked suddenly: "At least you'll permit me to see you to the train?"

"It's very kind of you, Dunc," she allowed. "Please tell me about those tickets."

"I'll have to straighten that business out," he answered gruffly. "You keep the party together and I'll take care of these things."

An instant later he disappeared down the steep stairway.

He had asked her to marry him! Realization of this came slowly to Anna's numbed senses. He had arrived too late with an avowal which a few weeks ago would have meant heaven to her. What had occurred to have brought him so suddenly to her feet? Had the black-eyed girl from Oroville refused him and sent him out into the world to seek what consolation he could find?

Anna's heart was still bitter with the things he had said and the looks he had given her at their angry parting. Even in her rage she saw his shining virtues, but they were tainted with faults she could never forgive. And he had, after taking a year of her heart, asked her to marry him!

Anna was wakened from her reverie by the urgent voice of Kipps:

"Moms, they're opening the door to the ferry!"

Plainly enough Anna could see the great door being rolled back majestically to reveal a wide passage through which travelers were crowding toward the one o'clock boat.

"We'll be late!" snarled Susan Skelley, taking a ghoulish delight in the evil prediction.

"What's holding us, moms?" Kipps was saying, but Anna stood irresolute.

"Mr. Leacy has taken the tickets somewhere to—oh, there he comes!"

A fawn-colored sporting overcoat could be seen among the throng. But as it came near Anna saw that it encased a stout gentleman of Teutonic cast.

"We'll miss the boat!" she lamented softly.

"Of coorse we will," agreed Susan almost cheerfully.

"Dunc's got the ticketa," decided Kipps. "and he'll make good all right. He always does."

The boyish faith apparently was built on sand. The crowd had passed through the broad door and thinned out alarmingly when Anna, after beseeching her little party to stay together, hurried downstairs to find the man who had never before proved false to his trust. Another crowd had formed in the waiting room below, but in all its varied costuming she could see nothing which resembled Dunc Leacy's vivid overcoat. What could have become of him?

Panic now claimed her for its own. The clock had just jumped its larger hand another space forward to point a minute before the hour of one. Anna stood irresolute, not knowing whether to take her family aboard the boat or to wait her chances here.

Somewhere a voice was chanting monotonously to warn the world that all should be aboard. Belated passengers were going at an undignified run toward the open door. Anna's eyes searched helplessly for any trace of Dunc Leacy. The stragglers passed in review.

At last two roustabouts on the lower level began sliding the big door back upon its lock. The minute hand had jumped to one o'clock. Out in the ferry slip a deep-throated whistle roared farewell.

Anna's party had missed the train, and it was Dunc Leacy's fault!

At that instant she caught sight of him through the steel-wire partition. A porter had just dumped the Bly baggage on the flagstones, and Dunc, jauntily puffing a cigarette, was handing a dollar bill to the obviously pleased menial. He paused for a moment to chat with the man and exchange a joke or two. It was plain to see that Dunc Leacy had not a worry in the world.

He came leisurely through the gate, his every movement expressing indifference to the passage of time. An indulgent smile was on his lips. He threw away his cigarette and removed his cap with a gesture which intimated that he was meeting her for the first time that day.

"Where have you been?" she asked rudely.

"Looking out for your baggage, Anna," he replied in an innocent tone. "I've got it all safe for you. You can count it."

(Continued on Page 65)

The
BELMONT
NEW YORK
One of the great Pershing Square Hotels
Under the Direction of
JOHN McE. BOWMAN President

OPPOSITE GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL

Hand your bag to the Red Cap and say "Belmont"

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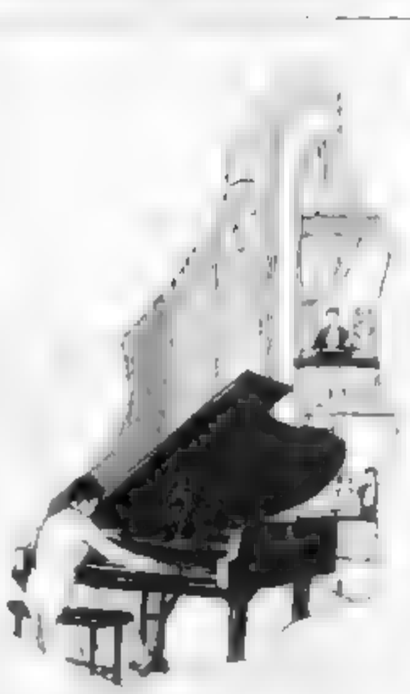
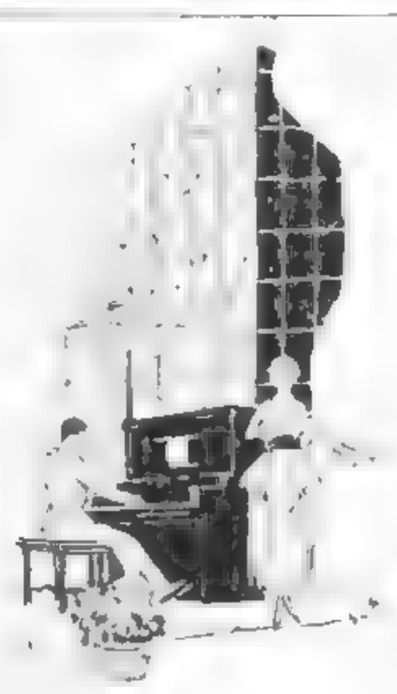
(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)



Leading Pianists' Playing Recorded on Player-Rolls

Play the classics in the style of famous pianists you have heard. A score of them have made roll-records of their playing for you to play on your Gulbransen. You may play them as the artist did, or modify them with your own interpretation. The result is a quality of music and character of performance that only the few accomplished pianists can equal.

With the Martin Method as taught on Gulbransen Instruction Rolls you can interpret the playing of these masters with most satisfying excellence.



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Meet John Martin—Master of the Player-Piano

(NOW ON RECITAL TOUR)

YOU will find him a plain, unassuming business man. Yet how he does pull your heart strings with his music! How is it that a man without musical training can play so enchantingly?

Three years ago Mr. Martin was like a million or so other business men. Successful, overworked. Finally his health was impaired. He retired. His physician advised him to make music his recreation, because he got so much fun out of his player-piano

Business Methods Applied to Learning to Play

Like a good business man, Mr. Martin was not content to do anything indifferently. He must play better! Slowly he developed a *method* of playing. There was none to be bought or learned; he had to create one. And the results amazed everyone. Incidentally, his health is restored.

It was on a Gulbransen Player-Piano that Mr. Martin learned to play and developed his method. So we persuaded him to devote a year to concert and instruction tours for us. He is appearing in nearly 200 cities, under the auspices of the Gulbransen Dealer in each city.

At these Gulbransen recitals, critics have set difficult tasks for Mr. Martin to equal, selecting compositions supposed to show the "limitations" of the player-piano. And they are dumfounded at his skill and the simple method behind it. You should hear him.

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Learn from John Martin His Player-Piano Method

Mr. Martin not only explains his method at these recitals, and plays for your enjoyment—he shows how anybody can learn to play as well as he, with the Gulbransen Instruction Rolls prepared by him.

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If you already own a Gulbransen or some other player-piano, you may secure the entire course for $15.00. Ask the Gulbransen Dealer in your locality about these rolls and when Mr. Martin will appear. You can locate the dealer's store by the "Baby at the Pedals" in his window. Or write us.

Nationally Priced

Gulbransen Player-Pianos, three models all playable by hand or by roll, are sold at the same prices to everybody, everywhere in the United States, freight and war tax paid. Price, branded in the back of each instrument at the factory, now includes six instruction rolls (Martin Method) and our authoritative book on home entertaining and music study with the Gulbransen.

White House Model $750 **Country Seat Model $660**
Suburban Model $595

GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON CO., 3232 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago

(Continued from Page 63)

Indeed he indicated the extensive pile jumbled against the wire partition.

"I see you have," she agreed.

"I've been engaging porters in two shifts to look out for it. Watch on, watch off."

"What for?" she asked sharply.

"Well, you see there are a great many pieces. I often wonder why people need so much baggage."

A great silence had fallen over the station. There were no more passengers to clamor round the big door. The newly arrived crowd had settled on the benches to wait. The gate was tight shut on all chances of making the one-o'clock boat, which was to meet the East-bound train. At the head of the stairs Anna could see Kipps coming down to impart the news she already knew too well.

"You've made us miss our train!" cried Anna.

"I thought I would," said Dunc, and his words came like a sigh.

"Dunc Leacy, I know you're not stupid enough to make a mistake like this. Just what are you trying to do?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" he asked with a certain childish sweetness.

"I think I deserve an explanation."

"Oh, that's easy enough," he smiled. "I'm keeping you in San Francisco."

Color surged in Anna's cheeks; she couldn't speak.

"You've got to give me a chance to talk to you," he declared, and he wore the look of a man who would not be denied.

XXXII

JUST what happened in the hours directly following the train-losing episode neither Kipps nor Susan Skelley could make out. Dunc Leacy's stocks went down several points in Kipps' regard, but they could suffer such a depression and still remain above par. The boy had the feeling which had once tortured him when the New York Giants fell in their final struggle for the pennant. They couldn't be great all the time, and they would come up better than ever upon their next trial.

Susan Skelley rode silently back to the Royalmere. Dunc's behavior merely strengthened her theory that all Californians were more or less insane. She felt, too, that "thim Chinees" were lurking somewhere behind the fiasco. Worse than that, Susan was far from approving her mistress' behavior, for the Blys had scarcely finished their luncheon when Anna Bly, quite without explanation, went forth to spend the afternoon in Dunc Leacy's car!

Anna, true to her appointment to talk it out with Dunc Leacy, was almost as much at sea as Kipps and Susan. She stepped into the he-man's car feeling that she should have been very angry, which she was not. He had tricked her shamelessly, to be sure; but he carried it off with such a high hand that Anna, seated silently beside his busy wheel, had scarce passed ten city blocks when she began to think that he had done nothing more than exercise his just authority.

It was a beautiful afternoon, mild and sweet. There was more languor in the air than is customary in a city where trade winds blow to stimulate more trade. As the car rolled merrily up the Sutter Street grade Anna could see San Francisco's happy polyglots—Japanese, Italians, Germans, Greeks—gazing dreamily from the windows of their shops. Little girls of every nationality but American played hop-scotch on the sidewalks; their brothers risked their necks on scooters and bicycles coasting down the steep hills.

The man and woman said very little during that westward drive. His clear gray eyes, glued on the road ahead, seemed lost in speculation. She wanted to ask him what he was thinking about to bring that softened look into his rugged face.

When they had passed the cemetery wall at the top of the grade he turned. At California Street they turned again to the west. And now they were speeding between long rows of pretty houses, each with its garage door facing on the street to make it look like a diminutive fire station. She caught a glimpse of a white façade with prettily curtained windows, and in the glimpse she remembered the Korean woman who had summoned her in the fear that all Tazumi's household might be slain. She wondered if Miss Kim would remain all her little life in that pretty jail.

The road sank into a winding boulevard between handsome houses which clung like fish hawks' nests on the cliffs above the sea. The Pacific! How graciously it feathered its tide against purple rocks upon which the sun, already filmed by low-lying fog, displayed its broad benevolence.

The shaggy hills of the Presidio lay before them, rich and rugged like one of old Leonardo's splendid backgrounds. The steep promontory was a tumbled mass of wind-blown cypress, of brown shrubs and of silvery wild grass which rippled in imitation of the sea below. Hills that in spring had been glorious with blue iris and yellow lupine were now the color of softly burnished metal—old gold, old silver, old copper. Up the tortuous road they wound, up between wind-twisted trees and shrubs.

At the very summit, just at the point where the road seems to hang like a wind-blown streamer above the racing waves, Dunc Leacy stopped his car and said, "There's a place up there where we can be out of the wind."

She followed submissively until he had found a hollow sweet with grasses a few yards above the road. From that quiet vantage the eye could look far out to sea along the sparkling procession, hurrying forever toward the sunset. Above their heads the ugly snout of a great gun pointed across the Pacific. Out of the mist a graceful steamer, black of hull and white of superstructure, was cleaving the waves toward the Golden Gate. On her smokestacks the insignia of a Japanese line could be discerned.

Anna sat for a long time, wondering if Dunc would ever speak, and if so what his first words woud be.

"Anna," he said at last, "do you really want to go away from all this?"

"It isn't what I want," she answered without looking at him. "My life hasn't been guided by that."

"Do you think it was honest to go without telling me?"

"Honest?" She looked at him now, and was uncertain as to the motive of his question as she added, "What you did at the station wasn't exactly puritanical, I should say."

"Perhaps not." He looked out to sea and seemed to be thinking that point over. "I'm a business man, Anna, and when it's a matter of collecting a bill I take the best practical means."

She turned in amazement to encounter that same odd look.

"I suppose you've forgotten, Anna, how much you owe me," he said gruffly.

"Far from it," she replied. "I owe you a great many favors. I don't want you to think I've forgotten them. If you want a brokerage for your share in saving my crop ——"

"Holy snakes!" he bellowed. "I've forgotten all about that! You owe me a lot more than that, Anna!"

"If you're a business man," she said, "why not be more specific?"

"Do you remember a bet we once made?"

Anna had not forgotten, but she must be reminded.

"You remember," he persisted, "that I bet you would agree with me about the Japanese? The terms, as I recall them, were a carload of asparagus against ——"

"How do you know I agree with you about the Japanese?" she temporized.

"Do you still think they're a maligned and persecuted race?"

She made no reply.

"Do you still think they're a blessing to the state of California?" he asked insistently. She remained silent, her eyes on the light buoy far below.

"Because if you do," he urged, "you'd better give me your address so that I can have the grass shipped to you."

"I don't want asparagus—as much as that," she whispered.

In an instant the winner was collecting his bet. He took a long time to it, and—to be candid—he collected usuriously, for Anna, as we must recall, had staked one kiss—no more—against Dunc Leacy's vegetables.

But now the hour had struck, and Anna Bly clung to the man she had wanted without admitting her want.

"I've loved you so!" he kept repeating.

"Dunc, my dear boy, why didn't you ever tell me this before?"

The question brought him back to earth long enough to give her a puzzled look as he asked, "Haven't I?"

"Dunc, dear, there were a hundred times when I could have cried on your shoulder and begged you to take me away!"

"Is that so?"

"Come on in!
The Robe is Fine!"
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Chase Plush Robes are different. They are made like the coats of hair on Arctic animals—cold winds are deflected—comfort is assured.
You and your friends may guard against the chilling winds, and possibly serious illness, by using cozy, durable, beautifully different Chase Plush Robes—the vogue of today.
Chase Plush Robes, famous since 1867, are sold by the leading stores. Ask for them!
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Made with reinforcements of fine, washable leather at the hard wear spots—seat, knees, elbows and pockets—Jack O'Leather can stand twice as much wear as the usual all-wool suit. Consequently there are just half as many suits to be bought.

And these smart, well-tailored suits keep their lines splendidly—no sagging or bulging here. The style lines are stitched in to stay.

Less patching, fewer suits, more wear and better looks. All this because of the exclusive Jack O'Leather feature—leather reinforcements—our patented idea.

The Jack O'Leather store in your town is now featuring the new fall and winter suits for boys of 6 to 18 years.

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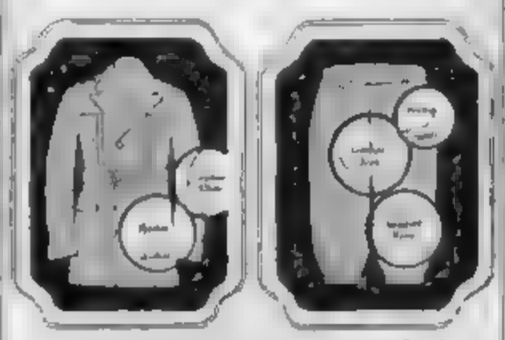
Write us for a free sample of the leather that lines the seat, knees, elbows and pockets of Jack O'Leather Suits (see diagrams below). This sample will show you just what we mean by "soft, pliable, real leather." It's like a piece of chamois. Drop a post card to our address today.



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He stared at her, quite apparently astounded at this piece of news.

"I haven't any parlor tricks, Anna," he said at last. "I'm a blundering jackass when it comes to saying the things a man ought to say to a lady. But I thought you understood. Somehow or other I was conceited enough to think we'd settled something between us."

Her hand went over to his, because his look had become sad as his eyes followed the sparkling procession of waves.

"You've never told me, Dunc," she whispered. "What's been the trouble?"

"I've been pretty close to the rocks myself, Anna."

"Dunc!"

He pulled his cap over his ears and clapped a palm down on his knee as he always did before an argument.

"I'm a business man, Anna—a business man and an engineer. I don't suppose you know what I've been up against down there on the island. All the time I was hanging round your farm the worry was driving me distracted."

"Poor Dunc!" she said, and stroked his capable hand, wondering what could have kept him aloof so long.

"Every time I came over to Bly I was on the point of asking you. Then the hard fact would show up and come between you and me. I realized how things stood. It would have been a crime to have asked you to marry a bankrupt."

"Why, Dunc, you are celebrated all over the state as the most progressive farmer on the delta!"

"That's it. I got proud and haughty about my reputation, and wanted to own the earth. I bought out nine hundred acres of pear orchard on the other side of the island. I've mortgaged my crop three years now to hang on.

"It would have been an easy deal to swing if it hadn't been for labor—that's what's been gouging me blind. This year I saw myself going under and under. Then luck struck again."

"You got your money back on crops?" she asked.

"No, real estate. Do you remember the time I took a trip to Mr. Bowen's place in Oroville?"

How well Anna remembered it! In her heart she was resolved never to let him know how jealous she had been, but she allowed herself to inquire: "You mean the time you went to see the father of that girl with the black eyes?"

"The girl with the black eyes? Oh, yes," he acknowledged, dismissing Miss Bowen forever. "Anyhow, I got rid of half my pear orchards at double their original price. Bowen and I closed last week. I'd hardly got his check in my pocket before I streaked it to see you."

"You wouldn't have sold to the Japanese, would you?" she questioned, looking guiltily into his eyes.

"No, dear girl."

"And you still blame me for the way—the way I took a bribe from the Mikado, as you'd say?"

"I was a fool to be cross with you about that. But when I met you that morning my hopes were higher than the moon. All the way down from Oroville I was working on a plan to take your place over and make it pay.

"We could have stuck it out together, Anna. But I see the fix you were in. How could you have understood the game as I did?"

He paused as though the question had suggested the one that followed.

"Say, Anna, what was Tazumi's share in that transaction?"

"I don't think he was directly responsible for getting me out of Bly," said Anna. "I—I had a long talk with him the other day. He's doing business under the name of K. Sato, you know."

"That's the general opinion," admitted Dunc. "But don't hold that against him. Titled men of every race use obscure family names for business."

"I wanted to see Sato about the preacher at Bly. So I wrote a letter to K. Sato, and who should call but Baron Tazumi."

"One of these unofficial official calls. What did he say?"

"Dunc, I have detested Tazumi for a long time. I've never told you this—how could I? But Tazumi wanted me to marry him, and once—once—oh, Dunc!"

She hid her frightened eyes against his shoulder and heard him say, "You almost gave in, didn't you, Anna?"

"God must have saved me from it," she replied. "A Korean woman told me enough to open my eyes. I hoped never to see him again. But after I had talked with him the other day I didn't know what to think. We discussed his religion and mine. He didn't try to be smooth or elusive or diplomatic. I don't believe anybody could have been more candid."

"What did he say?" repeated Dunc Leacy.

"He said he was sorry about the trouble on my farm, and that he would have made things easier for me if I had told him. He said that all the Bly region had to be Japanese; that my farm was a keystone to an arch of land that had to be held solidly together. He said that the Japanese were moving in America, just as they were moving in Manchuria and Siberia, to gain control of the land that was to make them a great people upon earth. He said that he, as Tazumi, was merely an agent in the hands of a divine power.

"Dunc," went on Anna, "you should have been there to feel as I did about Tazumi. It didn't seem to be the talk of a small man clattering off a lot of propaganda he had learned by heart. He hasn't any of our standards, either moral or social. But according to his own standards he's a very noble gentleman. It's not money for himself or power for himself that he wants. He's giving his life for an ideal just as surely as the little Awagas are doing the same thing in their shabby church at Bly."

"What did he say when you asked him to save the Awagas?"

"He said he'd use all his influence to help them," replied Anna. "And, Dunc, do you know, I think he'll keep his word?"

Leacy sat, his hands clasped across his knees, and indulged himself in reflection.

"I often think," he concluded, "that Tazumi's a pretty big man."

They were sitting close together in the cup of a high hill, the deep Pacific swelling below like an enchanted arch between Orient and Occident.

"Dunc," said Anna out of the silence, "I lived with Alec over eight years. We must have been very close together."

"Eight years is a long time," he replied.

"And yet—I hope it isn't wrong for me to ask it. But why is it that I feel this way toward you, Dunc? I'm almost thirty. I've lived a lifetime already, and loved another man as much as I thought I could love anybody. Why is it I have the feeling of something new and wonderful in the world? How am I able to love you more than anybody—anybody I have ever known?" Tears filled her eyes; her voice was very low.

"It's because we're grown up, Anna," her lover said. "You've got to know life to know love."

Gazing over the sparkling waters, Anna wondered if Zudie, soon to be happy on the other side of the world, knew what life is. The wind was dying with the afternoon, and a splendid peace had settled over the Presidio hills.

A hot edge of the sun had already cut its way into the thin line of violet mist lying across the westward ocean.

"Isn't it strange?" said Anna dreamily. "When the sun is setting in America it is just rising in Japan."

"That's a beautiful idea," muttered Dunc Leacy. "There's something terrible about it too."

XXXIII

ANNA did go East after all, but it was on her wedding trip. When they came back to take up their home in the colonial house on the island the rainy season had set in; but the showers were intermittent, and California newspapers were already lamenting the shortage.

During one of the bright weeks between rains Dunc and Anna drove along the concrete road through the twisted streets of Bly. The change in the town was not obvious at first; it required careful inspection to see that all the signs on the stores were now in Japanese. A fat Japanese, plainly the proprietor, stood blinking on the steps of the grocery which had so recently held the defiant sign of Henry Ward. Anna wondered just what riotous scenes had preceded Mr. Ward's capitulation.

Dunc Leacy slowed down in front of the Japanese Methodist Church. A little woman in a prim tailor-made suit had just come out of the door and was walking mincingly round the corner. She did not recognize Anna, who gave a thankful sigh at the sight of Mrs. Awaga, still holding her own.

"Want to go in?" asked the bridegroom of his bride.

"No, dear. But you see that Tazumi kept his word."

"If he'd been working for a white man I wonder if he'd have kept it as well," suggested Dunc.

"Hush, hush, Jap hater!" cautioned the bride, giving her he-man an affectionate slap on the elbow.

As they were passing what had once been the Bly property Dunc slowed up again. Plowing between rows of naked trees, they saw Mr. Shimba, Esq.

He seemed to have grown a little stouter; and as he recognized his former half sharer he removed his battered straw hat and grinned from ear to ear.

"How nice for you!" he cooed and hissed several times. "Everything deliciously O.K. inside this ranch."

"And how is Mrs. Shimba?" asked Anna, curious to know how that venture had turned out.

"Ah, you look see how nice!"

Shimba waved a horny hand toward a little dumpy figure, bending laboriously over a hoe. Beside the woman stood a perambulator from whose depths a feeble wail proclaimed that heaven had smiled very promptly upon the house of Shimba.

(THE END)

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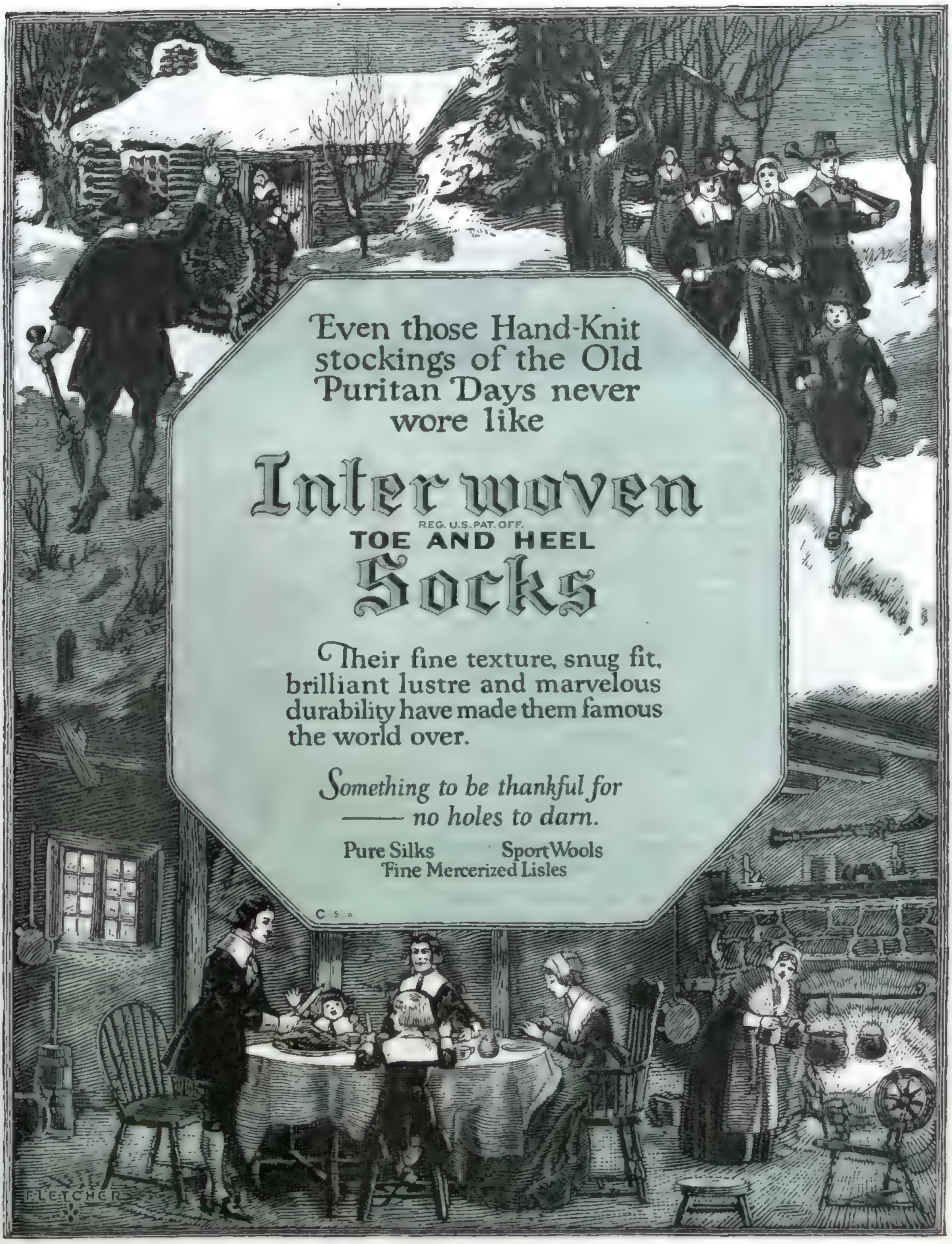
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THE WHISKERED FOOTMAN

(Continued from Page 21)

"All the same it's a comedown for a gentleman like you," she added.

The door opened. Neither of them perceived it. Pansy stood on the threshold. In her hand she carried a blue hat.

"Nothing that brings me nearer to you can be a comedown," said Antony with a splendid and impassioned air.

Pansy shut the door and went away. She carried with her the blue hat and an uncommonly vivid impression of Antony's splendid and impassioned air.

Poppy paused, gazing at him with shining eyes. For the while she had quite forgotten Mr. Bracket and the lure of Bootle. Then she said: "I've never known anyone talk like you, Mr. Hambleton—only in novelettes and books—the heroes, you know. I didn't suppose they did. But I suppose it is the way they talk in the highest circles."

"I'm hanged if it is!" cried Antony, falling to a sudden naturalness at the amazing suggestion. "You wait till you hear my Uncle Egbert talk! He's coming to tea this afternoon."

"Goodness! Is Lord Branksome your uncle?" cried Poppy in immense surprise as Antony made a gigantic leap in her estimation. "Fancy Mr. Bracket's never telling me that! If only pa knew!"

"Doesn't he?" said Antony, surprised in his turn as it flashed on him that he had failed to use a great advantage in his matrimonial enterprise.

"No, and he mustn't be told either. It would take all the romanticness out of it."

"Um! Do you think it's quite fair to him not to tell him?" said Antony doubtfully.

"Of course it is," said Poppy with decision. "And after all you never know how pa will take anything."

"Then perhaps we'd better keep it as a pleasant surprise for him after we're married," said Antony, readily accepting her guidance in the matter.

"Married? How you do go on, Mr. Hambleton!" she cried.

The door opened. Anderson came in quickly. Antony was between his eyes and Poppy. He began: "Oh, here you are, sir. I'm afraid ——"

He stopped short as Antony, turning to him, disclosed Poppy.

"It's all right, Anderson. Miss Briggs knows who I am. Fire away," said Antony.

"I'm afraid there's no getting out of His Lordship's seeing you, sir. Mr. Briggs has given orders that both you and Symons are to wait at tea," said Anderson.

"That's a nuisance! Uncle Egbert is such a fool!" said Antony, frowning.

"He'll never recognize you in those clothes," said Poppy confidently.

"He might. Fools always show a little intelligence when you don't want them to. And if he does he'll blurt it out to a dead certainty. He goes about the world burning to inquire after his confounded five hundred," said Antony.

"If he does there'll be no holding pa. At present you're just like a red rag to a bull to him. What a scene there'll be! And what Lady Branksome will think I can't imagine!" cried Poppy in a lively consternation.

"I've never known Aunt Clementine to think anything at all, so there's no need to worry about that," said Antony more cheerfully.

"Forewarned is forearmed," said Anderson sententiously. "If we know that a sudden emergency is likely to be sprung on us, sir, we shall be ready to meet it. We can think out ways."

"The only way I can think of is to throttle your excited papa before his astonished guests," said Antony to Poppy cheerfully.

"No, you mustn't lay a hand on pa," said Poppy in the tone of one who recognizes the excellence of the method but cannot approve its use.

"Your word is law to me," said Antony with a splendid air.

A curious scuffling noise drew their eyes to the window. There entered Mr. Briggs, his right hand gripping Priscilla's right arm, his left hand gripping the waisthand of his trousers. Priscilla's hat was crooked on her head, but her mien was unruffled. She appeared rather interested than excited. Mr. Briggs' face rivaled the reddest carapace of any lobster ever boiled, and his eyes seemed to be sticking out of his head in the true lobstrous fashion.

Antony made one step toward Mr. Briggs, and—Poppy or no Poppy—would then and there have laid a hand, and a violent hand, on him had not Anderson caught his arm and stayed him.

"Steady, sir! Leave it to me," he said sharply.

"I've caught 'er!" said Mr. Briggs in a voice of breathless triumph.

He loosed Priscilla, who calmly shook out her skirt, straightened her hat, patted her hair, turned to him and observed quietly: "You red-faced old pig!"

"Who's this little girl? What's she been doing, pa?" said Poppy sharply.

"Trespassin'—in the 'ome wood—walkin' about as bold as brass. I caught sight of 'er from me bedroom winder, an' I'd just taken orf me trousies, an' I pulls them on agin—drippin' as they was—an' I run like an 'are, I did. I didn't stop to fasten me braces—I 'adn't time—an' I caught 'er!" said Mr. Briggs, panting like a starting locomotive.

Priscilla rubbed her right arm gently, and said coldly: "And why shouldn't I walk about the home wood, you red-faced old pig?"

"The magistrates—will tell you—why," panted Mr. Briggs.

"I walked about it whenever I wanted to last time I stayed at Branksome."

"And this time you'll be prosecuted—for trespassin'," panted Mr. Briggs, and with unaffected simplicity he began to attach his suspenders to his trousers.

Anderson stepped forward and said coldly: "I'm afraid, sir, if you'll excuse my saying so, that you've gone and put your foot in it badly. This young lady is the favorite niece of His Lordship and related to half the chief people in the county."

Mr. Briggs ceased completing his toilet, turned and gazed at him somewhat blankly.

"What's that you say?" he said sharply.

"Miss Priscilla is a niece of His Lordship and related to half the chief people in the county," said Anderson yet more distinctly.

The fierce triumph faded from Mr. Briggs' face, and he said in a tone of great uneasiness: "She is, is she?"

He looked at Priscilla, and a sudden dread dawned in his eyes. They began to retire a little into their sockets. Priscilla was looking at Anderson. The sight of him in Mr. Briggs' drawing-room was a great surprise; his statement that she was Lord Branksome's favorite niece an even greater, though it was possible that she would assume that position if ever Lord Branksome made her acquaintance.

"She is, sir. And nothing puts up the county's back like anyone's meddling with one of themselves. And Miss Priscilla is a general favorite," said Anderson in incisive tones.

"'Ow was I to know that? 'Ow was I to know who she was? The moment I catches 'old of 'er I arsks 'er for 'er name an' address, an' the young 'uss—the young lady, I mean—ups an' tells me to go 'ome and wash me face an' put it in a paper bag," said Mr. Briggs in an injured tone.

"Yes, sir. She would, sir. She's a very high-spirited young lady. The aristocracy are like that," said Anderson.

"An' orl I done was to make 'er come along er me ter The Towers till she give me 'er name an' address," said Mr. Briggs in a rising whine as his sense of injury grew keener.

"You had no business to lay a finger on her, sir," said Anderson severely.

"Why not? I'm a landed proprietor, ain't I?" said Mr. Briggs with some heat.

"Yes, sir. But these high-handed ways are all very well in Bootle—with factory girls and such people. But they won't do with the aristocracy, sir. They really won't. You'll be years living down this business, sir—years. Even His Lordship's influence, supposing he could be induced to exercise it—which I very much doubt—would be of very little use in a case like this," said Anderson in tones of the coldest severity.

"Uncle Egbert will be furious," said Priscilla with a confidence for which her ignorance of her noble relative's disposition gave her very slight grounds.

"If you will go and behave like a bull in a china shop, pa, it's only what you've got to expect," said Poppy with filial clear-sightedness.

Mr. Briggs had fairly wilted. He looked like a lobster which has made a stay of several days on a third-rate fishmonger's marble slab. But he recovered enough of his manliness to observe to his daughter: "Oh, shut your head!"

Then he looked helplessly round the room, and said bitterly: "This is wot comes of not knowin' the ropes, 'Ere, Anderson." He moved across the room to the door and stopped. Anderson came to him. "You gotter get me outer this," he said in a low, confidential, imploring tone. "I can't 'ave the show bust up for a trifle like this arter orl the brass I've spent on it. Wot's to be done?"

Anderson's eyes suddenly shone, but he said solemnly: "It's no trifle, sir—believe me." Then assuming an expression of profound reflection, he added: "I think I might be able to persuade the young lady to let the matter drop—to say nothing to her people about it in fact—for something in the way of a—a trinket—a necklace, say—yes, a pearl necklace—not an expensive one, of course, sir—a hundred guineas should buy the very thing."

"A hundred guineas!" cried Mr. Briggs so shrilly that it was fortunate that Priscilla was busily engaged in receiving amiably Poppy's apologies. "Not me! Why, I've smacked an imperent 'ussy's face, an' smacked it 'ard, in Bootle, for saying a damn sight less than what that young limb said to me about washin' me face—an' ten shillin's was every penny it cost me!"

Anderson drew himself up very stiffly, and said coldly: "Very good, sir. This isn't Bootle. But, of course, it's for you to say, sir."

"I wish it was Bootle!" said Mr. Briggs fiercely. Then the fight went out of him, and he added with a groan: "Oh, square 'er, damn it! Square 'er!"

"Very good, sir," said Anderson without elation.

Anderson went up to Priscilla with the grave and important air of a plenipotentiary to find her regarding Antony, who was frowning at her, with her mouth a trifle open and lending but an inattentive ear to the excuses Poppy was making for her impetuous sire.

"If you please, miss," said Anderson, "Mr. Briggs wishes me to express his regret that he acted so hastily in his ignorance of who you were."

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"I should think he did act hastily!" said Priscilla, observing that though Anderson's face was grave his eyes were dancing with a mischievous glee.

"And he suggests that I should discuss the question of compensation with you over some tea and cakes in the morning room in a friendly way. The chef's cakes are excellent, miss—better than any you can get in a London shop," said Anderson; and Priscilla fancied that, had his respect for her permitted, he would have winked at her.

Priscilla's haughty air of a grievously offended young lady of good family vanished wholly; and moving toward the door, she said in the friendliest tones: "All right, Anderson. Tea sounds very nice—and so does compensation." She paused on her way to the door and said in an uncommonly incisive tone to Mr. Briggs, who had stepped gloomily aside to let her pass: "All the same, cakes or no cakes, I'll bite you next time—so there! I would have done it this time, only I never thought of it."

"There won't be any next time," said Mr. Briggs bitterly.

"There better hadn't be," said Priscilla darkly.

Anderson opened the door, she went through it, and he followed her.

In the hall she said to Anderson: "I say, don't you let Antony get at me. If he does I shall get into trouble about telling that red-faced old pig to go home and wash his face and put it in a paper bag."

"Very good, miss. Come in here," said Anderson, and he ushered her into the red morning room.

It was of a redness to wake in anyone who used it for half an hour in the morning a combative spirit of a fierceness to last the rest of the day. The pictures were of Oriental scenes, chosen for their redness, and Mr. Briggs had had the happy idea of getting masterpieces with plenty of blood in them to match the coloring of the room. In one there were two decapitated corpses; in another three; in a third Salome held the head of John the Baptist on a bloody charger; in a fourth Judith held a dripping blade just withdrawn from Holofernes' bleeding breast. Every figure that could bleed freely was bleeding freely. It was indeed a room to begin the day in.

"Golly, but these are pictures!" said Priscilla in a tone of hushed but profound admiration as she looked round the walls.

"They're a trifle too bizarre for my taste, but I thought you'd like them, miss," said Anderson in a pleased voice.

"I do," said Priscilla, and it was plain that the words came from her heart.

While she studied the masterpieces with a loving eye which missed none of their more thrilling details he rang the bell and ordered Symons, who answered it, to bring tea and the four kinds of cakes in which from their appearance he judged that the chef most excelled.

Symons went, and Priscilla said: "I could spend hours looking at these pictures."

"There's no need for you to hurry away, miss," said Anderson, and he plunged into the matter of the pearl necklace.

XIII

WHEN the door closed behind Priscilla and Anderson, Poppy said in filial tones: "Well, I hope you're satisfied now, pa." Mr. Briggs did not look satisfied, and he did not say that he was satisfied. He thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and with hunched shoulders walked toward the window.

"Perhaps it'll be a lesson to you not to go dragging young ladies about," Poppy continued.

Mr. Briggs did not say that it would be a lesson to him; he did not say that it would not. He said "Ow, shut it!" and went through the window.

Poppy turned to Antony and said: "Sometimes pa is really too aggravating. He was always getting into trouble in Bootle, even when he was in quite a small way of business, because he would act as if the whole place belonged to him; and now he's acting just the same in the country. I always say it's his Irish blood."

For all his approved hardihood, Antony quivered. But he said in soothing tones: "Probably he feels that it does belong to him. If I know anything of my Uncle Egbert he's let The Towers to him at a thundering big rent."

"Ah, well, pa can afford to pay it," said Poppy calmly. She paused, and added: "If His Lordship does let out that it's you at tea it doesn't look as if you'd be long at The Towers."

"It doesn't," said Antony, "so I haven't any time to lose. They interrupted us just as I was going to tell you that I find it utterly impossible to go on living without you."

"Oh, Mr. Hambleton, you're joking!" cried Poppy.

"I was never more serious in my life It's absolutely impossible. You don't know what I've gone through during the last fortnight while I was waiting for my whiskers to grow. It has been a hell on earth," said Antony in fervid accents.

"Has it now?" said Poppy, flushing as her eyes began to shine with pleasure.

"Absolutely!" said Antony with passionate conviction. "And now that I've seen you again it will be ten times worse—hopeless—intolerable. I realize that it can't go on. If it does I shall go mad."

"Oh, no, not mad!" cried Poppy.

"I shall! You're one of those women those siren women—who madden men absolutely," cried Antony, and he made two quick steps toward her, caught her in his arms and kissed her.

She struggled to escape, but with no great vigor. She was not of an upbringing or class which attaches great importance to kisses. He kissed her again.

"We must get out of this. You must run away with me," he said, and kissed her again.

"How you do carry one off one's feet!" cried Poppy.

"That's all right. I'm going to carry you away with me this very night!"

"B-b-but that's eloping, and nobody elopes nowadays," objected Poppy.

"Don't they? There are more elopements nowadays than ever there were. There are more people to elope—and we're two of them," cried Antony, and he kissed her.

"Fancy me eloping!" said Poppy.

"Say you'll come," said Antony tenderly.

The big front door bell of The Towers clanged loudly.

"That's Lord and Lady Branksome. I must go and tidy myself. Loose me!" cried Poppy, struggling in earnest to get free.

"Say you'll come!" cried Antony, holding her tighter.

"Oh, Mr. Hambleton, I don't know what to say!" she murmured.

"Say 'Yes, Tony,'" he said softly, kissing her again.

"Yes, Tony," she said faintly.

He kissed her and said: "Right, dear angel! Meet me on the south veranda—whether I'm recognized or not—at half past nine, and we'll catch the ten o'clock train to town. It's quite all right. I've got a special license. We'll rouse up a parson and get married as soon as we get there. He kissed her again, added "At half past nine on the south veranda," and loosed her.

She ran through the window, crying over her shoulder "Oh, you do carry one off one's feet!" and vanished.

Antony heaved a deep sigh and murmured: "And that's that, as Shakspere so often remarked. She is a dear, though."

Then he straightened his tie and moved majestically toward the door. It opened in his face to admit Lord and Lady Branksome.

"I'll tell Mr. Briggs that you're here, M'Lord," said Anderson, who had ushered them into the room, and he made room for Antony to pass him.

Antony slipped behind Lord Branksome's back unnoticed, and Anderson shut the door. Lord and Lady Branksome stood stock-still, staring round the room, a little dazzled by its blasting blue.

Then Lord Branksome said in a tone in which admiration and wonder were neatly blended: "Hang it all, that low ruffian has brightened up this dingy old room! It always used to give me the blues."

"Yes, Egbert," said Lady Branksome, sitting down on the nearest couch and assuming a very stiff, upright attitude.

She was a tall, square woman, with pale-blue eyes, pale-fair hair and pale-pink lips. She wore an expression of the most amiable insipidity, and was dressed in an elaborate frock and hat of a pale blue which gave that insipidity its full value.

"No half measures about it," Lord Branksome continued in a tone of warm approval. "New carpet, new wall paper, new curtains, the furniture recovered and regilded—and new pictures."

(Continued on Page 72)

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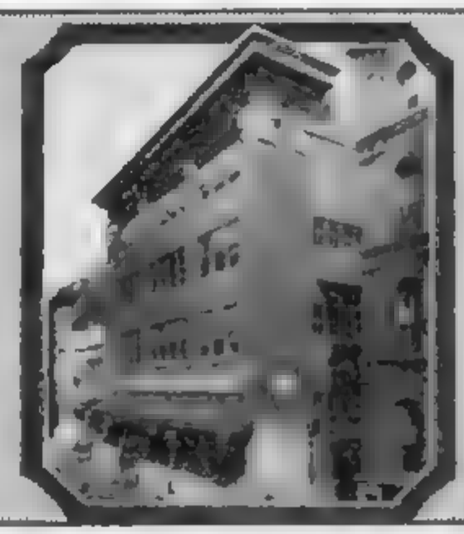

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"Yes, Egbert," said Lady Branksome.

Lord Branksome walked round the room looking at the pictures. He stopped dead before the picture of the sheep.

"I say, look at these sheep! That's what I call a picture!" he said with the air of a connoisseur and in a tone of genuine enthusiasm

"Yes, Egbert," said Lady Branksome.

"I never saw such intelligent sheep!" he cried with swelling enthusiasm. "I'm hanged if you couldn't teach them tricks—to sit up and beg and that kind of thing!"

"Yes, Egbert," said Lady Branksome.

Of a sudden Lord Branksome's face darkened. He snatched at his watch, tore it from his pocket, glanced at the dial and cried: "Here! I say! Where is the low ruffian? Why isn't he here? What's he keepin' me waitin' for? When I agreed to take him up on condition he took The Towers I didn't bargain for this kind of thing. Impudence, I call it—impudence!"

"Yes, Egbert," said Lady Branksome.

"What is he doin'?" cried Lord Branksome on a shriller note of exasperation.

"I don't know, Egbert," said Lady Branksome.

"Of course you don't! You never do!" cried Lord Branksome with a bitterness born of forty years' experience.

"Yes, Egbert," said Lady Branksome.

"I say no!" roared Lord Branksome with the most violent ferocity.

"No, Egbert," said Lady Branksome.

The door opened, and Mr. Briggs entered, beaming, in a tweed suit on which, had there not been too many black and grayish yellow squares, friends accompanying him on a railway journey could have played chess with fair-sized chessmen.

"Ah, here you are, are you?" said Lord Branksome in a tone of cold menace, scowling horribly at him.

"Here I am," said Mr. Briggs cheerily, beaming unabashed, as he seized the heated peer's unresponsive hand and wrung it warmly "'Ow do you do? An' this is your good lady. Very pleased to make Your Ladyship's acquaintance." And he wrung Lady Branksome's hand with no less warmth.

"You didn't seem to be in any hurry to make it," said Lord Branksome in a tone of icy rebuke, and feeling cold about the corners of his mouth he wiped away a little foam from them.

"Better late than never," said Mr. Briggs cheerily. "Toggin' myself out, you know. Must be O. K. to entertain the aristocracy. This is a proud day for yours trooly, an' I don't mind admittin' it—entertainin' the 'ighest in the county in me own drorin'-room."

"Oh, come! It's not exactly yours. You're only rentin' it from me, don't you know," said Lord Branksome captiously.

He was determined to take exception to anything his tenant might say.

Mr. Briggs' eyes sparkled; the smile vanished from his face; he became the hard, red man of business; fixed the cooling peer with boring eyes, and said with iron firmness: "For seven, fourteen or twenty-one years: an' whichever I fixes on, it's mine for that period, in a manner of speakin'."

"Oh, in a manner of speakin'!" said Lord Branksome more than a little contemptuously. Then, appeased, he waved his hand at the picture of the sheep and said in an imperious tone: "I like that picture."

Mr. Briggs' face relaxed into a gratified smile, and he said in a tone of high delight: "It's my favorite picture, too, Branksome. We're birds of a feather, we are."

Lord Branksome's mouth shut with a click; then he said with icy dignity: "I think it's extremely improbable."

"We are, though in a manner of speakin'," said Mr. Briggs with hearty conviction.

"Oh, in a manner of speakin'!" said Lord Branksome, again contemptuously.

The door opened and Poppy entered, followed by Mr. Albert Bracket in a morning coat, gray trousers and patent-leather boots of an engaging yellow. He had procured them since he had fled from Antony's guidance. Poppy's color was high; and for all that she was supported by the presence of Mr. Bracket, she looked flustered.

"This is my daughter Poppy. This is Lord Branksome an' 'is good lady," said Mr. Briggs.

Poppy bobbed at Lord Branksome the awkward little curtsy in use in the British primary schools, shook hands with him, and said "How do you do, Your Lordship?" remembered that she ought to have shaken hands with Lady Branksome first, said "Sorry, I was forgetting," shook hands with her, said "How do you do, Your Ladyship?" breathed a sigh of relief at having got it over, and stood panting slightly, and tried unsuccessfully to hide one of her pretty little feet behind the other.

"Albert Bracket, a young friend of ourn from Bootle," said Mr. Briggs.

Mr. Albert Bracket came forward, elegant, assured, shook hands with Lady Branksome, and said "How do you do? Very pleased to meet you, Lady Branksome," shook hands with Lord Branksome, and said "How do you do? Very pleased to meet you, Lord Branksome."

His voice sounded more than ever as if it had been recently greased with careful thoroughness.

"Albert Bracket's one of our risin' young men, 'e is," said Mr. Briggs solemnly. "One of these days 'e'll be mayor of Bootle, 'e will. You mark my words."

Lord Branksome looked Mr. Bracket up and down. Then his eyes fell to his yellow boots and stayed there, glued.

The entry of Symons bearing a large silver tray laden with tea things, followed by Antony bearing a large silver tray laden with cakes and bread and butter, followed by Anderson, caused a shifting of the group which removed the yellow boots behind the couch on which Lady Branksome was sitting and relieved Lord Branksome's straining eyes.

He found his tongue again, and with his eyes fixed lovingly on Poppy's pretty face he murmured over his shoulder to Lady Branksome, "An uncommonly attractive young person, Clementine."

"Yes, Egbert," said Lady Branksome.

The group rearranged itself. Mr. Briggs sat down on the couch beside Lady Branksome and engaged her in conversation, to which he contributed everything but the monosyllables, about The Towers and the neighborhood. Mr. Bracket stood behind the couch recovering from the strain of his elegant entry, and envied his distinguished fellow townsman his ease and his loquacity. Lord Branksome drew a chair beside that on which Poppy had sunk and set about making himself agreeable while he gazed languishingly into her eyes. Anderson poured out the tea. Symons and Antony made ready to hand round the teacups, the cream and the sugar.

Then Lord Branksome's voice rose in the words: "We shall be delighted to have such a charming neighbor. It will brighten up the whole neighborhood, and it wants brightening up badly. The standard of beauty round Branksome is low—deplorably low."

"What's that?" said Mr. Briggs sharply, and he sprang to his feet, once more the hard, red man of business. "Low is it? Then I've bin done in the eye. Your agents told me that The Towers stood in some er the most beautiful scenery in England."

"So they do," said Lord Branksome. "I wasn't talking about the scenery. I was talkin' about the young ladies."

"Oh, the guls," said Mr. Briggs in a tone of relief, and he dropped back on to the couch. "Norty! Norty! But I've got an eye for a pretty gal meself, Branksome. So it is birds of a feather after all."

"It's nothing of the kind," said Lord Branksome icily, and he turned again to Poppy.

"Well, orl I can say is, it looks uncommonly like it, don't it, Albert?" said Mr. Briggs equably.

"There are different ways of looking at the ladies, Mr. Briggs," said Mr. Bracket coldly, even austerely

"Pa takes a lot of looking after, Your Lordship," said Poppy in a confidential tone to Lord Branksome.

The conversation had fallen into lines she knew.

"Does he indeed?" said Lord Branksome in a tone wholly devoid of interest.

"Yes, ma had a lot of trouble with him," said Poppy.

"Did she indeed?" said Lord Branksome in the same tone.

"Look here, miss, don't you tell tales out of school!" said Mr. Briggs sharply.

Antony and Symons came forward with cups of tea, and cream and sugar on smaller silver trays. Symons held his tray down in front of Lady Branksome, Antony his in front of Poppy.

Lord Branksome looked at him carelessly. Then his face filled with amazement, and he said "God bless my soul!"

"Hush, Your Lordship!" said Poppy, who was on the lookout for the recognition.

"Eh? What?" said Lord Branksome, recovering himself on the instant like the man of the world he was, and he added: "Oh, it's like that, is it? I see—I see!"

He chuckled softly, and took a cup of tea from the tray. Fortune had set three teacups on his tray, two on that of Symons. Antony carried the tray round the couch to Mr. Bracket.

Mr. Bracket poured some cream into the teacup, said in the lofty tone he used to menials, "No sugar, thanks," looked at Antony, knew him, opened his mouth and let his cup and saucer fall with a clatter.

"Nah, clumsy! That's a nice thing for the noo carpit!" said Mr. Briggs with ready irritation.

"Never mind, Mr. Bracket! Accidents will happen!" cried Poppy, quick to come to his defense.

"Sorry," said Mr. Bracket, and his mind whirled.

His eyes were wide open, and he looked like a boiling owl.

Antony picked up the cup and saucer and moved majestically to the table to get the cup refilled. Mr. Bracket stared at his back, then moved up and down behind the couch to get views of his face from different angles. Only Poppy observed his jerky movements.

Mr. Briggs seized on the break in their talk caused by the accident to make the conversation general.

"Arter all, Branksome, wot's the odds as long as you're 'appy," he said in the accents of a philosopher. "Why shouldn't we 'ave an eye for a pretty gal? Boys will be boys, and me an' you don't feel arf as old as we look, do we?"

"Suppose you speak for yourself, Mr. Briggs," said Lord Branksome tartly.

"I am," said Mr. Briggs, unruffled. "All the same I'll lay fairish odds as you've give your good lady lots o' trouble. 'Asn't 'e, Your Ladyship?"

"Yes, Mr. Briggs," said Lady Branksome.

Mr. Briggs slapped his thigh and laughed high and shrill.

"I knew it!" he cried. "I knew it as soon as ever I clapped eyes on you, Branksome! I said to myself: 'A fair knock-out with the gals, 'e's bin! A fair knock-out!'"

Lord Branksome ground his teeth, his eyes gleamed and his nostrils dilated. He could have felled Mr. Briggs like an ox.

But this was a drawing-room. He contented himself with saying in a rather breathless, sarcastic voice: "I suppose we're to consider this kind of conversation as the—er—the—er—proper kind of thing for a young lady to listen to."

"Oh, I don't mind about Poppy," said Mr. Briggs carelessly. "There's no nonsense about Poppy. She takes arter me. She's got 'er 'ead screwed on straight, 'as Poppy."

"I need to have with you, pa," said Poppy with cold conviction.

Antony had brought Mr. Bracket another cup of tea while he was still in the first whirl of confusion. He had received it with a trembling hand, but in silence. Twice he had received cake with the same uncomplaining decorum. But when Antony handed cake to him for the third time his tender wits had recovered their wonted balance, and he was able to regard him with the daunting eyes of the basilisk.

"So it's you, is it?" he hissed in a low whisper.

"It's me all right. And if you give me away I'll wring your neck!" replied Antony.

Mr. Bracket shrank away from him, and nearly dropped his third piece of cake. Antony returned to the tea table.

Mr. Briggs drank two cups of tea with no little emphasis, talking to Lady Branksome about what he had done and what he was going to do to The Towers. He spoke of it as of an opponent. He finished his second cup with an unusually long-drawn sound of suction and waved the empty cup at Lord Branksome.

"Poor stuff, Branksome poor stuff for men," he said sadly. Then he added in an encouraging tone. "But never you mind! There's a little tiddly waiting for us round the corner."

He turned and resumed his monologue with Lady Branksome.

Lord Branksome gazed at him with hostile eyes, turned and said to Poppy: "What on earth is a little tiddly?"

"I expect it's a bottle of the bubbly Pa is very partial to the bubbly, Your Lordship," said Poppy simply.

Lord Branksome's eyes dilated, and he waggled on his chair. But, like the man of the world he was, he recovered himself.

Nevertheless his voice was not quite steady when he said to Poppy in a low tone: "So my young nephew has followed you down here, has he?"

"Hush!" murmured Poppy with a fearful glance at her happy sire.

"He's a spirited young fellow, Antony—very spirited," said Lord Branksome.

"Oh, he is!" said Poppy with conviction.

"He takes after me," said Lord Branksome.

"Does he, Your Lordship?" said Poppy.

"He does. He's a splendid young fellow," said Lord Branksome with enthusiasm. "He's the very man to make a girl happy."

"Is he, Your Lordship?" said Poppy.

"He is," said Lord Branksome in a tone of absolute certainty. "If I'd a daughter of my own of the right age there isn't a man in England I'd sooner see her married to."

He gazed at Antony's broad back with fond eyes.

"It's a pity that pa doesn't see with you, Your Lordship," said Poppy gloomily.

"He will—he will," said Lord Branksome confidently.

Poppy gazed at her happy sire with doubtful eyes.

"He doesn't often see with other people—unless they're letting him have his own way," she said.

Lord Branksome did not hear her. His mind appeared to have strayed to other matters. Of a sudden he broke into a high-pitched, cackling laugh.

"Wot's the joke, Branksome?" said Mr. Briggs in a tolerant, rather patronizing tone.

"You were quite right—hanged if you weren't, Mr. Briggs. Boys will be boys." He cackled again and added, "And girls will be girls."

"I thought you'd see it," said Mr. Briggs in an indulgent tone.

"I do," said Lord Branksome, and he cackled again.

"It's too bad of Your Lordship, pulling poor pa's leg like that," murmured Poppy, smiling at him.

Mr. Briggs rose and said: "'Er Ladyship's comin' along er me to see them golden pheasants. It seems as they was pertickler favorites of 'ers."

Lady Branksome rose.

"I'm not a poultry fancier myself. But I know what poultry fanciers is," said Mr. Briggs, and he moved with her toward the window.

Lord Branksome rose, and said: "And I want to see the silver carp in the Japanese lily pond. They were particular favorites of mine. If you'll be my guide, Poppy—you don't mind me calling you Poppy? I'm old enough to be your father, you know."

"You're old enough to be her grandfather you mean, Branksome," said Mr. Briggs over his shoulder from the window, and he laughed heartily at the happy quip.

Lord Branksome's eyes gleamed fiercely, and he gazed at the checked back of his retiring host with a murderous glare. He was not proud of his white hairs.

As he moved after Poppy to the window he observed in a dreadful voice: "Your father is a—er—er—a humorist."

"Pa will have his joke," said Poppy in a tone of resignation, and she went through the window.

Lord Branksome's face cleared a little, and as he followed her through the window he said: "Well, I had mine. I certainly had mine, didn't I?"

His high-pitched cackle rose on the sunny air.

XIV

SYMONS picked up the big tray and carried it through the door. Anderson went out after him. Antony picked up the other tray, set it down, turned and faced Mr. Bracket, who had come from behind the couch and was standing in front of it, hesitating whether to follow Poppy and Lord Branksome into the garden, or stay to deal with Antony.

When Antony turned he fixed him with a baleful glare, and said: "So it is you!"

"Yes, it's still me," said Antony calmly.

"If you think I feel like being funny!" said Mr. Bracket thickly.

"Why not? You look funny. You always do," said Antony coldly.

Mr. Bracket gnashed his teeth.

"Now my gallant young friend, I've got a bone to pick with you—a good, large, meaty bone," said Antony in a suddenly

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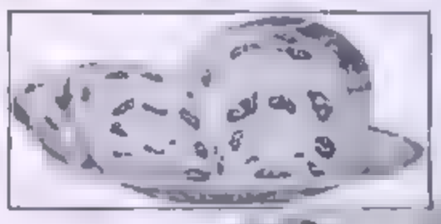

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(Continued from Page 72)

harsh, rasping voice. "When you discovered last time we met that Miss Briggs was coming to tea with me you went straight off and told her father."

"I only did my duty. I'm a friend of the family," said Mr. Bracket with a virtuous air.

"It was a sneaking trick," said Antony.

"All's fair in love and war," said Mr. Bracket with more defiance in his tone and bearing than in his spirit.

"You've nothing to do with love. You had your chance at Bootle years ago, and you chucked it away."

"It was coming back. I know it was—and then you came interfering," protested Mr. Bracket.

"And I'm going on interfering," said Antony.

"It isn't her you want. It's her money," said Mr. Bracket bitterly.

"You're wrong. I want both," said Antony.

"And I want her!" cried Mr. Bracket.

"I don't believe it, and if I did you shouldn't have her," said Antony with cold determination. "Perhaps if you hadn't played that sneaking trick on me after all I'd done for your social advancement I might have done the magnanimous stunt and cleared out of your way. But as it is, I'm adamant—especially about the fist. And what I want to make clear to you is that if you try to queer my pitch again I'll push your face with that fist—hard and often. Do you get me, Steve?"

Antony extended his arm and held his closed hand about three inches from Mr. Bracket's nose in order to make his meaning quite clear.

Mr. Bracket backed away from it hastily and said bitterly, "I get you all right. Cowardly, I call it—taking advantage of your superior strength."

"I couldn't take advantage of my inferior strength, could I?" said Antony reasonably enough. "Besides, this is a free country. Anyhow you asked for it when you played that measly trick on me. I'm too busy at the moment to settle with you for that now. When I've time to go into it I shall fine you five thousand pounds."

Mr. Bracket's slate-colored eyes opened wide, and he looked as if he could not believe his ears. He snorted faintly, and said: "And I should like to know how you're going to do that. You're not a judge, you know, though you do give yourself the airs of one."

"Anyone with a fist as heavy as mine can impose a fine in a free country like this," said Antony. "Really you'll impose it on yourself. At least you'll have the choice of imposing it on yourself or getting a thrashing that will lay you up for a month."

"B-b-but that's b-b-blackmail! And b-b-blackmail's felony!" stammered Mr. Bracket in a tone of horrified surprise.

"Don't be so conventional. You're not in Bootle," said Antony in a tone of cold contempt. "You know quite well that felony isn't felony till it's found out. It's the very first principle of business."

"There's depths in you I've never suspected, Hambleton," said Mr. Bracket in a tone of hushed horror.

"You'll learn something new about me every time you play a measly trick on me, and every time you'll like the new thing less. But this isn't blackmail—it's retribution—and I'm not asking you to pay the fine. I'd just as soon wale you—sooner in fact," said Antony grimly. "But, as I keep telling you, I haven't time to deal with you at the moment. I'm busy bringing a much more important piece of business to a satisfactory end."

Mr. Bracket jumped. An expression of bitter anguish contorted his face. He said in a tone of anguish: "I know what that means. I saw it coming. I knew you'd never rest till you'd brought it off. I don't know what to do. I really don't. I can't stand it!"

"Then try sitting it," said Antony unsympathetically.

Mr. Bracket went to the window with bowed head. On its threshold he turned and said with a weakly defiant air: "You may mock, but I shall find a way."

"Don't forget my adamantine fist," said Antony coldly.

Mr. Bracket turned and took his gloomy way across the sunny terrace.

Antony looked after him thoughtfully; then he picked up the tray and was carrying it to the door when a voice behind him said "Pst!"

He turned to see Lord Branksome standing in the window.

"That five hundred of mine is looking up, eh?" he said in an eager voice, a bright light of eagerness in his eyes.

"Uncle Egbert, it is," said Antony gravely.

"Good!" said Lord Branksome from his heart, and he turned and went with a jaunty air, swinging his ebony stick.

Antony carried the tray down into the basement. He could not find Anderson, but he found that his fellow workers were having tea in the servants' hall. He joined them, made a hearty tea and won golden opinions for his modesty and intelligence, especially from the two pretty housemaids to whom he addressed most of his conversation. After tea Anderson told him that he would have no work till dinner time, when he would wait on the Briggs family. Antony devoted this hour of leisure to a careful search for Pansy, but did not find her. She had no wish that he should find her. After finding him in earnest and impassioned converse with Poppy in the blue drawing-room she had made up her mind that she never wanted to see him again. She had had about three weeks to consider the idea of his marrying Poppy, and the longer she had considered it the less she had liked it—if Poppy had only been ugly, or even deformed, she could have borne it. After tea she had gone to her room and cried about it. This had enabled her to make up her mind that she hated him.

Antony traversed most of The Towers and a good deal of the gardens in his search, and it was nearly dinner time—his dinner time—before he abandoned it. One of the pretty housemaids found him in the Dutch garden. Anderson had sent her to find him and bring him to his pantry. Antony came to him in a gloomy frame of mind. He found Anderson cheerful. He had obtained a check for a hundred guineas, made out to Mr. Briggs' jewelers, and—a far more difficult business—had arranged that Antony should dine in the housekeeper's room.

Mrs. Burchell, the housekeeper, was one of the old school, a stern observer of precedents. She refused flatly to have a footman dine in her room. She was shaken by Anderson's assurance that Antony was a young man of good family under a temporary financial cloud, but did not yield till he had made the brilliant suggestion that he should dine in a tweed lounge coat instead of crimson velvet. The French chef, a dark, lantern-jawed, saturnine man of the world, raised no objection when he learned that Antony had served with distinction in France. Then Anderson sought Pansy, with greater success than Antony had sought her, and obtained her cold assent to the arrangement. He was not a little surprised to recognize in Miss Briggs' maid the young lady to whom Antony had been so deeply devoted. He was also disquieted. He could not see that she would in any way make for the success of Antony's enterprise.

The dinner in the housekeeper's room was a pleasant meal. Good food always brought out the best in Antony; and he charmed Mrs. Burchell and Monsieur Legros by his urbanity, his manifest wish to please. He was able to talk to Monsieur Legros, who had been a captain in an infantry regiment, of the part of the line in which he had chiefly fought. He gathered that the saturnine air of his French brother in arms was the result, or rather one of the results, of a long-standing dyspepsia. It had imprinted on his face most of the crimes of the Borgias, though he was of an amiable and refined disposition.

He talked little to Pansy, though his eyes continually sought hers. She did not encourage him to talk to her; she did not manifest any wish to please at all. She was much too busy hating him to be able to do anything else at the moment, even to make a good dinner. She did not give him an opportunity of getting a word alone with her after it. She went straight and hastily to help Poppy dress for dinner.

That dinner was not a pleasant meal, though Mr. Briggs was in very good spirits and voluble on the subject of the Branksomes' call and the social advantages to be derived from it. Poppy was absent-minded and uncommonly gloomy for a young lady about to perform one of the most romantic exploits possible to her sex. She rarely met Antony's eye. Mr. Bracket was morose. Usually abstemious, he drank with quiet perseverance.

At the end of dinner Mr. Briggs told Anderson to serve coffee and liqueurs on the south veranda. Antony wished that he would not have these tiresome flashes of inspiration. He could not see that Mr. Briggs on the south veranda would be of any use to him. Leaving their master, whose appearance—thanks to the sherry, sauterne and champagne he had drunk with his dinner—was already of the most lobstrous, to drink a glass or two of port, Anderson and Antony went to procure the coffee and liqueurs.

They found them ready and carried them out to the south veranda, an agreeable place set with comfortable, cushioned, wickerwork chairs and small, firm tables, each affording standing room for two glasses.

Antony set his tray on a larger table at the back of the veranda, surveyed the moonlit terrace, breathed deeply in the cool evening air, heavy with the fragrance of flowers, and said in a hopeful voice: "Bar accidents, in three-quarters of an hour I shall be a whiskerless man and on my way to London."

He appeared to be quite free from the dismal apprehension which usually blights the man who will be married inside of three hours.

"I'm very pleased to hear it, sir," said Anderson in a tone of considerable astonishment. "I didn't expect things to move so quickly as that, sir."

"This is my lugger," said Antony, stamping on the floor with a brave air.

"Your what, sir?" said Anderson in the tone of one not quite believing his ears, and he looked round the veranda.

"My lugger—a seagoing craft in great request when the dear old nineteenth century was young. Once aboard it, the girl is mine," said Antony in a seafaring voice.

"Meaning Miss Briggs, sir?" said Anderson.

"Meaning Miss Briggs," said Antony, and he folded his arms and assumed the desperado pose.

"That's good hearing. I wish you luck, sir," said Anderson, beaming on him.

Antony turned sharply, let his arms fall to his side, and cried: "That's torn it! You should never wish a man luck at cards, hunting or love! Didn't you know that?"

"No, sir. Sorry, sir," said Anderson contritely.

"Granted," said Antony kindly.

XV

THE murmur of voices prevented further talk. Then in the true baronial fashion Mr. Briggs came through the door first, followed by Poppy and Mr. Albert Bracket. The glass or two of port had put the finishing touches to Mr. Briggs' color scheme. His little eyes stuck out farther than ever from his lobstrous face, which was bright with a redness which clashed fiercely with the purple silk handkerchief he had spread neatly across the lower part of his shirt front. He took the center of the veranda and stood with his legs wide apart, his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, a large cigar drooping from the corner of his mouth, and surveyed the moonlit garden with the complacent air of a proprietor and hazy eyes. It is impossible to say whether he saw two moonlit gardens or three, but he was very happy.

Poppy dropped heavily into a chair, frowning unhappily. Mr. Bracket dropped yet more heavily into a chair, facing her, about eight feet away. Poppy gazed at him with troubled eyes. His astonishing glumness appeared to have a charm for her, which it could have for no unbiased observer. She had less than ever the air of a young lady in a pleasant quiver of excited anticipation at the prospect of performing in little more than half an hour the most romantic exploit possible to her sex. As a matter of fact she had begun to regret her promise to Antony the moment she had passed out of the circle of his magnetism. The fascination of Mr. Bracket and Bootle had resumed its sway over her spirit. She looked at him with a mournful longing, and would not meet Antony's eye when he held down the tray for her to help herself to coffee. When he carried the tray to Mr. Bracket that worthy young Bootle blood caught his eye readily enough and glared into it, rather feebly, loathing and hate. Antony with a callous coldness winked at him.

Mr. Briggs took his cup of coffee with fumbling fingers, still gazing diligently before him at his moonlit gardens. Possibly he was trying to separate them. He tossed off the cup of coffee in one ringing gulp and set the cup back in its saucer on the tray.

(Continued on Page 77)

Poor Mr. Jones!

Here he is, pushing his way through the driving sleet when he should be riding to work in comfort in his own car. Yes, he owns a car, but it is an open one. And he has to lay it up during the "mean" weather—just when he needs it most! He gets only about 50 or 60 per cent use out of his car simply because it lacks a closed top.

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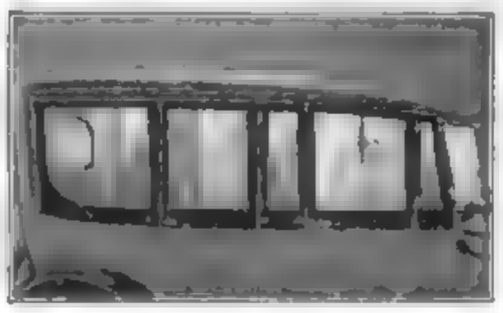
Have an Anchor Top for your open car. Then you will get your money's worth out of your car. *You will practically have two cars in one.* For bad weather driving you will have a good-looking, comfortable closed model, and for summer a "light airy" touring car—for your Anchor Top can easily be *lifted off* any time and your regular extension top put on.



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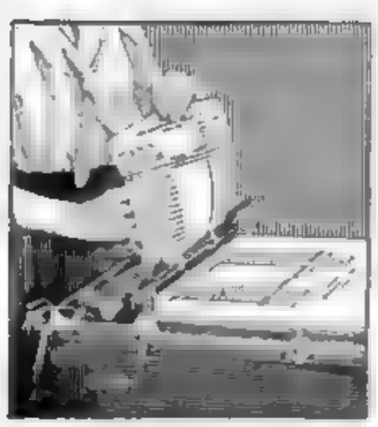

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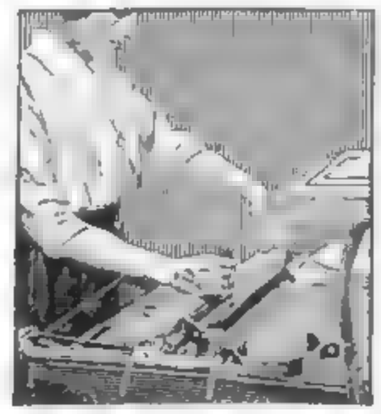

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THE QUICKEST WAY TO DUPLICATE

(Continued from Page 75)

Anderson's approach with the tray of liqueurs seemed to rouse him, and a shadow fell on his face. He had reached that stage.

He turned on his guest and said in an aggrieved voice: "I can't make out wot's come over you, Albert. 'Ere you are—in one of the 'istoric 'omes of England, eatin' the best food, drinkin' the best bubbly, smokin' the best smokes—that cigar in your mouth cost me every penny of three an' a bender 'olesale—an' you seem to 'ave an 'ump as big as an 'aystack."

"I know I have," said Mr. Bracket in funereal accents, taking from the tray the curaçao and brandy which Anderson had poured out for him.

"Then chuck it, me lad! Chuck it!" said Mr. Briggs in a tone of deep disgust.

"It's all very well to say chuck it," said Mr. Bracket, once more gloomily.

"Why don't you cheer 'im up?" said Mr. Briggs with great severity, turning to Poppy. "You're 'is 'ostess, aren't you? Wot's the matter with 'im?"

"It's not so easy to cheer up a serious-minded gentleman like Mr. Bracket. He takes things to heart so," said Poppy in a half-miserable, half-complacent voice.

Mr. Bracket's gloom harrowed her tender heart, but she was not insensible to the tribute.

Mr. Briggs took a glass of liqueur brandy from the tray, raised it, and said in a tone of dignified politeness, "I looks towards you, Albert."

"Cheerio!" said Mr. Bracket yet more gloomily.

Antony, in obedience to a nod from Anderson, went through the door into the house. Anderson followed him.

Mr. Briggs looked from Mr. Bracket to Poppy and from Poppy to Mr. Bracket. Then Poppy heaved a deep sigh and Mr. Bracket uttered a faint groan.

Mr. Briggs emptied his liqueur glass and threw it on the floor.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he cried in a bitterly aggrieved voice. "I s'pose you think I want to spend my evening with a pack o' moanin' mummies. I don't!" He paused to glare from one to the other, and added in a tone of savage menace, "I'm goin' to talk to the glowworms, I am." He took three steps toward the left side of the veranda, paused, and added in the most bitterly sarcastic tone, "They're more sociable like." He went to the top of the steps, turned, and said in a purely conversational voice, "I've written to Dickson, the bird fancier in Corporation Street, you know, to arsk 'im wot's the proper food for them glowworms. I'm goin' to grow 'em." He paused for the murmur of sympathetic congratulations. It did not come. He said with savage bitterness, "You can jolly well moan at one another!" and went down the steps.

As he started across the terrace to join brighter boon companions they heard him say, "Poor li'l' glowworms!"

There were tears in his voice.

Poppy looked miserably at Mr. Bracket; Mr. Bracket looked miserably at Poppy.

"What's the good of his telling me to be cheerful? I can't do it," said Mr. Bracket in heartbroken tones.

"I'm feeling none too cheerful myself," said Poppy. She seemed to be on the verge of tears.

"We do seem to have made a mess of things," said Mr. Bracket in a plaintive, moaning voice.

"It wasn't my fault," protested Poppy. "How was I to know what your feelings were if you didn't tell me?"

"I was meaning to tell you for months—the best part of a year," said Mr. Bracket. "It's my way. I do like to take my time over things. It worked very well in business too. It's only in other things that it doesn't seem to work."

"It doesn't indeed," said Poppy in mournful agreement.

"All the same there must be a way out of the mess," said Mr. Bracket in firmer accents.

"You'll have to find it in less than half an hour then," said Poppy.

"You're going to run away with Hambleton!" cried Mr. Bracket in a sudden, rather breathless apprehension.

"I may be—and again I may not," said Poppy.

The secret was not wholly her own.

"But it isn't safe!" cried Mr. Bracket. "How do you know he'd behave honorably if once he got you away from here?"

"I know that all right. He's not that sort. He really is a gentleman," said Poppy confidently.

"A gentleman blackmailer!" cried Mr. Bracket bitterly. "You can't trust him."

"Oh, yes, I can!" said Poppy even more confidently.

"I tell you, you can't. It isn't you he's really after—it's your money," said Mr. Bracket with no less certainty.

He felt that it was no use beating about the bush; frankness—absolute frankness—was the only course. He must open her eyes.

"I dare say he wants my money," said Poppy, unmoved. "But he wants me as well. I'm quite sure of that, or I should never have listened to him. You can always tell—always." She paused and added in a reproachful tone, "Anyhow, whatever he wants he goes straight for it without any shilly-shallying. And that's what I like him for—among other things. Any girl would."

"Look here," said Mr. Bracket in a tone of astonishing decision. "I'm slow, I know. But I want you ten times as much as he does. You give him up."

Poppy shook her head.

"Do!" Mr. Bracket pleaded. "I tell you what—if you'll chuck him and marry me I'll take you straight to live in Bootle. We'll settle down in that big house the Mortons used to live in. I bought it six months ago."

Poppy sat bolt upright; she flushed; her eyes shone; she clasped her hands; she cried, "Oh, Albert, that would do us a fair treat!"

It was a cry from the heart.

"If there's one place in England you can really get your money's worth in, it's Bootle. We should be really happy there," said Mr. Bracket with hardly less enthusiasm.

Poppy sank back in her chair; the flush faded from her cheek, the light from her eyes; limp and disconsolate, she said, "But what's the good of talking? A promise is a promise."

"I don't care! Promise or no promise, you're not going away with him! I'm going to stop it!" cried Mr. Bracket with immense decision.

Love on the top of a good deal of champagne had made another man of him. He spoke with spirit; his eyes flashed fire—not much fire, but still fire. To Poppy he seemed heroic.

But she said in no hopeful tone, "You'll have to be quick."

"I'm going to be quick—quicker than ever I was in my life before. And I think I've found a way," said Mr. Bracket, and his eyes flashed a little more fire as he strode to the electric bell beside the door, put his thumb on it and kept it on it. "I'm going to have a talk with him at once."

"You're not going to talk to him before me!" cried Poppy, and she sprang out of her chair in a panic.

"No fear! That wouldn't be any use. He'd have to be romantic," said Mr. Bracket astutely. "I'll talk to him in the smoke room—just he and I—as man to man."

"Now mind, you've got to persuade him to give me up of his own free will. I won't have you going to pa about it. If you did I should feel more bound than ever," said Poppy firmly.

"I've tried going to your papa, and it doesn't work," said Mr. Bracket rather glumly, for her words had recalled to his mind Antony's painfully felonious intent. "I'll persuade him all right."

Anderson entered. The prolonged ringing of the bell did not seem to have quickened his steps.

"Where's your master?" said Mr. Bracket.

"I don't know, sir. I left him with you, sir," said Anderson, suave but uninterested.

"I don't mean Mr. Briggs. I mean Mr. Hambleton," said Mr. Bracket.

"He did say that he was going up to his bedroom," said Anderson.

"Then it's too late! He's gone to shave off his whiskers! I knew he'd never travel to London with me in those whiskers!" cried Poppy in the accents of despair.

"No, it isn't. Fetch him down and send him to me in the smoke room, Anderson. Hurry up!" said Mr. Bracket.

"Yes, sir, in the smoking room, sir," said Anderson, and he went through the doorway with decorous deliberation.

"It won't take long," said Mr. Bracket confidently.

He shuffled his feet. Then he went briskly out after Anderson.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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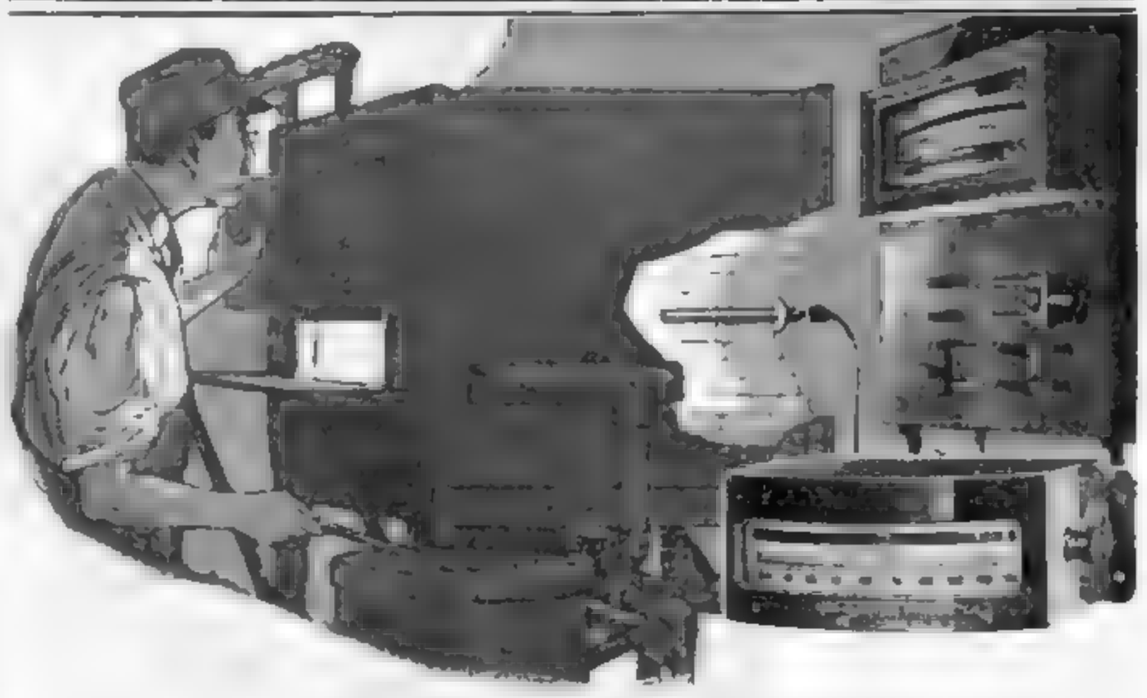

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CORNERING CASCADES

(Continued from Page 11)

not been through, but round, and advised the latter course as safer.

As often happens, we found screwing up our courage and making an actual start the hardest part. A gradual climb of eight hundred feet from Shoshone Lake took only two hours, and we were on the Continental Divide. Another three hours and we were following a small but beautiful stream down toward the head of Bechler River Cañon. At first we stopped to photograph each waterfall and cascade, but LaBree was on the lookout for a camp site with grass enough for sixteen horses. So we waved a reluctant *au revoir* to some beauty spots unphotographed.

The girls and I, throwing away practical thoughts of possible danger or disaster, gave ourselves up to the joy of being in the trackless wilderness just as God made it, with no blaze, no sound, no sign of life save the occasional evidence of shy animals that glided away from such an unheard-of intrusion.

Unnamed Cascade — Upper Falls River

We descended toward what we could occasionally see was a basin, into which this stream and probably others flowed. As we neared the evident center our road became rockier, and the roar of other waters made us spur our horses to see what we intuitively felt to be something unusual.

A Country of Thrills

And so it proved. Three rushing streams came together at one point with such a roar that we could scarcely tell each other that this must be the head of Bechler River. LaBree was delighted to find good pasture in the basin, so we pitched our tents at the very point of the union of the streams, and named the place Three River Junction—named not because we thought it pretty or romantic but because neither we nor others would call it anything else.

Such a happy lot we were! At five P. M. we had crossed the Rubicon without losing a horse or injuring a person; only a rope or two were broken as the pack horses crowded between trees or bit and kicked each other on the way.

We spent three great days here exploring stream and cañon. We felt almost like first-nighters, viewing Nature's wonderful show. Our camera bag included three falls, several cascades, one hot spring and some rock formations, all within half a mile of our camp. The government topographical map, made from a survey in 1883, had noted none of these features.

When we broke camp and started down the cañon of the Bechler River, man and Nature were in tune. Just leaving this delightful vestibule of fairyland and entering a long corridor, we were as truly led by a sprite as any children in wonderland.

We had just passed a group of hot pools when someone pointed high up on the cañon's side, saying "Oh, look—cascade!" There a small stream came dancing down a wide stone way almost too broad for its volume. Many tall spruce trees prevented a good photograph. The perpendicular of this cascade, unhonored and unsung by name, is two hundred and sixty feet. Near it a fifty-foot sentinel rock stands guard.

The river falls about one thousand feet through its eight-mile cañon to the open country below. We picked our way without difficulty. Spruce timber in this region does not present impossible barriers. Many splendid trees towered above us more than one hundred feet, with bodies four and five feet through.

The Bechler River had a gorgeous cascade program which unfolded as we went, giving us several real thrillers. Twice the river divided and came together again before our eyes, inclosing a charming island, the whole set at a slant—I would like to say of forty-five degrees—sufficient to make everything a roaring cascade.

Several small groups of deer stood curious as we passed not far from them.

The topographical map shows two falls, Iris and Colonnade, near where the river leaves the cañon. I don't know who named them, perhaps the map maker. They have undoubtedly been seen by a few people. Both are notable spectacles.

Near Iris we found on a tree, carved perhaps thirty years ago, the name of W. L. Winegar. We had heard rumors of a man by that name, and this increased our interest in the find immensely. Later I heard that Winegar, now an old man, is still alive somewhere in the West.

It was no easy job to photograph Colonnade Falls. Mr. Dinsmore and I had to ride our horses across the stream to a point where we could include both sections entirely in our picture. The side of the cliff made this almost impossible and interfering branches seemed to make it hopeless. To cap the climax, we had left our hand ax on the other side. However, we got the picture by using our hunting knives and fixing our tripod with about the shortest leg uphill and the longest downhill ever used, one man holding while the other pulled the event.

We reached the mouth of the cañon in ample time to make camp for the night, finding solid meadow land, running water and timber instead of the great swamp shown on the topographical map and so much talked about by the Idaho irrigationists.

Two days later we moved farther into the "swamp," settling down for several days' stay in the heart of it. What splendid meadows they are, and surrounded by what fine pine forests! Ten to twenty thousand acres of the best camping country in the world, and every stream is full of native trout! Not having found any fish above the falls in the Bechler Cañon, we took to them in the valley mightily.

An Unknown Wonder

We roamed all over the valley and climbed the sides of the sheltering plateaus, finding several streams coming over the edge, all scenic in the extreme. One splendid falls with a straight drop of one hundred and thirty feet is yet without a name. Within a hundred yards of it another stream cascades over a perpendicular height of three hundred feet.

Ouzel Falls was noted on the topographical map. It is plainly visible from the center of this valley as it comes over the brink of the plateau near the mouth of the cañon. It is not strictly a falls, as it slides

(Concluded on Page 83)

Meadows in the Bechler River Valley

Washing for beauty

THIS is to tell you how to make washing your face the most important of all beauty treatments. How to wash so thoroughly that every tiny pore and minute gland is cleansed from poisonous accumulations of dirt and oil. Yet to wash so gently that your complexion is soothed as you cleanse it.

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Palmolive Soap makes a wonderfully profuse, creamy lather, which you should work up and apply with your two hands. Use these same hands for rinsing. Use tepid water, but finish with ice cold.

Apply as much Palmolive Cold Cream as the skin will absorb, wiping off the surplus. Then look in the mirror and admire the becoming freshness and rosy bloom of your complexion.

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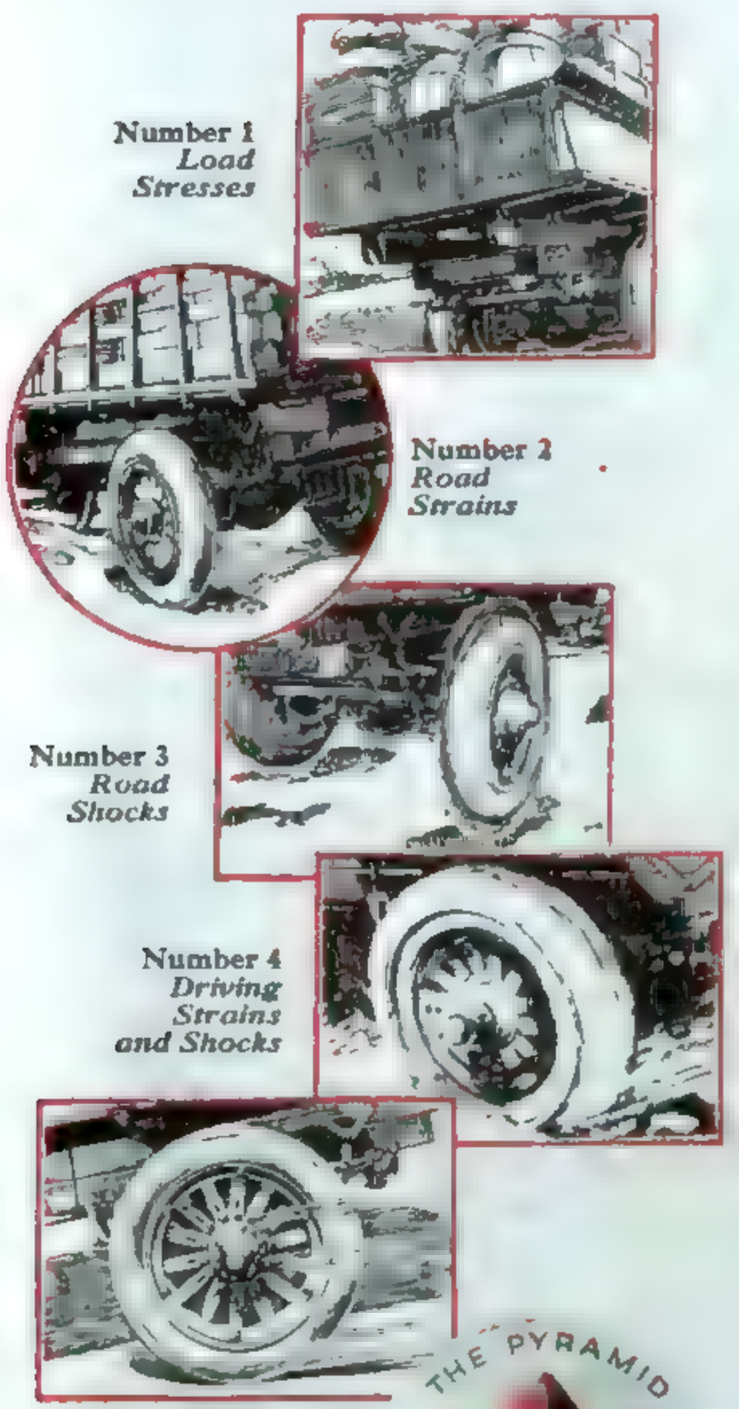

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Service
MOTOR TRUCKS

With the Red Pyramid on the Radiator

(11)

(Concluded from Page 78)

down rocks in a little less than a perpendicular course. The height is three hundred and eighty feet, according to my barometer.

Mr. Little, the ranger, was with us during part of our three weeks' stay in this southwest corner. He says there are several fine falls farther up these streams.

We next moved our camp some miles east to the headwaters of the Falls River, not in the "swamp" area, but near it. Here, including Cascade Creek, we found six falls and cascades within a radius of a quarter of a mile. Any one of them if located in New Jersey or Illinois would be advertised as a world wonder.

Finally we journeyed west again to where the Bechler joins the Falls River and both go south into Idaho. Among other attractions, we photographed two falls, the largest in volume and height in the park, save only the two great falls of the Yellowstone. One is unnamed; the other is called Cave Falls, with a drop of sixty feet or more and a width of two hundred and fifty feet. The cave is one of those extravagant gifts of the Creator, thrown in on top of more than we could ask for. We photographed the falls from the rear of this cave, which is about fifty feet deep and of equal width. It is really formed by the eddy from the falls in high water washing away a soft formation from under hard rock. There is so much water in the stream that it was all our horses could do to make the breast-high ford below.

Room for Tourists

Before summing up the things worth seeing and keeping in this corner of the park, which the Idaho people just below are seemingly so ignorant of or perhaps care so little about, I wish to quote a paragraph from the favorable report on their project made to Congress by Representative Addison Smith. Smith is vice chairman of the Public Lands Committee. He said: "There is absolutely nothing in the way of unusual scenery or other interesting features in this part of the park, but the entire area contains only the ordinary Western mountain landscape scenes, such as may be seen along the lines of travel for many miles by any tourist approaching the park from any direction."

I am compelled to say this does not square with what I found and saw there. I personally visited and photographed between thirty-five and forty falls, cascades, hot springs and rock formations. We found no swamps beyond an occasional small one such as is found in other parts of the park; but in their place were beautiful meadows aggregating several thousand acres, surrounded by an equal acreage of valuable timber and traversed by clear, cold streams full of trout. Innumerable fresh signs indicated the large number of elk, deer, moose, bear and beaver in this bottom.

The meadows are superb for grazing or hay land and can be invaluable in supplying feed for elk and deer in the winter. They are so far from being swampy that we were able to gallop our horses anywhere at will—and one does not gallop in a swamp.

This Bechler River Valley is the widest, most level and most beautiful in the Yellowstone National Park. Its vicinity has more falls and cascades than all the rest of the park put together. It will produce more hay than all the rest of the park. Ten thousand individual automobile parties can camp in and round it with elbow room for all. I submit, as proof, our photographs and the disinterested and enthusiastic corroboration of all our party, and of Ranger Raymond Little and Chief Ranger James McBride, who almost alone have known this country heretofore.

The tourist automobiles are now so thick on the park road that the superintendent has to establish one-way-street traffic regulations, and the designated camping grounds are so inadequate that often the auto campers find themselves huddled uncomfortably. They fail to get that sense of bigness and freedom for which they come.

An inexpensive dirt road, not more than twenty miles in length, will connect this valley, through the Bechler River Cañon, to the main road system of the park near Old Faithful Geyser. No new road could be made elsewhere that would serve a quarter of the people that would be served by this one. No other road to new camping grounds could be built so cheaply, because a ten to fifteen mile an hour road can be opened here merely by removing the trees and using them for corduroy culverts over occasional soft places. The autos can ford all the streams mentioned, except the Falls River, near the southern boundary.

To get down to brass tacks, such a road can be built for a few thousand dollars, enabling an auto to go in and out again in half a day if necessary.

The reason I advocate setting aside this country for auto campers is because of its unusual adaptability for that purpose, its close proximity to the present park roads and the necessity for more auto camping places. Personally, I am a trailer, and not a tripper, as the average tourist is called.

Mountain Ash Creek

I believe in preserving areas of primeval wilderness just as they were five centuries ago, with only enough trails to enable naturalists and near naturalists like myself to study and record the flora, fauna and other features impossible to be found elsewhere. I will fight for such areas, just as I will urge other provision for the great mass of Americans to make pilgrimages to mountain and stream. A fair balance between tourist and trailer can be maintained.

It is true that this region has never been used by either trailer or tourist, but it is absurd to say that such a reserve recreational ground is of no value on this account and should now be flooded for commercial purposes. If my father leaves ten thousand dollars, to be paid to me, principal and interest, five years hence, will Congressman Smith say it is of no value because unused?

This southwest corner, hitherto held in trust by circumstances, is now due to be thrown open to the people to whom it was deeded by Congress without reserve in 1872.

Nearly all intelligent citizens of our broad land favor irrigation when the cost is within reason and when no injustice may result. It was in this spirit that our party followed Falls River down a few miles south of the park to see what other places for water storage, if any, might be found. We ran right into three great side valleys before we had followed the Falls River five miles. We spent three days going over them—Winegar's Hole, Dog Creek and Boone Creek. I will not record here tedious details; I had already found the proposed dam site up in the park. With my barometer it was not hard to get a very close estimate of levels and elevations on these three tributaries of Falls River.

The simple conclusion is inevitable by any disinterested observer that a very large water storage is possible in these three valleys just outside the park. A two-hundred-foot dam can be thrown across the Falls River Cañon below the mouth of Boone Creek that will store probably twice as much water as is proposed in the park. A cheaper dam across the very narrow neck of Falls River below the mouth of Dog Creek will store, at less expense than that below Boone Creek, all the water the farmers can probably use. All the storage areas in these suggestions are without settlers or improvements, but another paragraph of Mr. Smith's report says: "A careful examination of the watershed has been made by the officials of the state of Idaho and the engineers, which examination discloses the fact that this reservoir site in the Yellowstone National Park on Falls River is the only site which can be utilized in providing an additional water supply for the land in question."

Again, A. P. Davis, director of the United States Reclamation Service, says in a letter to the Public Lands Committee of the House that he visited this region and that "the land that would be submerged by the lake thus formed is mostly of a swampy nature and is unsightly and without any scenic value or economic value that is comparable to its value as a reservoir." And when he testifies before the House Public Lands Committee, we find the following in the Congressional Record:

MR. ELSTON: Then this territory is on the outermost edge of the park?

MR. DAVIS: Yes, sir; and remote from the scenic features of the park. There are no scenic features down here at all. It is simply a swamp. It is fairly good pasture, but it is very high and cold.

Mr. Davis, so far as I can learn, was the only official of the Government to go into that region—some time before the bill was introduced in the Senate—and to make a statement based on his personal observations. Our party rode completely across it in different directions several times. We followed the Bechler from its source into the Falls River and five miles out of the park. We rode round and round this area.

Last winter the Yellowstone Park had an unheard-of snowfall, from eight feet in some places to round four to six feet in this southwest corner. As there were no roads into this region, there was no possibility for further investigation from November, 1919, to May, 1920. Neither Secretary Lane, Mr. Mather, director of national parks, nor Mr. Albright, superintendent of the Yellowstone Park, had been in this region. Lane favored the project. Mr. Mather, confronted by Davis' testimony and Lane's attitude, could only ask for time to investigate.

Idaho's Great Asset

The bill was introduced in the Senate February 10, 1920, and passed. It was introduced in the House February eleventh and favorably reported March twenty-fifth. Meantime the opposition of the people started. Warnings appeared in print. Congress was about to adjourn. Something had to be done quickly.

Smith applied to the Rules Committee April 20, 1920, for a special rule by which this bill could reach a vote in the House after only one hour's debate, half an hour for each side. Think of it! Sixty minutes and then a vote in the whirl and fury of the closing hours of the session! But the Rules Committee held a hearing and there were enough questions raised by people present to convince the committee that such haste was not wise, so the bill is still on the calendar. (H R 12466.)

After Congressman Smith had written his report he admitted that he had not visited the region it described. He, along with a lot of honest, intelligent Idaho people must have based their conclusions on other people's stories about the country. Idaho has a great and growing interest, a money interest, in the whole Yellowstone Park, and the part of Idaho adjacent to the southwest corner has a special money interest in this "swamp" part, with all its beauty and possibilities as a campers' delight. If they would put just a little of their energy into getting an entrance into the park through this corner, they would increase the park automobile travel tributary to them immensely.

The total number of visitors into the park this year was about twenty thousand greater than last. The great resort regions of the White Mountains, the Adirondacks and Southern California, not to name dozens of other resorts, have a tourist business that makes these irrigation schemes look like thirty cents. The money advantages are well distributed, and patronage is on a steady increase. What will we think of Idaho, with such a capital endowment already made for her, deliberately destroying a part of the endowment, with a prospect of her action wrecking the whole beneficent Yellowstone Park? Idaho adjacent to the park, and so much interested in it, certainly does not know—cannot know—that there is water storage outside the park and that her proposed invasion is as inexcusable as it is shortsighted.

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FILTHY LUCRE

By Robert Quillen

WHEN I was a boy there came to the town in which I lived an evangelist who served the Lord on a piece-work basis. He demanded no guaranteed wage or proportion of the collections, but agreed to harvest the sinners and gather them into the church at the fixed rate of four dollars each. He was a skilled exhorter, adroit, persuasive and courageous, and within a week he and his sermons held the town's interest to the exclusion of all other affairs. Many of the unregenerate accepted his invitation to confess their sins before the world, and the meeting was a gratifying success.

I do not now recall any of the texts he used or the morals he got from them, but one of his favorite expressions put me to the inconvenience of consulting the dictionary and thus fastening itself in my mind. In each of his sermons, whether coining lurid phrases to picture hell's torment or describing the fearful state of persons yet unweaned from their wickedness, he found frequent occasion to speak of filthy lucre and man's love of it.

I had acquaintance with the adjective and, being persuaded by its unsavory reputation, judged the noun to be some monstrous evil known only to adult persons. The dictionary brought me understanding, but it brought disappointment as well. It seemed unreasonable to me that one who hated and feared money and the pleasures and comforts bought with money as this man hated and feared them should risk his immortal soul by accepting a fee for the salvation of sinners. I realized that this ungenerous thought doubtless was proof of my unregenerate nature and forbore mentioning it to my elders; but secretly I pondered over it and enlarged upon it until I came at last to open doubt of the evangelist's sincerity.

In later years I discovered that this hypocrisy concerning the possession of money is almost universal and is in fact more delusion than hypocrisy. The normal man contrives a philosophy to take the sting from failure. Like the fox in Æsop's fable, he leaps again and again to seize a bunch of grapes and, being at last persuaded of the futility of his efforts, consoles himself with the reflection that the grapes are sour. This reflection is unworthy and has no basis in fact. It is but an effort to defend himself against the accusation of impotence, but, once accepted as a sop to vanity and used to dull the edge of his cupidity, it becomes in time an accepted conviction, a faith and a creed.

The desire for money, which is but a desire for the comfort, luxury, ease and beauty money will buy, is shared by all normal people. Some persons while striving to get money become enamored of getting and learn to love money for its own sake; but these are a little mad.

A great deal of money is a dangerous possession and is more frequently a burden than a blessing. It may demand the whole of one's energy and thought and time, thus depriving him of his rightful share in the joy of living; or it may be set to work in quiet fashion so that it will make no call upon him and leave him to an idle, useless and bored existence. The man who is slave to his money and the man who is by money condemned to idleness are alike deserving of sympathy, though neither may be conscious of his need of it.

The average man labors in the hope of attaining prosperity. His need of money is real and his desire for it is wholesome. He does not dream of acquiring millions, for ambition is gauged by a reasonable hope, and the average man has no reasonable hope of acquiring millions. He hopes to be free of debt, to own a comfortable house with shade trees and a wide lawn, to possess a car and to acquire a bank account that will put the children through college and insure his old age against want. He might by puerile dreaming learn to desire a million dollars, and assuredly he would accept a million if it should be offered; but his present desires are circumscribed by the law of probabilities.

Persons who condemn money never condemn it in small quantities. The evil in money consists in the quantity possessed by one who is richer than he who condemns. And as a general thing those who condemn quantities of money have by much thinking concerning great fortunes kindled within their minds an envy that robs them of peace and, being tormented by envy, find solace in the belief that the thing they desire and cannot get is evil.

I am conscious of possessing two natures, and because I am a normal man I am persuaded that other persons have dual natures.

One nature persuades me to love simple things—homely fare, a little house snuggled under trees on a quiet village street, unpretentious friends, the freedom of shirt sleeves, a ramble in the woods, work that taxes muscles, a book and a pipe under an evening lamp, a romp with the kiddy. This nature is wholesome and, though it offers little of adventure and nothing of excitement, reason insists that it is the better part of me.

The other nature scorns simplicity. It would have me in a castle standing at the end of a shaded drive miles back from an iron gate that shut out the world. There would be high-vaulted ceilings and rooms lighted by a thousand candles, gay friends by the score to drink my liquor, fine clothes and finer manners, horses, hounds and guns and joyous days of loafing and joyous nights of frolic. This is the nature left to me from childhood, and it believes in fairy tales and dreams.

By working hard I can get the money to gratify the nature that is content with simple things, and by grace of a defensive philosophy I can persuade myself that the things desired by my other nature would not be good for me.

Men get what they can and, for the most part, spend in proportion to their getting. Money does not breed vice any more than want breeds virtue. Rather the desire for money encourages industry, industry encourages sanity and sanity insists upon virtue. It is not money that is filthy, but only the abnormal man who, being bent upon evil, uses money for filthy purposes, as other and better men use it to cleanse and enlighten and beautify the world.

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Class in Bacteriology
Camp Pike, Arkansas

Auto-Mechanics Class
Camp Eustis, Virginia

THE US ARMY BUILDS MEN

VENETIAN LOVERS

(Continued from Page 9)

A glow of candlelight, or, rather, of electric lamps made in the shape of candles and fastened in gilt brackets, gave a glamour to the women's hair and to their white arms and shoulders. Their diamonds twinkled with little points of light. The men's shirt fronts gleamed white, and here and there the medals of Italian officers glinted like the women's jewels. Down below where we sat only about four couples were dancing, and among them were Paula and Percival, going round dreamily, looking into each other's eyes, whispering a word now and then.

Ostuni shifted in his chair as the orchestra started a new dance tune in American ragtime.

"So they go on fiddling while Rome burns!" he said.

He spoke with bitterness, and I could see that the man's nerves were all on edge. I studied him as he sat there smoking a cigarette through a long amber mouthpiece, his face in the shadow flung across him by one of the pillars behind which we sat, but with a ray of candlelight touching his profile. He had a strong face, on stern lines. Rather Roman, I thought, and not unlike a youthful Cæsar. Youthful, that is, compared with the bust of Julius Cæsar on a pedestal in this room, though he was a man of thirty-eight or so. That is, I reckoned, eighteen years at least older than that wife of his who passed us with her arms round Percival, to whom she said something that made the boy smile.

I did not wonder that Ostuni's nerves were on edge. He had played a difficult part in the last Italian cabinet, and his desperate efforts to cope with the financial situation and restore the order and credit of Italy had failed lamentably. He was responsible for the withdrawal of the bread subsidy which had increased the price of the loaf and caused riots in several towns. The people had called him "baby starver," and the Italian papers had surpassed themselves in the violence and obscenity of their cartoons. He was made the scapegoat of the government and expelled from office when the cabinet yielded to popular pressure and renewed the subsidy. But the people were not satisfied with this expulsion, and his life even had been threatened at Rome. He had come to Venice as a place of safety.

"This strike," he said, "may be the beginning of the revolution which I'm afraid is bound to come. Italy cannot stand a continuance of these conflicts. We are already a bankrupt people. We can only save ourselves from absolute disaster, from actual starvation, by an intensity of work and production. Yet these poor fools refuse to work and think that by demanding more wages and less taxes they can better their conditions. Look at Venice! For three weeks not a single ship has been unloaded. The steamship lines are already diverting their vessels to other ports, like Marseilles. Now this railway strike cuts us off from the other cities of Italy, and every city from its neighbor. Venice is already short of food, with only three days' stock. In a week, in less than that, there will be a famine. And anarchy, as sure as fate."

"Pretty serious," I assented.

Paula and Percival came and sat next to us. Ostuni patted his wife's hand.

"You never tire of dancing, *carissima*. I'm glad you have a good partner, though I disapprove of too much gayety, with our poor Italy in such a desperate state."

He smiled over at Percival in the friendliest way, and I saw the boy's hand tremble a little as he lit a cigarette. A faint color crept beneath his fair skin.

"I must find a partner somehow," said Paula, "with a husband like an old bear, and a sulky one! You are always worrying about the state of Italy and the poverty of the people. I find that so dull. So dull! I want to enjoy youth and get all there is of the beauty of life. The people—bah! they are a dirty lot."

She spoke pettishly, like a spoiled child, and Percival laughed. But I saw a shadow cross Ostuni's face.

"Do not speak of the people like that, *carissima*," he said gently. "In the war they were heroic. They have suffered terribly, and now have no reward for all their sacrifice. We who escaped the greater suffering must dedicate our lives to the people, and help them by every means."

"I hate them!" said Paula. "I hate dirt and poverty and misery. Most of it, anyhow, is their own fault. You say so yourself. Why don't they work, instead of abusing people like ourselves?"

Ostuni looked round the room, into which more people had come from the galleries upstairs.

"There is much to abuse here," he said. "These profiteers, who have gorged themselves fat like vultures on the business of war, on the dead bodies of youth—these shameless people!"

He struck his hand a sharp blow on the arm of his chair, in a kind of passion. Paula laughed in her silvery way.

"They obey the law of life, my husband. Some gain, some lose. But do not let us talk politics. I want you to give me that rope of pearls which we saw in the window at the corner of St. Mark's Square. It is a wonderful bargain, and foolishly cheap."

"I told you no, *carissima*," said Ostuni gently. "We are too poor. Thank God, anyhow I have made no money out of this war, though they call me also, in their ignorance, a bloodsucker. What do you want with more jewels? Even those diamonds hurt my eyes, because I think of the starving people. And anyhow it is dangerous to wear them where the people may see. Look, there are eyes upon you now. Not friendly eyes."

He turned his head slightly toward the window by the side of us. Then, as often before, faces were pressed against the window panes and eyes were staring into this great room with its lights and its white-armed women and its look of luxury. I thought then, though I may have been mistaken, that as Ostuni turned his head his name was spoken by someone in the street outside, by a voice belonging to one of those staring faces pressed hard against the window panes.

"Impertinent wretches!" said Paula, turning her back on the window and those watchers.

She caught hold of her husband's hand as it lay on his knee, and pleaded with him in a childish way:

"Buy me those pearls, Luigi! I will give you no peace until you do."

"No, no!" said Ostuni. "Is not my love worth more than a foolish trinket?"

He took up her hand and kissed it, and would have kissed it again if she had not dragged it away in a passion.

"You are old and mean!" she said in a low voice. "You do not care for me now. Let us dance again, *ragazzo bellissimo*."

Those last words were to Percival, who had been distressed by the conversation that had gone on, and now rose with a look of relief, though shyly because of Ostuni.

They danced away from us and then disappeared behind a pillar.

"She is still a child," said Ostuni. "She does not understand. I want only her happiness, and yet because of my career and duty I have left her much alone. I wish she would be less intolerant of the poor people. She thinks I am a foolish sentimentalist. It is the intolerance of youth and happiness."

I was tempted to lean forward to him and say, "Take your wife away if you want to keep her. Do not leave her too much alone again. It is very dangerous for you and for her."

I did not yield to that temptation, because something happened to disturb all conversation. The orchestra was playing that piece called Destiny, which has a sound lighter than its name, and there was the swish of silk shoes on polished boards, and light ripples of laughter from girls talking to their men at little tables on the edge of the dancing place.

Suddenly into the midst of these pleasant sounds came a startling crash, very close to where I sat, followed by a tinkle of broken glass. Someone from outside had hurled a stone straight through the window. It fell close to Ostuni and broke one of the electric candle lamps before it fell. There was a sensation in the room, though it took the form of silence instead of noise. Everybody sprang up, and then stood still, and the dancers stayed motionless for a few seconds.

From the street came a gust of harsh laughter, and then a shout in one man's voice:

"Ostuni! *Bandito! Porco! Scellerato! A morte!*"

Three times the name of Ostuni was shouted out, followed by foul words. Then, as one could hear, the crowd outside was scattered by the sharp report of a rifle shot or pistol shot, and after that there was silence in the street as well as in the room.

Ostuni was standing rather rigid and very pale. The first words he said were spoken to me:

"The trouble is beginning. Why do they hate me most of all? I have done my best for them."

Ostuni was quite right when he said it was the beginning of trouble. Looking back now I see that he had been right about other things, especially the danger of flaunting wealth so openly in the face of the multitude made bitter by the soaring prices of foodstuffs and all necessities of life, while Venice was infested with rich people who had made great profits out of a world conflict. It was bitter irony which made the people fasten on his name and desire his blood, as the worst enemy of their class and interests.

Our hotel, which had seemed securely aloof from all this trouble until that stone came crashing through the window, did not escape from internal disorder and the spirit of this conflict. It came home to us closely before another day passed, and afterward more seriously. All the waiters and hotel servants, including the cooks and the scullions, went on strike before the next day's dinner. We were all sitting at table, waiting for the soup—the same women in their filmy frocks, the same dandified Italians and rich Greeks and English tourists—when the hotel manager, who called himself a Swiss, and was, I think, an Austrian, announced the dread news to hungry people. He spoke in Italian, French and English, and made the same little speech in each tongue:

"Ladies and gentlemen, owing to the strike of all our servants, with the exception of the female staff and a few others, I regret that it is impossible to serve dinner this evening."

That made a greater sensation than the crashing of the stone through the window downstairs. To be denied food seems a worse calamity to prosperous people than to be in physical danger of a more violent kind. There was an uproar of voices, expostulations, lamentations.

"Disgraceful!" said an English lady, the wife of a clergyman. "Surely the police ought to prevent such a thing!"

One of the waiters came into the room. He was one of those I had seen whispering in the hall the day before, a sinister wild-eyed fellow. He had changed from his waiter's clothes into an ordinary civilian suit, and wore a red scarf round his neck. He stood by the buffet from which the waiters used to serve, and laughed harshly.

"Our turn has come!" he said. "And yours. This is more than a strike. It is revolution. It is a fight between the people and the fat pigs who have betrayed them. You are the fat pigs, the profiteers, the robbers of the people's wealth. Now you may go hungry. You will know what it means to the poor who starved while you gorged. Those plump arms of your overfed women will shrink a little. Take care those white necks are not tied round with rope and hung from the balconies of Venice. And you, Luigi Ostuni, bloodsucker and baby starver"—he stretched out his arm toward my friend, who was sitting facing me at table, with Percival and Paula on each side of us—"be very careful not to show yourself to the people. They are asking for you. They want small pieces of you to carry as souvenirs."

He gave again that harsh insolent laugh, and went from the room just as several Italian gentlemen rose from their chairs with intent to thrash him or hurl him out. One of them held a table knife like a dagger. Something in his eyes told me that he would have stuck that waiter through the throat if he had uttered another insult.

But passion and indignation did not produce a dinner. Some of us went foraging in the kitchen and brought up meats and pies which were good enough for a picnic meal. It restored good humor to some of the visitors, and Paula especially thought it all a good joke as she and Percival shared the wing of a fowl. She had pluck, I thought, and was not cowed by those threats against her husband, who sat pale and silent, and did not eat the food I handed to him.

Once he made a remark to me in a low voice:

"I believe that fellow is right. This is more than a strike. It is revolution."

I made allowance for his pessimism, and saw no sign of real revolution next day in Venice, but only the anxiety of shopkeepers and a rather sullen attitude among small groups of men and women who stood talking in St. Mark's Square and on the Rialto, where the crowds were thicker below the old bridge where once Shylock called for his ducats and his daughter, and Antonio heard the news of doom.

The weather was hot again, and the Grand Canal seemed like molten gold beneath the sun's glare, and every gondola, every painted mooring pole and the American battleship were perfectly mirrored there on the smooth shining water. On the other side the Church of Santa Maria della Salute and the Island of San Giorgio were dazzling in this sunlight beneath a sky of intense cloudless blue. The pigeons preened themselves in St. Mark's Square. The figures on the old clock above the gateway struck the hours lazily, beggars lay sleeping during the afternoon siesta on the marble seats by the Doge's Palace. No sign of revolution.

But that evening, before dusk, ugly things began to happen. From all the narrow winding streets—round the *fondamenta* di San Zaccaria, the Calle Lunga, the Campo di Santa Maria Formosa—there came crowds of men and women of the poorest classes, and groups of boys and girls, out for mischief. They were shouting and singing and shrieking out revolutionary cries. From what I heard afterward, they started attacking the provision and clothes shops down the Merceria under the Clock Tower; but when I met them they had surged into St. Mark's Square and were looting some of the rich shops, especially jewelers' shops, which cater to the tourists of the world. The Italian police had disappeared, and at that time no soldiers had come on the scene.

As a stranger and a prudent man, with a long experience of mobs and riots, I had decided to beat a retreat before I became involved, when I saw to my alarm and astonishment that Percival and Paula were in the midst of a menacing crowd outside one of these jewelers' shops. Young Goring had already been hit by a bit of broken glass—the windows had been smashed to splinters—and there was a nasty gash down his cheek, bleeding profusely. He was very pale and held Paula by one arm while he tried to elbow his way out of the crowd about him.

The girl was passionately angry. I think her anger had entirely destroyed all sense of fear. She called the crowd dogs and pigs, and bade them get out of her way and let her pass. I noticed even then—and I think it queer that at such a moment I should have seen this detail—that she wore a rope of pearls about her neck. Percival Goring had bought her the treasure which she had been refused by her husband, and I think it was the sight of those pearls which inflamed the anger of the mob, as much as her words.

It was the women who called her the worst names—coarse names from the vocabulary of Boccaccio, untranslatable—and I think she understood the meaning of them, for a wave of color swept into her face, but she held her head high proudly, with a most arrogant and scornful look. Whether they would have laid hands on her and young Goring I am not sure. I believe they were in great danger, but at that moment a small body of Carabinieri swung into the square, and at a word of command which rang out the crowd fell away a little from the boy and girl. I joined them and spoke anxiously:

"Don't run, but walk fast. If they follow, get into the cathedral."

"I am not afraid," said Paula Ostuni. "They are only a dirty rabble."

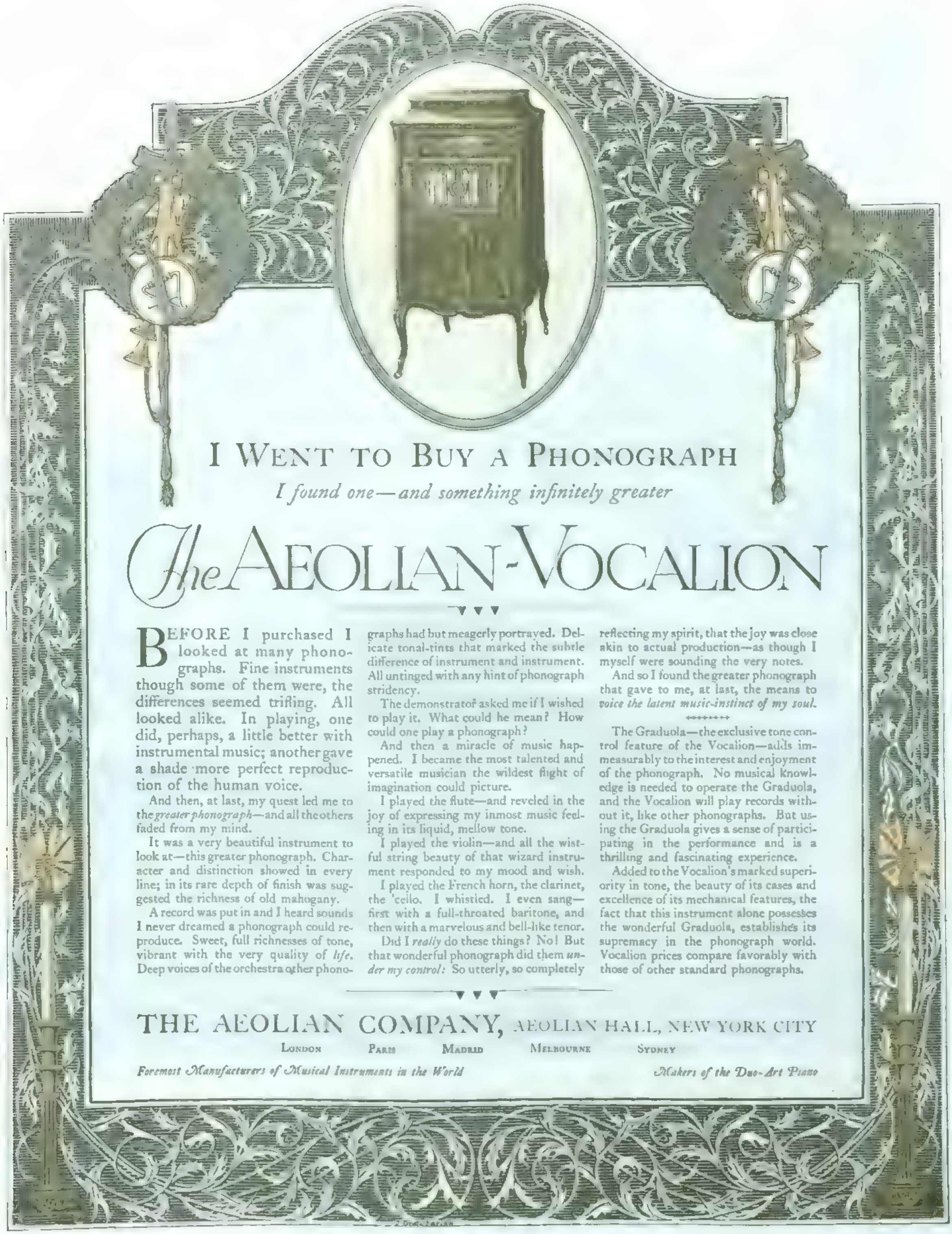
"I'm afraid," said Percival. "For your sake, Paula. Walk faster, for God's sake!"

The crowds did not follow. We were just out of the square when we heard the firing of the volley that, as we knew afterward, killed several men and women and led to rioting and fighting in a night of terror.

Paula stopped just outside our hotel and dabbed Percival's cheek with a lace handkerchief.

"You were my knight," she said. "I will kiss the blood that flowed for me."

(Continued on Page 90)



I WENT TO BUY A PHONOGRAPH

I found one—and something infinitely greater

The AEOLIAN-VOCALION

BEFORE I purchased I looked at many phonographs. Fine instruments though some of them were, the differences seemed trifling. All looked alike. In playing, one did, perhaps, a little better with instrumental music; another gave a shade more perfect reproduction of the human voice.

And then, at last, my quest led me to the *greater phonograph*—and all the others faded from my mind.

It was a very beautiful instrument to look at—this greater phonograph. Character and distinction showed in every line; in its rare depth of finish was suggested the richness of old mahogany.

A record was put in and I heard sounds I never dreamed a phonograph could reproduce. Sweet, full richnesses of tone, vibrant with the very quality of *life*. Deep voices of the orchestra other phonographs had but meagerly portrayed. Delicate tonal-tints that marked the subtle difference of instrument and instrument. All untinged with any hint of phonograph stridency.

The demonstrator asked me if I wished to play it. What could he mean? How could one play a phonograph?

And then a miracle of music happened. I became the most talented and versatile musician the wildest flight of imagination could picture.

I played the flute—and reveled in the joy of expressing my inmost music feeling in its liquid, mellow tone.

I played the violin—and all the wistful string beauty of that wizard instrument responded to my mood and wish.

I played the French horn, the clarinet, the 'cello. I whistled. I even sang—first with a full-throated baritone, and then with a marvelous and bell-like tenor.

Did I *really* do these things? No! But that wonderful phonograph did them *under my control:* So utterly, so completely reflecting my spirit, that the joy was close akin to actual production—as though I myself were sounding the very notes.

And so I found the greater phonograph that gave to me, at last, the means to *voice the latent music-instinct of my soul.*

The Graduola—the exclusive tone control feature of the Vocalion—adds immeasurably to the interest and enjoyment of the phonograph. No musical knowledge is needed to operate the Graduola, and the Vocalion will play records without it, like other phonographs. But using the Graduola gives a sense of participating in the performance and is a thrilling and fascinating experience.

Added to the Vocalion's marked superiority in tone, the beauty of its cases and excellence of its mechanical features, the fact that this instrument alone possesses the wonderful Graduola, establishes its supremacy in the phonograph world. Vocalion prices compare favorably with those of other standard phonographs.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY, AEOLIAN HALL, NEW YORK CITY

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Foremost Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World *Makers of the Duo-Art Piano*

An un-retouched photograph of the veteran Goodyear highway transport which holds the world's record for a trip by motor truck from Los Angeles to New York

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GOODYEAR

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At 11:15 p. m. on June 20th, 1920, certain New Yorkers, homeward bound from Broadway entertainment, saw a huge motor truck on big pneumatic tires looming up in the glare of West Side street lights. Exactly 13 days, 13 hours and 15 minutes before, this highway cruiser had borne eastward out of Los Angeles. In the interim, it had broken the world's truck record for this coast-to-coast run of 3,451 miles; indeed, had covered the distance in the actual running time of 13 days and 5 hours flat. Although a heavy duty transport with a previous record of 120,000 miles traveled in 32 states, including three former transcontinental trips, it had overwhelmed the time schedules of all other trucks, light and heavy. And it rolled into New York City on California air. Not one of its powerful Goodyear Cord Tires had been removed from a wheel during this gruelling race against time over mountain, desert and prairie to victory.

SURELY the feat described here makes vividly clear why motor trucks on Goodyear Cord Tires are found extremely advantageous in the present transportation situation.

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Pneumatic traction surmounts handicaps of weather and grade; pneumatic cushioning saves drivers, loads, trucks and roads; pneumatic quickness increases deliveries and earnings.

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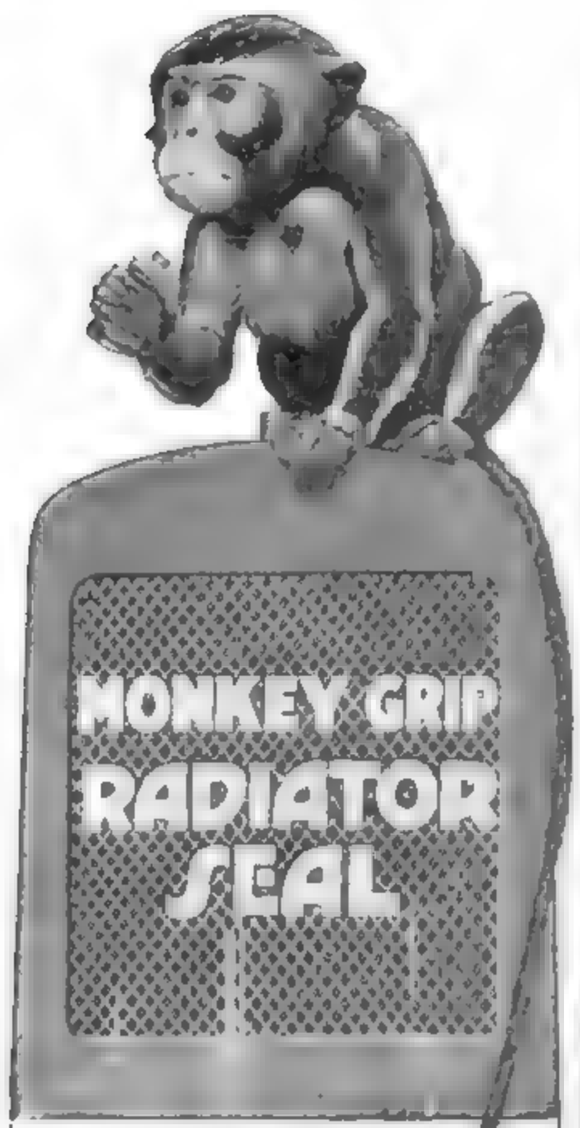
Such records, plus analyses of hauling costs supplied by many businesses, can be obtained from The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

CORD TIRES



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MOCO COMPANY OF AMERICA
Oklahoma City, Okla.
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(Continued from Page 86)

She put the handkerchief to her lips and in her emotional Italian way kissed the red stains on it.

"I'd have spilt more blood than that scratch before they hurt you!" said the boy. "They were like wild beasts."

"Listen!" said Paula. "Some of them are dying because of their beastliness."

Some more shots rang out in St. Mark's Square, and I hated to hear the sound of them, and hated to see the smile on that girl's face.

"They are getting what they deserve," she said. "The dogs!"

I think even Percival was startled by her joy in the sound of those shots, which he knew meant death.

"Poor wretches!" he said.

But he was very tender to Paula when, nearly fainting for a minute, in spite of her disdain of danger at the time, she sat back in one of the low chairs in the tea room of our hotel. He went down into the kitchen, a cheerless place now, with only a few old women in attendance, and made some tea and brought it up. By this time Paula had recovered and was merry again, laughing at her adventure, and fingering her pearls like a child playing with a new toy.

"They were cheap, you say?" I asked.

And she replied: "Wonderfully cheap. Only forty-five thousand lire!"

Five hundred pounds in English money. Yes, cheap for a rope of pearls, and not ruinous to young Goring, heir to Lancashire cotton mills, but a folly and a shame at a time of wretchedness in a bankrupt country.

I held my tongue about that. What was the good of protesting to this girl, who was utterly irresponsible, entirely callous of her people's misery; or to Percival, who was bewitched by her beauty?

Yet I went to the boy's room that night, determined to give him a more serious warning, to appeal to that sense of honor in him which for a while seemed destroyed by lovesickness. I had found it impossible to sleep. Ugly things were happening in Venice. It was quite quiet along the Riva degli Schiavoni, the quay side below my windows. Some American bluejackets stood on guard by the Vaporetto landing stage, and I saw the gleam of their bayonets and heard them talking in low voices. But from the direction of St. Mark's Square and the narrow *calle* behind came the sound of rioting. I could hear distant shouting, and now and then screams of women. There was a fire burning somewhere, and its ruddy glare touched the pale-blue sky of this Venetian night. From another quarter came the sound of rifle shots, and I heard, quite distinctly, the rat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire.

Once a woman came running past the landing stage and cried out in anguish as she ran: *"O Gesù! . . . O Maria, Madre di Cristo!"*

The American bluejackets barred her way, and for some time she stayed there, making shrill lamentations.

No, it was impossible to sleep, and I put on my dressing gown and went down the corridor to Percival Goring's room. The door was ajar, and he had left his light burning. I called to him twice, and, getting no answer, went into the room and found it was empty. He had not been to bed yet, and none of his clothes were lying about. A sense of uneasiness took hold of me, and after hesitating in the room a few moments I went out again and down the great staircase to the gallery overlooking the hall. Perhaps young Goring was asleep or smoking in one of the big chairs down there. It was the kind of thing he would do in his present state of mind.

Only one light was burning in that great cavernous space below the arches. It was an electric lamp on one of the small tables by the sculptured fireplace, and it made a round pool of light on the polished boards and reached out in the room to gilded brackets and marble pillars and Venetian mirrors which faintly sparkled through the surrounding darkness. It also illumined two figures sitting close in one of the big leather chairs. They were Paula Ostuni and Percival. I was certain it was the Italian girl because her face was turned to the lamplight above a vague shimmer of blue silk which was her dressing gown. Of Percival I could see nothing except a black form and a streak of white where the light caught the edge of his shirt front. But I heard his voice.

"What can we do?" he said. "We can't go on like this, now that we know we love each other. Oh, Paula, I thought we could just be pals!"

There was a note of anguish in his voice.

Paula answered him with that soft Italian purr of hers which could sometimes change to harshness, as I had heard.

"Foolish child! Are you afraid of love, then? I want you and you want me. It is very simple. It is just life. We will go away together with our love. *Bellissimo!*"

"I'm sorry we found out," said Percival. "I thought it could just be friendship."

"Between you and me it was love—from the first," answered Paula; and I think she had her arms about him then. "It was your boyhood, your clean English look, which caught hold of me. 'That is my boy,' I said. Little boy of mine, you are afraid because my love is so like a flame which scorches you. Do not be afraid of its burning!"

"It's a sweet fire," said Percival; "but, oh, my dear, I feel ashamed when I think I shall drag you into dishonor. Have you thought of that? What will Ostuni say, and all the world?"

"Love is above honor," said Paula. "It is above law. What do I care about the world, or anything, with you as my little lover, my big little English boy?"

I was an eavesdropper there in that dark gallery, but it was only after those few moments that I was conscious of shame in listening to words not meant for me. Before then I had been held by a kind of spell, fascinated by that revelation of two souls confessing a love which one of them knew was sinful so that he was agonized.

A great anger took hold of me against the girl, that catlike creature who was weaving her witchery round this English boy, and I had a mind to go straight down to her with violent words and all the indignation which stirred me. And then suddenly I had a sense of pity for them both, for these two children of life, so young, so mastered by the passion of their youth. How could one help them out of this trap into which the old devil had lured them both? I turned to go out of the dark archway, but drew back again suddenly. Another figure passed down the corridor and looked over the balustrade.

It was Ostuni's voice which called out quietly: "Are you there, *carissima?*"

I heard the noise of a swift rustling movement in the hall below. Paula was standing up alone, by the shaded lamp. Percival had drawn back into the darkness and was invisible.

"Is that you, Luigi?" she answered; and her voice shook a little.

"Yes," he said. "I cannot sleep. There is bad work in Venice to-night. Will you not come up to your room? I was anxious when I looked in and saw that you had gone."

"I was restless," she answered again. "And it is cooler down here."

"I will come down to you," said Ostuni.

She did not answer him, and again I heard the sound of a quick movement down below. Ostuni went down the corridor. I saw his dark figure at the head of the stairs, and a moment later young Goring stood face to face with me. He had come up the other stairway, very swiftly and silently, and I saw the whiteness of his face.

I grasped him by the wrist and whispered to him, and I think my sudden apparition gave him a great shock.

"Fool!" I said. "And worse than fool if you go on like this!"

He asked me what the devil I meant, and I told him plainly as we stood outside his door.

"That girl is luring you to dishonor. You are up to the neck in it now. What about your mother, who is lying ill, praying for you? Is this the time for love-making with Ostuni's wife?"

I think that reminder of his mother hit him hard. Too hard, I think now, for it was pretty cruel of me.

"Hell!" he said. "I ought to have caught that train. Now it's too late, anyhow."

He put his hand up to his head, and I could see that he was almost crying.

I turned up the light in his room, and when he came in I shut the door after him.

"Cut and run," I said. "It's the best plan. I'll help you all I know. If there are no trains, ride. You can get a horse. If there are no horses, walk. I'll come with you."

"Too late!" he groaned. "Paula and I have found out we love one another. We're fairly in the cart!"

For two hours that night I sat with him, arguing, pleading, protesting, and it was all useless and ended in a quarrel when I said that Paula Ostuni was an immoral little baggage who ought to get a whipping from her husband.

"Clear out of my room," he said, "or I'll throw you out!"

The boy was infatuated, though conscience stricken, torn between loyalty to that mother of his who lay ill and, for all he knew, dying, and to that Italian girl who had roused the first passion of his heart so that he was Romeo to her Juliet, and on fire with love. I saw there was only one chance of saving him from immediate shipwreck of honor, and of happiness too, after passion should be spent—one day he would find out the hardness of the spirit behind that pretty face—and that was by the ending of the strike, so that he could have no excuse for staying away from the mother who called for him. I hoped to God there would be a train from Venice in the morning.

The truth was that Venice in the morning had a sinister look, and so far from showing any sign of peace was preparing for renewed conflict. A score of people had been killed in the night, and large numbers wounded. Some of the soldiers had gone over to the mob, or had at least refused to fire on them, and the others were outnumbered and cowed by the ferocity of the strikers and the crowds of looters. Many of the little courts and alleys of Venice were barricaded; all the shops were shut and boarded, if they had not been already wrecked; and in St. Mark's Square there were great gatherings of revolutionary spirits addressed by violent orators, among whom I recognized the waiter at the Hôtel Dandolo who had made a scene in the dining room by outrageous and menacing words.

I listened to him on the outskirts of the crowd, and heard the name of Ostuni repeated many times and greeted each time with hootings and jeers.

"The fellow is obsessed with hatred of Ostuni," I thought, and then pressed nearer, to catch the gist of his speech.

"Here in Venice," he shouted, "we have our worst enemy—the man who tried to starve our women and children by putting up the price of the loaf, so that he and his fellow robbers might grow fatter on the profits of dear bread. What is the punishment for a crime like that?"

"Death!" cried many voices in the crowd.

"In the old days of Venice," shouted this orator of the mob, "the Council of the Five Hundred had merry ways with poor devils who displeased them, people like you and me who dared to voice their grievances. In that prison there across the Bridge of Sighs they tortured them in dark dungeons, and then chopped off their heads and dropped them into the canal below. We will not torture Ostuni, but if we are Venetians, and not traitors, we will drag him out of that hotel where he dances with his painted women—oh, I know them and their insolence—and trample him to death beneath our feet. Who will be the first to fetch him? I will show you where he hides."

There were hoarse laughter and a great shout, in which I heard the old note of cruelty when men desire the blood of other men. Some people moved away as though they would go there and then to fetch Ostuni, but the orator was not yet through with his speech, and held up a hand.

I walked quickly back to the Hôtel Dandolo. That crowd meant ugly business regarding Count Ostuni. It was not merely froth of mob fury.

He was sitting with Paula and Percival in the very place where these two had been that night, and I could see that he had no suspicion of the boy, or of that girl, his wife.

Before those two I told him what I had heard, and begged him to leave the hotel at once and take shelter in some other house.

"What house?" he asked quietly, without a sign of fear, but without false heroics. "They would find me wherever I go."

"Go to the cardinal," I said. "They respect him for his courage and goodness. They will not lay a finger on him, nor on anyone whom he shelters."

"It's a good idea," said Percival eagerly.

"It's a ridiculous idea!" said Paula. "If I were a man bearing the name of Ostuni I should be ashamed to hide from a crowd of ruffians."

She laughed in a shrill, angry way, and said: "You will not go, Luigi?"

"It might be prudent," said Ostuni gravely. "One man against a mob has

(Concluded on Page 92)

APEX *Electric Washer*

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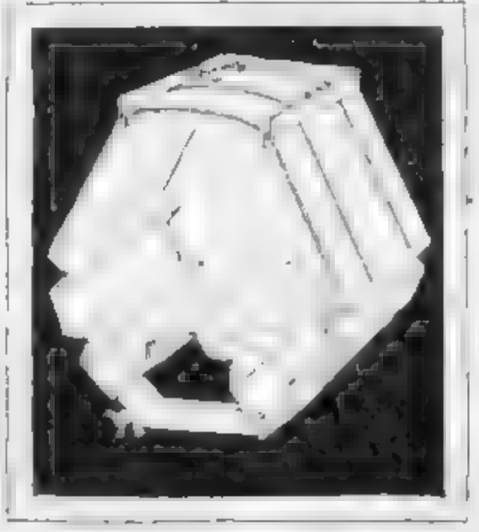

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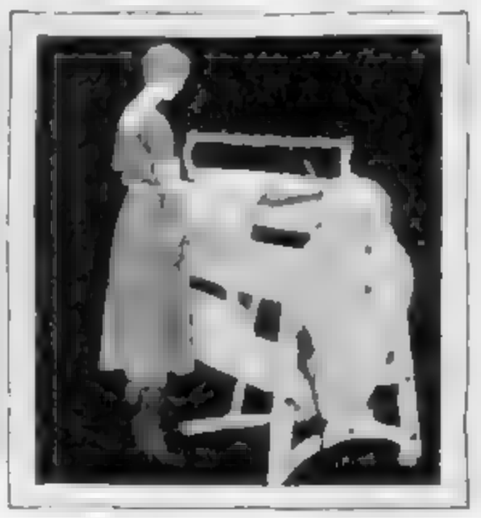

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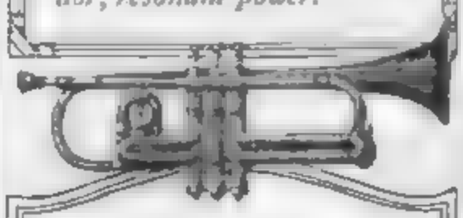

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(Concluded from Page 90)

little chance. I do not mind for myself, but for your sake I want to live a little longer."

He spoke those last words with a smile, and tenderly, putting his hand on hers.

She drew her hand away impatiently and jerked her head back.

"I like men with physical courage," she said.

I could see a little color creep beneath the skin of Ostuni's rather pale face, and Percival looked horribly uncomfortable.

"I am no coward," said Ostuni. "I think I have proved that. I will stay here if you think like that."

Percival spoke in a low voice:

"The countess spoke a little thoughtlessly, perhaps. I have no right to an opinion in this matter, but I cannot help thinking that it would be risky for you to stay here, sir."

"Oh, I will stay," answered Ostuni carelessly.

"They won't come anyhow!" said Paula.

But they came, as soon as dusk had fallen. We heard the noise of the approaching crowd along the Riva degli Schiavoni, as we sat in the dining room upstairs, still eking out the scanty stores left in the kitchens. They were shouting outside the hotel, and above the growling murmur of the men's bass voices there sounded the shrill clamor of women.

"They have come for me," said Ostuni calmly.

Percival Goring glanced at Paula with an expression of extreme distress. I, too, looked at her, and saw a strange glitter in her eyes, and she seemed to me rather witchlike. Her lips, so red and ripe as a rule, had lost their color, and she paled beneath the touch of rouge on her cheeks.

"They will make a noise," she said. "Perhaps break a few more windows!"

What happened was the breaking of the door downstairs, which had been shut against them by the manager, that Austrian, as I think he was. Percival and I had gone down from the dining room to the hall with an idea of seeing more closely what was happening, so that we might warn Ostuni of any instant peril.

Other people staying in the hotel were there, too, standing in groups, with frightened looks. The women were in their evening frocks, in spite of a picnic meal, and two or three Italian officers among them were gesticulating in an excited way. The English clergyman's wife, a rather sour-faced lady, showed her contempt for all foreigners, and for this mob, by knitting her usual sock as she sat in a straight-backed chair.

Paula came down the great staircase, slowly dangling her rope of pearls, with a queer smile about her lips.

Ostuni himself was leaning over the balustrade of the lowest gallery, smoking a cigarette through his long amber mouthpiece.

It was then that the door was burst open with a crash and a splintering of glass and wood. The first man through was the fellow who had been a waiter here, wild-eyed, with disordered hair, and the red tie round his neck with loose ends. A score of his fellow rioters surged after him, and a great mob pressed behind them but could not get through the door because of these others.

"Ostuni!" shouted several voices. "We have come for Ostuni!"

They called him frightful names, to mark time, I think, while their eyes roved about the little groups of women in evening clothes, and took stock of the men who might resist them, and measured the amount of loot which might tempt them to other deeds when they had done with the man they hated most.

It was Percival Goring who stood in their way. He stood very straight and rigid, as I had seen him once in a steel hat beneath a trench parapet when shells were bursting very close to us. In his clear boyish voice, and in good Italian, he spoke to the mob, who were silent when he raised his hand and began to speak, so that one heard only their panting breath.

"The Count Ostuni is not here," he said. "He is dining in another house of Venice, somewhere along the Grand Canal. You waste your time in staying here, if that is the man you want."

"You lie!" said the ex-waiter savagely. "We have kept watch on this place. Ostuni came in this afternoon and has not stirred out since."

"You are mistaken," said young Goring calmly. "He has gone."

I glanced up at the balustrade where Ostuni had been standing. He was there still, but had withdrawn behind a pillar, and only part of his figure was revealed.

"No mistake, young puppy dog!" said the leader of the mob. "Stand back while we search this den of thieves—this palace of profiteers, this pigsty. Stand back, or I'll break your head!"

For a moment I did not see what happened next between Goring and this blackguard. A window in the great salon came crashing through, and several men and ragamuffin boys came through the empty framework. They were madly excited, and with shouts of laughter smashed some of the lights, overturned tables with glassware and porcelain, tore the silk curtains in strips, and wore the rags as scarfs. That was what I saw afterward, though at the time I was only aware of this new incursion and of its pandemonium. Percival Goring had seized a brass candlestick from a bracket on the wall and raised it above his head; but that gesture of his, which meant a broken skull for someone, made the foremost men recoil a moment.

Then something happened which was the worst thing—at least as bad a thing as any woman might do in treachery to a husband for the sake of a lover. It was a girl who did it, and that was the pretty Paula with the ripe, red lips and face of witchery.

She was the only woman now downstairs. The others had fled to the upper galleries, leaving the Italian officers and about eight other men on the stairs at the foot of the grand staircase. She had been standing by a carved oak chair, holding to the back of it with a tight grip, which suddenly she let go to come swiftly like a young tigress in front of Percival, facing that wild-eyed waiter and his mob.

"Do not lay hands on this boy!" she cried. "I beseech you not to harm him. If you want Ostuni I will tell you where to find him."

I saw young Percival lower his candlestick and all the color fade from his face, leaving it gray, like an old man's skin.

"Paula!" he said in a voice of horror. "For God's sake ——"

She spoke again, panting, with one arm, one of her plump white arms, thrust out as though to shield Goring.

"If you will let this boy alone I will tell you where to find the man you want."

"Paula!" cried Percival again. "For the love of God ——"

The leader of the mob laughed harshly, and his laughter was echoed by the men behind him.

"We'll let the lambkin go if you tell us where to find the wolf. We want Ostuni the bloodsucker!"

"He is there," said Paula. She flung up her arm toward the balcony, where still I saw a glimpse of Ostuni's figure behind the pillar. "Ostuni is up there, hiding among the women, while a boy shields him."

It was a plain betrayal, deliberate, most treacherous. Ostuni himself heard his wife's words, understood them, answered them.

He came from behind the pillar and stood clear in the light, looking down on the mob.

"I am here," he said in a cold hard voice. "Do your killing quickly, and spare the rest. I am only afraid that you should let me live with that woman who betrays me."

At the sight of Ostuni there was a moment's silence among the mob. They stared up at him with a kind of smiling greediness, like beasts who see their food. Then they surged forward to the stairway.

Young Goring had fallen back to the lower stair, and I was next to him, with other men about us. I saw his candlestick come down like a flash, and the foremost man fell. Then he, too, fell from a blow in the face. It was like a fight of wolves on that stairway, and they forced us back almost to the first gallery, but not without casualties on their side, and several on ours. An Italian officer of the Bersaglieri, a young giant of a fellow, lifted up one of the rioters and heaved him over the balustrade so that he fell as senseless as a log.

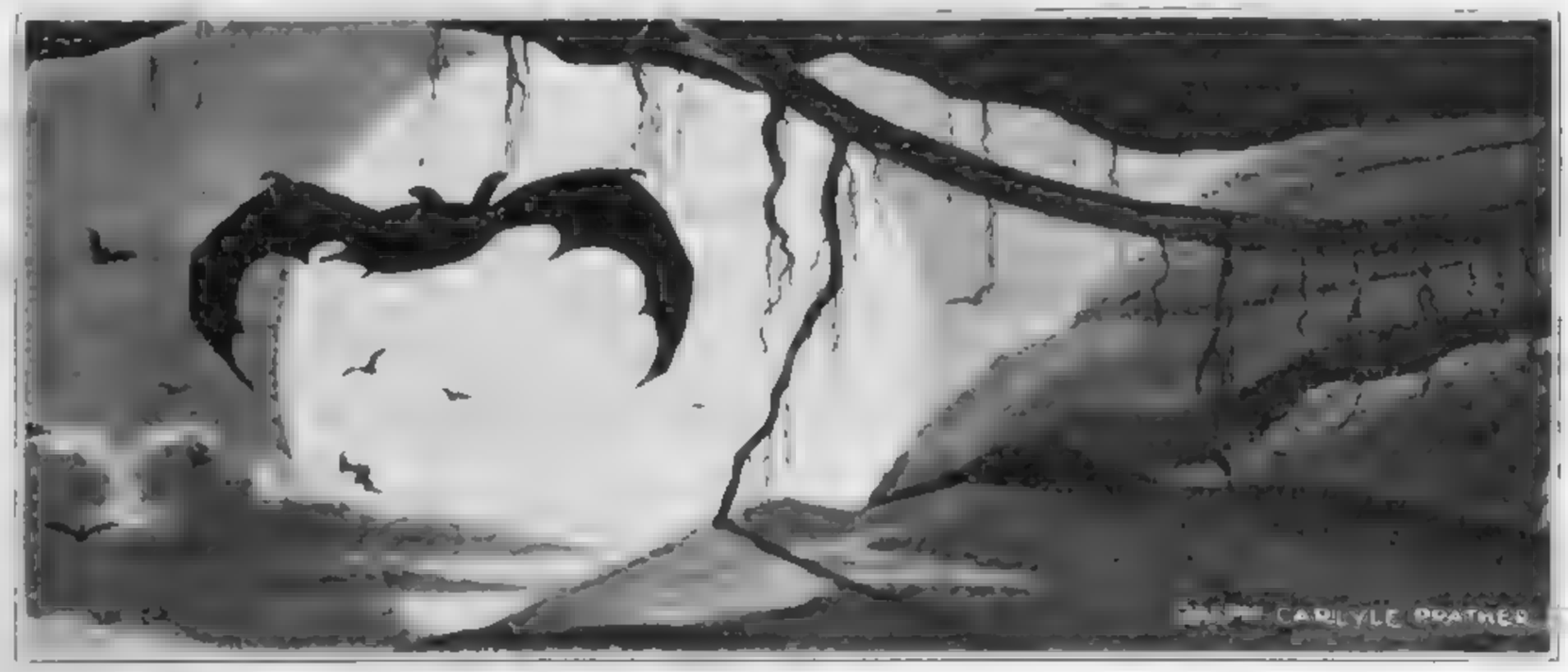
I had Italian hands about my throat, and should have choked if rescue had not come just then. It came in the rear of our attackers, and was good enough. A squad of American bluejackets sprang upon the mob struggling for possession of the stairs, and set about them with butt ends, and with bayonets if they had much trouble. It was a rapid bit of work, and at the end of it, when the prisoners were hustled out, the Hôtel Dandolo was not a pretty sight. A number of broken-pated and bleeding men lay about the floor and stairs, and among them was young Percival. Paula Ostuni had fled to her room.

She came to the hospital where the boy was being nursed by nuns, but he would not see her.

"Tell her," he said, "that I've had a happy escape."

He wept then so that his pillow was wet. His boy's heart had had a nasty knock. He could not forgive that girl's treachery to her husband—the offer of Ostuni's life to the mob—though it had been for love of him.

We left Venice when the strike ended, after something not quite as bad as revolution, and by a paper which I picked up in the train I saw that Ostuni had reached Paris in safety. But he went alone.



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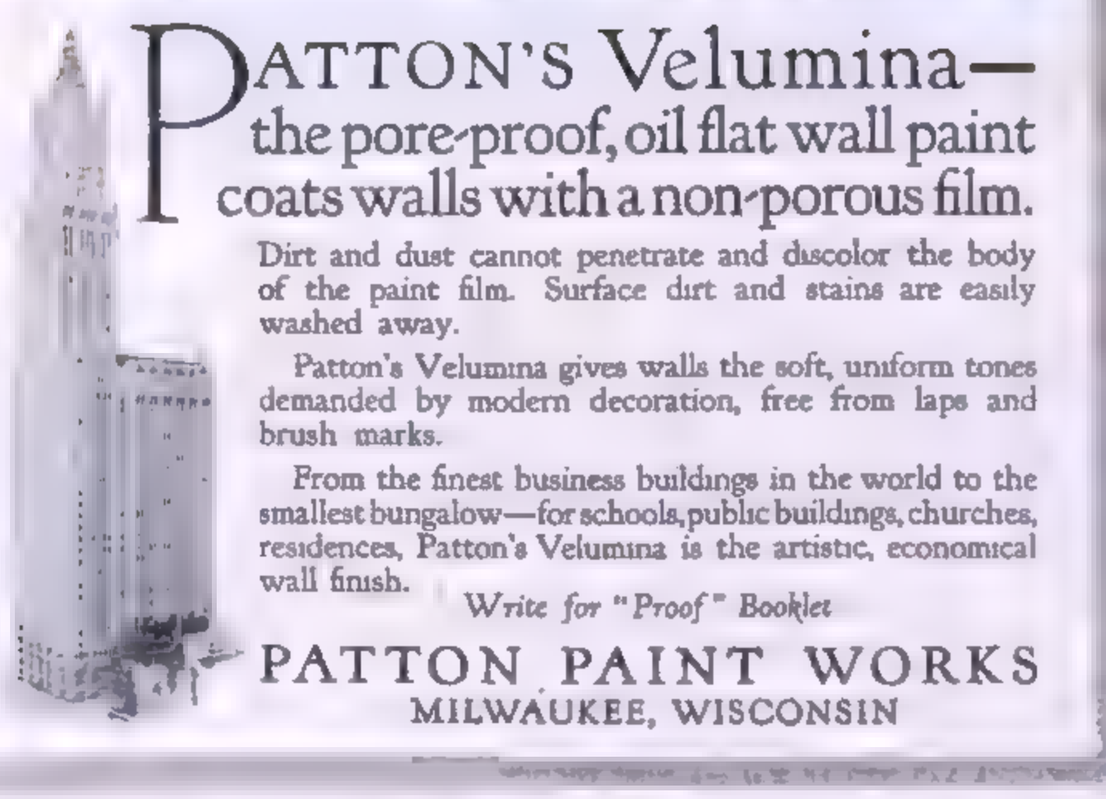

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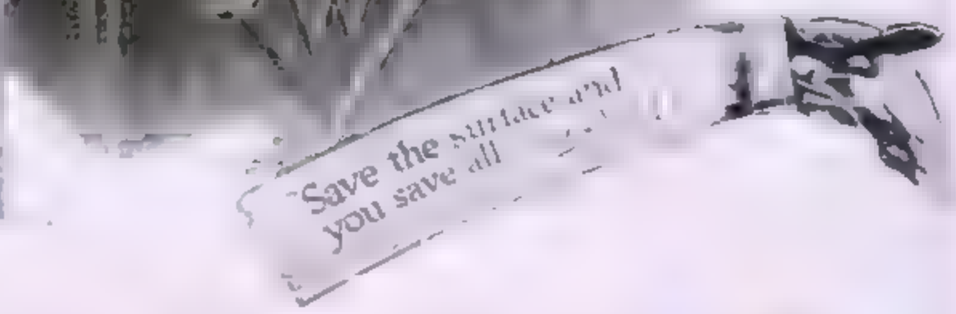

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ALVARO OBREGÓN: AS MILITARY LEADER

(Continued from Page 15)

He rose at once to the new level, and above it. For him civil war was a terrible misfortune, and his own part in it could be justified only if it led to the moral and social regeneration of the community. But, keeping this object steadily before him, he sought to forge an instrument powerful enough to enable him to attain it, and was ever ready withal to seize a favorable opportunity to remove the destinies of the republic from the arbitrament of the battlefield to the council chamber of the National Palace.

From the outset Obregón set about creating an army after his own heart and bent all his efforts to that end. He began by inculcating upon his fellow officers and their men the idea that they were fighting for justice and liberty and were discharging thereby a duty to their country, their families and themselves, the consciousness of having accomplished which was to be their sole reward. He knew every officer and in the beginning every soldier personally, and he treated them all in a spirit of true comradeship. He never once struck a private or reviled him publicly in anger; neither did he ever hesitate to punish an officer, however high his rank, for cowardice or disobedience. At the historic battle of Celaya, for example, observing that Colonel Kloss had executed a half turn with the artillery under his command at the moment when Obregón's forces were beginning to waver, he unhesitatingly ordered him to be arrested and shot unless he could justify his conduct to the satisfaction of his superiors.

Thus the bonds of union between the chief and the rank and file were common aims, personal attachment and loyalty. Naturally this ideal relationship could subsist only so long as the men under his orders were relatively few; but Obregón assures me that it was fairly well maintained among as many as three thousand men. Very soon, however, owing to his rapid advancement, his command extended far beyond the radius within which his moralizing personal influence could directly reach and effectually mold it, however earnestly he might strive to imbue it with his own spirit of justice and moderation. It included large numbers of uncultured men from other armies—men on whom long years of subjection followed by brief intervals of saturnalian license had left an abiding mark. And it was sheerly impossible to keep these elements always well in hand. Among the officers, too, as one learns from Obregón's own accounts, were men whose moral character was streaked with inferior or corrupt fiber. As for the general himself, it should be noted that certain acts occasionally laid to his charge as unnecessarily cruel, such as the shooting of captured officers, were consequences of the civil war, and therefore as defensible or indefensible as the war itself.

A Wayside Episode

"I always had the firm intention," he writes, "to display benevolence in my dealings with the vanquished enemy, and of this the best proof is the treatment which the chiefs and soldiers taken at Cananea received at my hands. There I practiced the maxim embodied in my manifesto of Hermosillo—'Respect for the conquered is the dignity of victory.' But my disposition and endeavors to this end slackened and vanished when we learned the details of the brutal way in which Ojeda"—commander of the hostile forces—"was dealing with those of our people who fell into his hands."

In all this one should not lose sight of the inevitable influence which a bitter civil war invariably exercises on the most enlightened and clement of military commanders, or of the cardinal fact that from the day when he first left his home to take up arms against the enemies of good government Obregón consistently strove to permeate his troops with a spirit of humanity and moderation, while most of the hostile bodies against which he fought had no ethical idea whatever, no guiding principle, and held out no attraction but such as proceeded from the prospect of license, loot, promotion or the gratitude of a chief to whom they were devoted. Parenthetically, it is worth noting that disinterested—nay, altruistic—personal attachment to a leader, an employer or a friend is a curious phenomenon which constantly recurs in the republic, and is well worth studying. It sheds a bright side light on Mexican psychology. Obregón himself received a practical lesson on this subject, enforced by a painful rebuff, during his first campaign against the rebel Orozco. He narrated it to me one soft southern night as we sat on the deck of a Mexican gunboat gliding over the waters of the Pacific and talked about the past and the future of his country. The story incidentally illustrates his own generous disposition.

"As you know," he began, "I possessed a firm, unqualified faith in the justice of the cause for which I was fighting; and I took it almost for granted that it would appeal with the same force to most thinking Mexicans. But to my intense disappointment I found on my arrival in the state of Chihuahua, and especially in the district in which my troops were quartered, that practically everybody was heart and soul with the arch rebel, Pascual Orozco. For us and our cause they had no sympathy, no understanding whatever. We were enemies, nothing more. Nor could I get them to discuss the subject.

"Well, one morning when out riding I passed a female figure crouched on the ground. Moving nearer, I noticed that she was young and comely, but pale and wasted, and that she was gathering roots and throwing them into a basket. I bade her good morning and asked her what she was doing.

"'As you see, señor, I am digging up roots.'

"'What for?'

"'For myself and children. We must eat, war or no war.'

"'Have you no husband then?'

"'Yes, I am married.'

"'Does he not support you? Is he out of work?'

"'My husband is with General Orozco, fighting, so I have to do the best I can for the children.'

"'Well, my good woman, take this little present from me. It will help you get something more substantial than roots for yourself and family to eat'; and with that I handed her a twenty-peso gold piece. But she gave me a look half defiant, half contemptuous, and said she did not need my gold. I shall never forget that look. I've seldom felt more humiliated in my life. Offering a hurried apology, I bade her good morning and rode off, turning over in my mind this curious mixture of canine fidelity to an inferior type of man and a developed sense of personal dignity."

Obregón loathed soldiers of fortune who passed from chief to chief and forsook one army for another as the whim took them or self-interest prompted, and he was never tired of sifting and winnowing his officers, removing the worthless without paying the slightest heed to their antecedents, social status or influential friends.

I met several of those *condottieri* during my travels in Mexico, and they gave me the impression of men deficient in moral sense. Caring nothing for principles or shibboleths, the lure of loot would cause them to change sides and—as the Irishman put it—turn their backs upon themselves in a twinkling. Others who were devoted partisans of Villa, Zapata or some other chief, to whose aims they were supremely indifferent, reminded me of the Italian who fought fourteen duels to prove that Tasso was a greater poet than Dante, and when he was dying exclaimed: "I still believe that I was right, though I have not read the writings of either."

Obregón was inexorable in expelling from his army all those elements which were calculated to destroy discipline or bring his troops into disrepute. In this way he raised up a little host of troublesome enemies and made but one regenerate friend. During the ups and downs of those revolutionary times some of those rancorous outcasts were on the very point of glutting their petty spite by taking his life or witnessing his execution. But like other men of destiny he bore a charmed life and appeared to his soldiers invulnerable. As the Turks express it, if you have luck and are thrown into the sea you will come up with a fish in your mouth; and many of Obregón's experiences confirm the saying.

During the operations which he conducted in Sonora he expelled from the army and also from the territory of that state, among others, two officers named respectively Cañado and Dr. Philip Dussart, for conduct which was deemed unworthy of army men. The disgrace rankled in the hearts of the two dishonored individuals, who thereupon went over to the hostile forces, nursed their grudges and bode their time. Later on, when the fortune of war had seemingly placed Obregón beyond their reach, his evil genius played him a nasty trick and appeared about to give them the revenge they yearned for. The episode, of which I witnessed the final chapter in Yucatan, is thrillingly interesting. The facts are briefly these:

Obregón went to the city of Chihuahua to induce Villa to take part in a meeting of generals convened by Carranza in Mexico City, the object of which was to discuss the most efficacious measures of safeguarding the interests of the revolution. A ball was arranged for Obregón and his military comrades, whom Villa hailed with apparent pleasure. But after lunch on the day of the festivities Villa sent his chauffeur with a motor car to take Obregón to his house, where he desired to have a quiet and friendly talk with him.

Facing Death

As soon as Obregón entered the room Villa rose and exclaimed: "General Hill fancies he can play with me. You are a traitor and I am going to have you shot at once."

Turning to one of his secretaries he ordered him to telephone for a platoon of twenty soldiers under Major Cañado to shoot the traitor. Cañado, the man whom Obregón had branded with the mark of Cain, was about to have his lust for vengeance gratified to the full. On his arrival the execution was to take place.

Obregón, who never lost his presence of mind addressed Villa, saying: "Ever since I placed my life at the service of the revolution I have held that to die for it would be a piece of luck."

It was a dramatic moment. The two generals eying each other, the one waiting for death, the other making up his mind to snuff out one more life—this time a life the loss of which would leave a great void in the republic and produce far-ranging changes in its destinies. There seemed no way of escape. Obregón, who was standing up in the room, had no reason to believe that he would get away with his life. But he was acquainted with the workings of his captor's mind, and was therefore expecting every minute that Villa, who was growing impatient, would not wait until Cañado and his escort arrived but would whip out his revolver and blow out his prisoner's brains.

On the other hand he deftly touched the only chord that could attune his treacherous host to a less murderous frame of mind. Obregón himself outlines the scene with epic simplicity as follows:

"During the few moments while I was replying to Villa's threat and while I was perhaps in danger of being assassinated by himself—as so many people had been assassinated by him before—there entered into the adjoining room a certain so-called general, Dr. Philip Dussart, an individual whom I had expelled from our ranks in Sonora as unworthy to belong to the Constitutionalist army. This person made a sign to Villa and began to applaud him, leaping by way of displaying his delight at my approaching execution and exclaiming:

(Continued on Page 98)

Lunch Given by Guatemalan Ministers to General Obregón on an Island Without a Name Which Belongs to Mexico and Guatemala Jointly

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It is the name of John Boyd Dunlop, who invented the first practical, commercially successful pneumatic tire and whose successors were responsible for commercial development of the most important pneumatic tire principle—namely, the combination of an inner tube with a protective casing open on the inner side.

It has been associated with the progressive development of tire types for tricycle, bicycle, automobile, motor-truck and motorcycle. It is associated with the first commercial development and improvement of the straight-side and also the clincher type of pneumatic.

The name Dunlop today also stands for a great tire-building enterprise, with factories in England, France, Germany, Japan, Canada and Australia—with warehousing and selling organizations in every quarter of the globe—with vast rubber-growing lands in the Far East—with extensive cotton-raising activities and tire-fabric mills in different countries.

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The Dunlop Tire and Rubber Corporation of America, which has been established to manufacture Dunlop Tires in America, with the advantage of Dunlop processes and experience, fully recognizes this partnership in progress with the automotive industry and the public it serves.

Dunlop views this partnership as representing an obligation to those who purchase and use tires, to the builders of automotive vehicles and to the merchants who distribute the various products of the industry.

DUNLOP

IN PROGRESS

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Such a policy, of course, calls for adequate manufacturing equipment and efficient manufacturing methods. It calls for the production of high-grade tires in volume sufficient to make such production economical. It calls, too, for unceasing application to the problem of tire development and tire improvement.

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The genuine is stamped

"SUEDE LIKE"

HOWLETT & HOCKMEYER CO

(Continued from Page 95)

'Bravo, bravo, general! That's the way to do business!'

"Villa's feelings at the exhibition given by this contemptible being who was thus celebrating my death were such that he turned all the vials of his wrath against him, exclaiming: 'Get out of this, you scoundrel! Away, you blackguard, or I will kick you out!'

"While this farce was being enacted by the two I continued walking to and fro in the apartment. As soon as Dussart was ejected from the room I turned to Villa and he and I kept striding backward and forward in the chamber. The fury of the man was sensibly depriving him of control of his nerves, and he was constantly making convulsive movements which betokened his excitement.

"The only wedge I could hope to drive into Villa's mind was the idea which I strove to hammer into him that he would be conferring a service upon me by murdering me; and with that object in view, whenever he reiterated the words: 'This time I am going to shoot you dead,' I kept on replying: 'On me personally you are bestowing a benefit, for this kind of death will give me an importance to which at present I have no claim; and the only loser will be yourself.'

"By this time the escort had come. My officers were being detained in the chamber which had been prepared for me as a bedroom. Nothing was now lacking but the fatal word from Villa. He, however, continued to pace the room by my side. All at once he swerved from me and darted toward the interior of the house. The moments were slipping by and our situation remained unchanged.

"When everything was at last ready for our execution a special agent of the United States of America, Mr. Canova, appeared, doubtless for the purpose of interviewing Villa; but he was compelled to go back without seeing him, because he was not allowed to pass the threshold of the house.

"The news of the order for our execution had in the meanwhile spread throughout the city, and groups of quidnuncs were gathering round Villa's house to witness the spectacle. One hour had elapsed, when Villa ordered the escort to return and relieved the guard at the door."

The Last Act of the Melodrama

"It was about six-twenty when he came into the room, sat down and invited me to be seated beside him. Never before was I so ready to accept an invitation. I at once took my seat on the sofa to which he had motioned me. With signs of emotion which everyone would have taken to be real, and in a tone of compunction, Villa addressed me thus: 'Francisco Villa is not a traitor. Francisco Villa is not the man to kill unarmed people, and least of all to kill you, comrade, who are my guest. I am going to prove to you that Pancho Villa is a man, and if Carranza does not respect him he will know how to discharge his duty to his country.'

"His feigned emotion waxed ever greater until his voice was choked with sobs. Thereupon a dead silence ensued, lasting for a considerable time. It was at length broken by the arrival of a lad who suddenly stalked into the room and cried, 'Supper is ready.'

"Villa rose, dried his tears, turned to me and said: 'Come and have supper, dear comrade, now that everything is over and done with.'

"I confess that I did not share his opinion that all was over and done with."

The two men then broke bread together. It was a rare meal. Villa's wife was present at it. When it was ended Villa, pleading indisposition, did not appear at the ball. Obregon went and danced until the small hours of the morning. Truly, it was a curious existence!

The last scene of this melodrama of vengeance and caprice was enacted one evening in Merida, the capital of Yucatan, on the eighth of September last. I was accompanying General Obregon on his journey through the southern and eastern states of the republic, and the Socialist Party in Merida invited him and his friends to a Centenary Park of that city. As I arrived late, instead of being, as usual, near the president-elect, I sat about five yards from him. Near me was a man whose physiognomy arrested my attention. He was restless and nervous. He cast furtive glances now and again toward the guest of the evening. After the first toast was drunk to the health of the general, in a speech in which socialism and its enemies were the main theme, General Obregón delivered a masterly reply.

The tide of passion rose high in Yucatan, and the flames of party fanaticism blazed fiercely in various places. A day or two before one orator had asked for the heads of the burghers, and when the general inquired whether he had been authorized to speak in the name of the party, and if not what steps would be taken by the council, he was disavowed and deprived of his post.

At the banquet the general spoke of the necessity of measure, of the interests of the country to which all mere party aims ought to be subordinated, and of the danger of admitting into the party professional agitators and individuals whose antecedents should disqualify them for admission. The guest whose changeful features I had been watching from time to time was growing more and more uneasy. After that opening the general went on to say that at that convivial board sat a man who had betrayed the cause of the revolution, had changed sides and had leaped with joy when the rebel Villa had treacherously seized him, Obregón, and condemned him to be shot offhand.

Dramatic Episodes

"That individual is at this moment sitting here among us," he remarked, "as your guest and comrade."

Cries of "Name! Name!" interrupted the orator, and among those who uplifted their voices in this outcry was the agitated individual near me.

Obregón replied that vindictiveness was not among his defects; that what he asked for was circumspection in choosing their members and their spokesmen, not the punishment of traitors.

A day later the newspapers of Merida contained a letter from Dr. Philip Dussart stating that the person alluded to in the historic speech was himself; explaining that his action in Villa's house had been misconstrued; asserting that his aim had been to save Obregón's life; and announcing that he would now go into voluntary exile from his country. Thus he chastised himself for his good intentions!

Such was the end of that episode.

It may not be amiss to chronicle another of the many incidents connected with Obregón's weeding-out process, inasmuch as it offers a little picture illustrating one of the enduring phases of Mexican use and wont in contact with the new muckrake which is to sweep all the old rubbish away.

A promising young officer of good family came to General Obregón with letters of recommendation asking for a suitable place in his army. His credentials being unimpeachable, he was taken over and intrusted with a position of responsibility. It was part of his duty to receive certain purchases made for the army, and to pay the bills. When the general, who is a shrewd business man, looked over the accounts a few days later, he noticed that the newly arrived officer had taken for himself fifteen or twenty per cent of the sum paid. Without more ado he sat down and wrote an order of the day setting forth the fact, degrading the officer and expelling him from the army.

The order had to be typed, and the delinquent by virtue of his office had cognizance of it before anyone else. He hastened to the general and besought him tearfully to withdraw it. His explanation was simple:

"I never even suspected that I was doing wrong, because I merely followed a custom which is universal. I always did it. So do all the others. It is supposed to be one of our perquisites. I could not therefore know that in your army it was forbidden. Had I known that you regard it as a grave offense I never would have taken a centavo. So much for the past. As for the future, I swear to you that I will never fall into that error again. But please take back the expulsion order, for that would be my ruin."

As Obregón was inexorable, the officer played his last trump card.

"If you publish the order," he said, "you will have signed my death warrant. I will at once blow my brains out. Surely you will not have my death on your conscience?"

"Do you seriously mean to say that you will commit suicide?"

"I do emphatically."

"Well, that of course alters the matter. In that case I promise to reinstate you posthumously in your rank, to restore your good name and to give you an officer's burial with military honors."

Thereupon the young man slunk out of the room with his head hanging down, like a criminal on his way to execution.

"Did he blow his brains out?" I asked.

"No, he went back to civil life, mended his ways and rose in the social scale. Whenever I meet him now—which is seldom—he invariably thanks me for the bitter but salutary lesson I gave him in the summer of 1915."

To curb the common soldier was a task much more difficult than to keep the officers' corps within moderate bounds. The rank and file of the army was composed of men who, to put it mildly, lacked education and instruction. They were characterized by the cunning, the obstinacy and the simplicity of children of Nature. By way of illustrating one side of their psychology, I should like to narrate a little incident which happened to General Obregón in connection with his endeavors to discipline his men. They were inordinately fond of displaying their emotions by emptying their rifles in the air and wasting their ammunition. They continue to practice the bad habit to-day. Obregón forbade it strictly, but now and then his order was disobeyed.

One day a number of shots had been fired to welcome the arrival of a train, and some arrests were made in consequence. One of the prisoners, an Indian soldier against whom there appeared as witness an officer who had seen the smoke from his rifle, appealed to the general. Obregón confirmed the sentence of arrest, but the Indian persisted in denying his guilt and pleading for acquittal.

"I swear to you, general, that I did not fire."

"But the officer there saw the smoke come out of your rifle, and that settles the matter."

"No, general, it does not. I admit that there was smoke. I saw it myself, and was surprised. But it was old smoke."

It would, of course, be a gross exaggeration to assert that Obregón's winnowing process was a thorough purge or that the behavior of his officers and soldiers always differed essentially from that of their enemies. But speaking generally, excesses were indulged in at the risk of swift and severe punishment. That acts of unjustifiable cruelty and other excesses were actually committed by Obregón's army seems highly probable *a priori* when one takes into account the character of many of the officers and soldiers of his army and the frenzy that possessed them after a hard-won victory; and it appears certain *a posteriori* when one remembers the bitter resentment generated in the hearts of those elements of the population who at the time entertained scant sympathy for either side. The peaceful population included all the armies in one comprehensive anathema.

Charges of Barbarity

Circumstantial narratives of eyewitnesses are still current in the north, especially in the town of Gomez Palacio, describing the butchery of wounded prisoners in a hospital and other murderous atrocities perpetrated by the Carranzists, whose military chief was Obregón. The source of most of the tales which acquired for that general at home and likewise abroad the unenviable reputation of a ruthless soldier is Mexico City, which he captured and occupied at the beginning of the year 1915. As I was not in the capital at the time, nothing that I can now advance by way of denial or confirmation of those charges possesses the slightest value as historic testimony, while the stories told by residents are so colored, contradictory and at times so obviously false that their worth as contributions to the history of the civil war and to the biography of its most distinguished leader is superlatively slight.

With his usual audacity he occupied the city, after a laborious campaign, with insufficient troops to repel the attacks of the numerous Zapatist and other hostile forces in the environs—attacks which were fierce, frequent and well sustained.

Inside, the smoldering animosities of the clergy, who regarded him as a sort of antichrist, and also of well-to-do business men and foreign investors, who set him down as a socialist and leveler, were ready to burst into flame. On the very day of his entry into the city an organized attempt was made to assassinate him, which, like so

(Concluded on Page 101)

Just Add Water

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2 add water and mix

3 then bake

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In this office Frank W. Woolworth put in the final years of work on his greatest achievement—his "chain" of stores that numbered 1038 at the time of his death, in 1919.

Photograph by N. Y. Times

Can you accomplish more by ceaselessly driving—?

Woolworth, master builder of "chain" stores, tireless worker, answered this question when he furnished this spacious office

STARTING at scratch, without resources or backing, Frank W. Woolworth built one of the world's greatest retail store organizations and the world's tallest building.

His final creative work on the "chain" of over a thousand stores was done from an office in his own towering skyscraper. Today, in this office, Hubert T. Parson is carrying on the enterprise of the great leader—planning and building on the same splendid scale.

The office itself is just as Woolworth left it—a spacious workroom filled with objects of art. Its furnishings and decorations are modelled after those in imperial palaces. During brief moments of relaxation snatched from crowded days, these beautiful surroundings brought Woolworth the refreshment that he needed. Woolworth knew the value of *relaxing momentarily*. He knew that ceaseless driving does not bring the greatest results.

All the world's leaders have learned the secret of alternating work with frequent, *brief* moments of rest. In this way they save themselves from breakdown under long, tense hours of effort.

There are a dozen simple ways of getting this *momentary relaxation*.

A new way to snatch a moment of real relaxation.

Most of us have noticed, for example, that just washing the hands is often wonderfully restful. Today there is a new way—an inexpensive luxury—that makes this ordinary, pleasant act of washing twice as refreshing. Next time you bathe your hands and face, use Jergens Violet Soap. See what a delicious feeling of cool, fragrant cleanliness this simple act gives you—how it soothes both mind and body.

This soap contains a remarkable cooling agent that refreshes and stimulates. The instant the cake touches the water it releases the living fragrance of violets.

Whenever you feel nervous or fatigued—use Jergens Violet Soap. Use it for each of the five or six times you wash your hands every day. The same qualities that refresh you when you are tired make it just as delightful for general use.

You can get Jergens Violet Soap wherever soap is sold—15 cents a cake.

Send 6 cents for a guest-size cake

Send us 6 cents and we will mail you a small size cake of this refreshing soap. Write today to The Andrew Jergens Company, 660 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Company, Limited, 660 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

JERGENS VIOLET SOAP

TRANSPARENT

(Concluded from Page 98)

many similar dangers through which he passed unscathed before and after, lent color to the belief in the army that he bears a charmed life. He himself tells the story thus:

"When the entire column was already marching through the streets of the city, and just as I was passing in front of the cathedral with the members of my general staff and the escort from headquarters, a group of men began to open fire upon us from the towers of the temple, killing one of our soldiers and wounding another. I at once detached a posse with instructions to enter the church and capture the firing party, and this was effected without difficulty. The individuals caught confessed that they had been posted there with orders to fire upon me the moment I was passing in front of them."

That was a challenge which he could not leave unanswered, and it was only one of many which he received later on.

Meantime the Zapatists and other hostile troops were daily making tremendous onslaughts on his scanty army, sensibly reducing the number of his men, lessening his ammunition, which he was unable to replenish, and lowering the spirit of his troops by the ever-increasing tale of the dead, wounded and diseased. From every point of view his military position was precarious, and at times it seemed disheartening. The enemy kept him literally besieged in the capital, continually harassing him by well-directed attacks, which, had they been properly coördinated by units of command, might have annihilated his army and stamped out the revolutionary movement for a time. So close was the ring of fire drawn round him that he dared not extend his line so far as the village of Xochimilco in the outskirts. In a word, his hold on the capital, never firm from the outset, was gradually loosening, and the prospect growing rapidly darker.

To the cares which the military outlook generated others possibly more disquieting still were added by the urban population, many of the elements of which were openly hostile or covertly disaffected to the revolutionary leader whose retaliatory measures were dreaded even more than the ulterior realization of his radical theories. It was natural therefore that the clergy, pious Catholics, prosperous Mexican and foreign merchants and capitalists with vested interests should prefer Huerta to the champion of a subversive movement whose name was associated by wild rumor and deliberate spite with tales of horrible cruelty and murderous vengeance. The desperation and enmity engendered by these beliefs and apprehensions might at any moment assume perilous forms and ruin the enterprise to which Obregón was devoting his life—and Obregón was not the man to give them scope for development.

Emergency Measures

The measures he adopted to exorcise the danger were undoubtedly drastic. The circumstance that he himself and his personal friends considered that they needed explanation is itself an indication that there was a consuming fire where so much smoke thickened the air. But as he himself puts it: "War is savagery broken loose, and if civilization is to endure, it must be eliminated as a measure for composing international quarrels and harmonizing international interests."

The only element in the city which was frankly in favor of the revolutionary leader was that of the lackalls, who welcomed in him their savior. It is needless to remark that their expectations were as wild as their demands. Meanwhile their condition was desperate. Hunger and disease were making havoc among them, and if they could only be sufficiently exasperated by the continuance of these hardships, it was on the cards that they, too, might be converted into open enemies. That at any rate was believed by General Obregón and his staff to be at once the hope and the aim of the reactionaries, and certain acts of theirs which may or may not have been inspired by this desire—for they are known to recur in all places and times in such crises—lent color to the suspicion. Obregón himself alludes to this matter as follows:

"From the moment when I first occupied the City of Mexico I became aware of the prevalence of a marked hostility toward the Constitutionalist army on the part of the clergy, the big houses of commerce, bankers, wealthy industrials and the bulk of foreigners. This hostility assumed the form of opposition to the execution of the measures emanating from headquarters or communicated by myself in concert with the chief of the Constitutionalist Army. I sincerely believe that this opposition, at any rate in most cases, was less the outcome of conviction than of expediency, for the elements in question could not get it into their heads that our army, so reduced in numbers and so lacking in munitions, would be able to withstand the hosts of Villa and Zapata, which they had seen marching past in the capital.

"Those forces were five times more numerous than ours. It was therefore natural to assume that our army would shortly be wiped out; that Villa, the invincible warrior and Angeles, the brand-new military chief, would—after having annihilated us—treat the citizens who had given in to us with more or less rigor. Consequently the main object of the latter in striking out this line of conduct toward us was to further their own interests.

"Mexico City was in an alarming state of misery. All primary necessaries were in the hands of men who accumulated and concealed them, and the public was the victim of this immoral monopolization."

Some Critical Days

This distress was intensified by a measure which Carranza and Obregón decided to take, and which was practiced consistently by both sides in the civil war. All the paper money—and it amounted to an enormous sum—issued by the government of the convention and by Villa was declared worthless on the ground that it would be a crushing burden to the nation. The consequences of this repudiation to the hapless individuals whose worldly wealth was represented by these notes can better be imagined than described. Obregón sought to alleviate the wretchedness of the population by creating a committee of public assistance, to which he donated half a million pesos—about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"The attacks of the enemy," he writes, "now became general. Our ammunition was being consumed in greater quantities than we had the means to renew. Hunger had its grip on our poor classes; and in concert with these misfortunes the privileged castes—as I call them sarcastically in my work, though their proper appellative should be accursed castes—headed by the clergy and antagonistic to the revolution, raised prices, concealed necessaries of life and spread rumors of an alarming character about Villa's approach with vast bodies of troops to seize the capital and nullify, on triumphing, our paper money. The profiteers thereupon closed their doors to the retail trade, and the streets began to be filled with large groups of hungry humans, whose pinched faces bore marks of protracted fasting. Most of the foreigners had recourse to their diplomatic representatives, to whom they complained of the situation which they had not raised a finger to alleviate, whereupon all the maledictions of the people I have described were showered on my head. General Obregón stood forth in the eyes of those folk in the guise of a monster of evil, a monster of heresy and a monster of untamable ferocity.

"Thus the hour was striking when I had to choose between two alternatives—to withstand all the enemies of the revolution, or yielding to the pressure of those perverse influences to confess myself beaten. The former a thousand times sooner than the latter, was my decision. And in the depths of my conscience I swore by my honor as a man to fling down the glove and deal with those enemies as their attitude merited. After that I deemed it indispensable to adopt mensures so radically energetic that they would leave no doubt as to my determination to tread under foot all their material interests, all their influence and all their pressure in defense of the dignity of our cause and of the moral interests for which we stood."

Such is General Obregón's own defense. It speaks for itself. Enemies as well as friends will draw from it proofs of their respective theories. The disinterested historian will set it down as a confession and an excuse—and that is the best the biographer can say of it.

That the measures framed by the general were in truth radically drastic will not be denied. There is no question that the clergy were treated with unnecessary and—I fear—unjustifiable harshness, and there is little question that the well-to-do classes saw not only their material interests trodden under foot, but in some cases their persons subjected to treatment which even the rigors of a civil war could hardly justify. A contribution of half a million pesos was imposed on the ecclesiastical body, one hundred and eighty of whom were taken prisoners and compelled later on, in consequence of their refusal to pay the contribution, to march to Vera Cruz with the forces when these evacuated the city. Heavy contributions were also levied on the moneyed classes in the shapes of a tax on capital, a tax on mortgages, a tax on immovable property, a tax on trades and professions, and so on. And as the money was not forthcoming by the time Obregón evacuated the city, the arrested merchants were likewise condemned to accompany the troops to Vera Cruz, whereupon they paid their respective quotas and were set at liberty.

As foreigners were included among the classes mulcted by Obregón in Mexico City, their diplomatic representatives were up and doing. The Government of the United States, as one of the most closely interested, took prompt cognizance of the complaint of its citizens, though foreigners had meanwhile been exempted from the contributions, and it addressed a sharp note through the Brazilian legation to the general informing him that his public utterances tended to "incite the populace to commit outrages in which innocent foreigners . . . could be involved. . . . When a factional leader plays upon a starving city to compel obedience to his decrees by inciting outrages, and at the same time uses means to prevent the city from being supplied with food, a situation is created which it is impossible for the United States to contemplate longer with patience. . . . The Government of the United States therefore desires Generals Obregón and Carranza to know that it . . . will hold General Obregón and General Carranza personally responsible. . . ."

The General's Answer

Obregón's anwer was to the effect that the note received being of an international nature, it lay outside his functions to answer it, but that he would refer it to General Carranza, who would doubtless take due cognizance of its contents. At the same time he addressed a telegram to Carranza denying specifically and emphatically the charges preferred against him in the United States note, and censuring the attitude of the majority of the foreigners and well-to-do Mexicans as unworthy of human beings.

Among the specific charges made against Obregón is the sacking of the Church of Santa Brigida by the mob while he was in command of the city; and also that when in the capital, to the soldiers who complained that they had nothing to eat, he had said, pointing in the direction of the shops: "What? Nothing to eat with the shops full of provisions? Be off and eat your fill!" The accusation is *a priori* most unlikely, for it runs counter to his known maxims. He himself denies it credibly and with emphasis.

"What," he asked me, "would have become of army discipline if I had ordered or even allowed my troops to run thus amuck? What I did was simple. I had the necessary provisions collected in an orderly way and distributed to my troops. Any man caught plundering would be made a deterrent example of for his comrades."

I possess documentary evidence of Obregón's real attitude on this subject, and it tallies with his telegram to Carranza. He issued and had posted upon the city walls the following order regulating the behavior of his troops: "With a view to the efficacious maintenance of public order, on the occupation of Mexico City by the forces under my command, I hereby ordain:

"1. That anyone who shall attempt to disturb the public order by outrages, robbery or other criminal acts will be shot without any procedure other than the identification of the delinquent.

"2. The same punishment will be inflicted on that chief or officer who, swerving from the line of duty, shall permit his subalterns to commit unlawful acts of any kind whatever.

"3. As these headquarters are disposed to offer every kind of security and guaranties, all persons who have grounds for complaint are hereby requested to lay them before headquarters immediately after the commission of the act complained of.

"4. The sale of alcoholic liquors is absolutely forbidden so long as headquarters deem it necessary. Therefore taverns and liquor shops must remain closed to the public until further orders."

Those were real deterrents, not mere threats to be set aside in favor of this man or that, and every officer knew it. That document, it may be objected, is at most proof of good intentions and of the drastic measures devised to carry them out; but it leaves the question whether those measures were effective to be settled by the balance of evidence—and there is force in the objection. It is obvious and worth remembering, however, that in revolutionary epochs when the success of a cause and the life of a leader are trembling in the scales and both depend upon the energy and daring of that leader it is vain to expect him to deal out blows by measure, and it would be unfair to judge his excesses by the canons of normal times.

How Great Leaders Develop

The process of weeding out, which was continuous and never superfluous, appears to have had good results, enabling the author to rally round him a nucleus of loyal, resolute and conscientious officers. I am personally acquainted with many of these, and the impression which some of them made upon me was wholly different from that which the average Mexican general produces. What struck me about them is their sense of responsibility and their eagerness to carry out the general's orders in the spirit as well as in the letter. They may not be paragons of intelligence, but one and all they have been trained to look upon themselves as organs and as such to obey their head. Obregón, like the great Russian statesman, Count Witte, is accustomed on critical occasions to listen attentively to the views of his subordinates as to the course of action to be pursued. But once his decision is taken, whether or no their opinions have been discussed or even heard, it must be followed at all costs. To swerve deliberately from the line traced by the chief was in war time to merit death, and would in peace be to forfeit his confidence.

This discipline, which is indispensable in war, may well continue to be necessary during the period of reconstruction that will follow it. The intellectual relation between the reformer and his aids will not be sensibly different from that between the general and the members of his staff. Of all the men likely to be called in to work together with him, the president is the only one gifted with true political vision and capable of taking a firm-handed grasp of fast-changing positions. Moreover the temper of the man will not brook vacillation, divided counsels or half-hearted action. It is not in his nature to content himself with being the symbol and rallying center of a movement which he possesses the capacity and recognizes the duty to control; and this temper of the new president is one of Mexico's strongest grounds for hope.

In the rapid survey of the life of a great revolutionary chief, to attempt to apportion blame and censure is a task at once unenviable and fruitless. Every real leader of men whose personality is a living force has undergone a constant change from worse to better, learning and unlearning; and as he goes, widening his vision, deepening his feeling for human progress, focusing more and more of the hopes and aspirations of his countrymen and adjusting with increasing nicety his own conceptions to the general tendencies of the age. To set forth the various stages in this process and to describe the central facts in his life story which reveal his feelings for the course of human advancement and his concrete relations toward his country and the world is the task of the biographer. That such a leader and kneader of men, who has become a powerful agency in his country and his epoch, should occasionally fail to keep the balance, even between impulse and reason, promise and achievement, is natural and inevitable. Moreover the defects of unusual strength invariably transcend those of cautious mediocrity. In any case it is idle to dwell on shortcomings and to disparage positive achievements because the social faith of the man to whose credit they stand did not always remove mountains. The reader, if in want of moral labels, can devise them to suit himself.

Faith

MEMORY sometimes swings back to days when the automobile was nothing but "another crazy idea". When the few who took it seriously were objects of the misplaced sympathy of friends, and of unfriendly comment by the general public. When the legal rate of speed in many big cities was not to exceed seven miles an hour. When the man whose horse ran away at the sight of a horseless carriage always had the jury with him.

Those early days mean something to us now because to believe in the future of the automobile meant a great deal then. *To point a business in a new direction, seaward without a compass, took something more than courage and resource.* It took the same vision, the same purpose, that were actuating those who were spending their days in the shop and their nights at the drawing board, producing the very beginnings of a new kind of transportation. It took *faith!*

It took red-blooded, he-man faith!

During the last score of years the automobile industry has made a place for itself from which it can never be dislodged. It has done something more than develop a new mechanism to serve con-

TIMKEN

venience, or whim. *It has produced a new and fundamental transportation method, whether for people or things.*

It has made a daily contribution to the health and welfare of every person who lives in the civilized world. It has made Better Service between men, and between peoples, a fact instead of a theory. It has justified the faith of those who saw in it an agency that would realize the dream of a *Railway Without Rails.*

The reliable passenger car and truck builders, and every manufacturer who produces good equipment for their completion, are in the same business as the railroads. It has taken hard work, a lot of it unseen and unsung, to put them there. Most of those who took off their coats in the early days have never had time to put them on again.

The demand has been insistent for automotive transportation that should be increasingly better and more reliable. Each unit of the industry has had to organize for service. Engineering has made tremendous strides. Production methods have evolved that are the wonder even of those intimately concerned with them. Every day has meant twenty-four hours of progress.

Now comes a further development of the fundamental idea, which will make possible machine methods, and larger harvests, on every acre of farm land, cultivated and uncultivated, in the world today. The opportunity for service which lies before the tractor industry is as magnificent as any American business has ever faced.

It seems a long way back to the days when most people were saying, "the automobile will never work". *But we remember when faith in our product was all we had with which to anticipate the refined, fast-moving, powerful motor vehicle.*

Manufacturers of automobile, truck, and tractor have already surmounted their gravest difficulties. Commerce and industry, and the individual, recognize that the usefulness of the self-propelled vehicle has established it as a utility, and as an essential. The world can no longer get along without it.

Faith today is founded on fact!

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, Canton, O.

Plants manufacturing complete bearings at
Canton, O.; Columbus, O.; Birmingham, Eng.; Paris, France
General Offices, Steel, Rolling, and Tube Mills, Canton, O

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Trailers, Tractors, Farm Implements, Machinery, and Industrial Appliances

BEARINGS

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 18)

also a couple of sailors, after having seen their comrades carry off their prisoners, returned to the scene of their exploit for the purpose evidently of finding out whether some loot could not be secured from the rooms of the presumably wealthy bourgeois. They had no difficulty in invading our apartment, the servant having neglected to lock the entrance door before running away by the back stairs; and presently I found myself confronted by one of the band, who entered my room with a drawn sword, but looked so silly and sheepish that I laughingly asked him whether he had really come to cut my throat.

Whereupon he respectfully said that he had come to look for concealed arms, and when I had shown him that there were none hidden under my bed he discreetly withdrew.

In the meantime the others had begun to search the rooms vacated by their occupants, opening their wardrobes, drawers and boxes and appropriating such small articles as struck their fancy. These proceedings occupied considerable time, amid much boisterous noise, shouting and apparent quarreling. Curiosity made me go to see what was going on. I went out into the corridor and looked into the room of my left-hand neighbor, a brilliant young cavalry officer, and there I found two soldiers, one of whom was in the act of putting on my young friend's magnificent regulation boots, having thrown into a corner his own dirty footwear. My appearance in the corridor attracted the other invaders, and one of them, who seemed to be their leader, told me in a gruff and threatening tone that their orders were to arrest me as well, and that I had better make ready to accompany them to the Duma.

Seeing that in the presence of superior force protesting would be useless, I began with some deliberation to get into my fur coat, when one of the soldiers approached me from behind and whispered in my ear: "That's all right, don't be in a hurry."

There evidently were divided counsels; and somewhat reassured as to my immediate fate, I returned to my room, took off my fur coat and sat down in my favorite corner in the expectation of further developments.

It so happened that my right-hand neighbor had a few days before removed from his room a bulky trunk and had it placed in the corridor between the doors to our rooms. The marauders had procured an ax and had begun hammering away at the top of the trunk, when instinctive indignation moved me to interfere.

Accordingly I went out into the corridor and told the men, in as calmly authoritative a manner as I thought I might assume, that the trunk they were trying to open belonged to a foreign prince, a near relative of one of our Allied sovereigns, and that they had better respect at least his property.

They responded by threatening shouts: "Get out of here! This is none of your business!"

I had to retire with as good grace as I could muster, but I had barely reached my favorite corner again when I heard one of the soldiers shouting at the others in a voice betokening evidently sincere indignation: "For shame! This is a political action, and you behave like a lot of scoundrelly bandits!"

However, my incautiously attempted interference had excited the ire of the marauders.

After some noisy and rather violent discussion, the echo of which reached me in my retreat, the whole crowd rushed into my room, led by a particularly villainous-looking individual, and I realized that things had begun to look decidedly blue for me, when suddenly a distinguished-looking young man in a reserve officer's uniform appeared in the doorway and, the soldiers having instinctively subsided into silence in the presence of a superior, asked me who I was.

Upon being told, he at once declared that he knew and respected my name, that I need not be arrested, and that he would be personally responsible for me.

A violent altercation ensued, the leader of the crowd behaving with the utmost insolence and insisting on carrying me off to the Duma. But the majority of the soldiers sided with the officer, and he succeeded at last in causing them to depart, having shown them a certificate which he then and there had made out on a sheet of my letter paper and signed in their presence. This curious document, which I have preserved as a memento of those troubled days, runs as follows:

"March first—that is to say fourteenth, new style—1917.

"By order of the Provisional Government, the Yacht Club, as well as the room occupied by Baron Rosen in the building, having been searched and no arms having been found, Baron Rosen is allowed to remain in his room.

"Patrol of the Reserve Division of Armored Cars.

"(Signed) LIEUTENANT DEKHTIAREFF."

My young benefactor, who was a student of the University of Petrograd, then explained that the military commission of the Duma had sent him in an armored car with a couple of men to verify whether in our part of the town the search for arms by the soldiers was being effected in an orderly way; that in passing he had noticed that a crowd had collected in front of the clubhouse; and that, suspecting something to be happening in the house, he had stopped his car, run upstairs and arrived just in the nick of time to save me from being arrested and carried off by my tormentors.

I wonder if this young man has escaped the cruel fate that has overtaken so many thousands of deserving people of his class. If he has been spared to live a life of honor and usefulness to the country and the nation, and if these lines should ever meet his eyes, I beg he will believe that his timely intervention at a critical moment will always be remembered with profound gratitude by their author.

Late in the evening of the same day, the third day of the revolution, we inhabitants of the club chambers were destined to meet with another and this time less alarming experience. We were quietly, over tea and cigars, exchanging our impressions on the events of the day, when there was a furious knocking at the door, and our servant, in great alarm, evidently under the impression of the afternoon's invasion, rushed in to inquire what he was to do. He was, of course, ordered to open the door immediately, and we all went out into the corridor to see what was going to happen.

When the door opened we beheld a rather surprising sight—two burly soldiers with rifles and bayonets, led by what at first sight appeared to be a young woman disguised in male attire awkwardly handling a large army revolver. The young woman, however, turned out to be a very nice and well-bred boy of fifteen or sixteen, who in the most polite language explained that he had been sent by the Duma Commission on Military Affairs, in charge of a dozen men in a motor lorry, to search for and to collect arms of every kind that might be found in private houses and apartments in our part of the town; that they had not yet finished their task, which was to be taken up again the following morning; and he asked whether we would consent to put him and his soldiers up for the night on the premises of the club. Under the circumstances the best we could do was to comply with this request, and we sent for the steward of the club, who declared his willingness to let our unexpected guests occupy for the night the bowling alley, and even to have some supper prepared for them.

The following morning I went downstairs to see how things were going on, and found that the soldiers had been behaving themselves with propriety, and though quite innocent of any show of military discipline, they seemed to acquiesce in the unpretentious leadership of the boy who had been placed at their head and whom they addressed as comrade—"Tovaristch" in Russian. Taking aside the youngster, I asked him how it had come about that he, a mere boy, had been placed in charge of these men, every one of them old enough to have been his father. This is what he told me:

When it had been decided—evidently under strong pressure, or rather by command of the soviet—to disarm the population, the Duma Commission on Military Affairs had taken steps to send out all over the town groups of soldiers in motor lorries for the purpose of searching for and confiscating arms found in private dwellings. Being afraid, however, of intrusting this task to an uncontrolled soldiery, and as there were no officers available, many of them having been murdered by their soldiers on the very first day of the revolution and the rest having been disarmed by its order, or

Moscow Under the Old Imperial Regime

(Continued on Page 108)

ANGELUS
A Message of Purity
MARSHMALLOWS
ANGELUS
MARSHMALLOWS
WHITE
SEND FOR BOOKLET
By
JANET McKENZIE HILL
containing many splendid recipes
Make It Easy For Yourself
BY USING
ANGELUS MARSHMALLOWS
In Your Kitchen
FLUFFY AND LIGHT AS A FEATHER-
IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES
RUECKHEIM BROS. & ECKSTEIN
Chicago
Cracker Jack and Candy Makers
Brooklyn

CADILLAC

IT will be well worth your while to phone the nearest Burroughs representative and let him show you how Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines and Burroughs Calculators can be adapted to the stock-keeping requirements of your business, be it large or small, in such a way as to provide you with stock records as accurate, up-to-the-minute and economical as those of the Cadillac Motor Car Company.

The A B C of Business

Burroughs Machines fall broadly into three groups, Adding, Bookkeeping and Calculating, with models adapted to every kind and size of business.

An interesting and more detailed description of the Cadillac Stock-Keeping System, as handled on Burroughs Machines, can be obtained upon request to the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit, Mich.

Cadillac didn't have to guess at the value of stock on these shelves the day before the fire. Their Burroughs stock records showed it.

ADDING-BOOKKEEPING-CALCULATING

A-B-C

Knew to a Cent
When the Adjuster Asked

ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1919, a Thursday, one of the stock-storage buildings of the Cadillac Motor Car Company was destroyed by fire.

On the following Monday, the Cadillac Motor Car Company had an exact statement of the money value of the tools and supplies lost, taken direct from perpetual stock records posted on Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines.

Adjustment of the loss was immediate and satisfactory. Orders for replacing the lost stock could be issued at once, and thus delay in getting back on the job was minimized.

On the other hand, considerable delay was experienced in making up a proof of loss in the case of certain equipment covered by pen-and-ink stock records, and the adjustment was not so easily effected. The contrast in the two methods is obvious.

But full fire-loss coverage is only one item among the benefits of Burroughs stock records. For example—

The machines make no mistakes in figuring. They do not post items to the wrong side of the account. The records are always up-to-date.

With Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines ledger clerks do nothing but post. Their work is proved correct by another group of clerks with Burroughs Calculators. These machines are also used to figure the extensions in reducing quantity items to money value.

Burroughs Machines, used in connection with Cadillac's stock-keeping system, saved approximately $6,000 a year in their operating speed and made possible a consolidation of work that released five posting clerks for other duties.

Cadillac knows, at any moment, what is on hand both in number of units and in money value; what is being used and where; what is on order.

Here are some of the Burroughs Machines in operation keeping Cadillac's stock records correct and up-to-the-minute

MACHINES FOR EVERY BUSINESS

Burroughs

(Continued from Page 104)

being in hiding, the commission had applied to the university and to the higher schools, calling upon volunteers among their pupils who would be willing to take charge of the groups of soldiers to be sent out. Our young friend, being a pupil of the Petrograd Commercial College, had volunteered for this service, and had not so far experienced any difficulty with the men of his command.

I have dwelt at such length on the apparently immaterial details of these occurrences because they shed much light not only on the general mentality of the Russian peasant soldiers, which so strangely combined truly Sadic lust of murder and torture applied to their regular officers with good-natured acquiescence in the occasional leadership of mere university students and even school boys, but also on their state of mind in the initial stages of the revolution, when they were still dazed and bewildered by the unexpected results they had themselves achieved, and were not yet awake to the consciousness of having entirely at their mercy the capital of the empire—nay, the empire itself—and more particularly the bitterly hated educated classes, whom they held responsible for the war and the misery of its indefinite prolongation. This consciousness was to come to them later and was to be skillfully and ruthlessly exploited by the sanguinary bandits and demented fanatics of Bolsheviam, for the purpose of seizing power over a helplessly unresisting nation, which they proceeded to enslave by a régime of terrorism such as the world had never yet seen, reducing the Russian people to a state of deepest abasement and irretrievable ruin.

A few days after the above described happenings I had occasion to visit the so-called Palais Marie, the home of what had been the Council of the Empire, and found the beautiful vestibule of the palace occupied by a most disreputable-looking lot of some twenty to thirty soldiers, who were lounging on benches and chairs they had brought in, and who presented a lamentable spectacle of revolutionary *sans gêne* and contempt for discipline. An official of the Chancellery of the Council, where I had some business to transact, told me that the palace had been occupied by the soldiery in the beginning of the revolution, presumably for the same reason that prompted them to invade the Duma; that so far they had not done any serious damage to the state apartments and the hall of sittings on the main floor of the building; that it had not been possible as yet to get rid of their unwelcome presence, but that nevertheless the members of the provisional government were using the state apartments for their meetings; and lastly that at that very moment they were assembled there for the purpose of receiving the representative of a foreign power who was to announce to them their recognition by his government.

I could not help reflecting with profound humiliation on the thoughts which would be bound to cross the mind of that distinguished foreigner, however friendly disposed, at the sight of such a disorderly band of armed men, which by no stretch of the imagination could be taken for a guard to give military honors to an ambassador.

It would seem difficult to explain how it was possible that in the presence of similar evidences—and there were many and more serious ones—of the provisional government's helpless inability to maintain even an outward show of really controlling the situation Allied diplomacy could have acclaimed that shadowy government with favor and could have based optimistic expectations on its advent. The shrewdly observant, sharp-witted and level-headed wife of a naval attaché to the American Embassy, in her recently published Intimate Letters From Petrograd, written in 1917 and 1918, has expressed her perplexity in this regard in the following somewhat cruel terms:

"I have determined upon a new definition of optimism in Russia: An optimist is an alleged diplomat who is willfully blind."

The reproach of willful blindness, fully merited by Allied diplomacy in the sequel of events when it played such a sinister part in shaping the destiny of our unfortunate country, could hardly be applied to the illusions entertained at first, inasmuch as these illusions were shared not only by those political circles from which that diplomacy was wont to derive its information on Russian affairs, but also, indeed, by the majority of the educated classes in the country. After the lamentable collapse of the last government of incapables under the imperial régime, the advent to what was supposed would be real power of a provisional government, composed with one exception of leaders of the moderate conservative and liberal parties, all men of proved ability in various walks of life, of high character and unquestioned integrity, was hailed by public opinion with unfeigned satisfaction and even enthusiasm. Their fatal lack of backbone, manifested in their acceptance as a fellow member in their government of Kerensky, the leader of one of the revolutionary parties whose aim was—and always had been—the destruction of the empire for the purpose of clearing the ground for the advent of their socialistic millennium, was not at once realized in its inevitable bearing on the future development of events. Nor was their failure to understand the underlying meaning of the revolutionary outbreak and to gauge aright the real feelings of the immense bulk of the nation comprehended as what it really was—a total lack of that true statesmanship which places the satisfaction of the crying needs of the people above the gratification of personal ambitions and of the aims of party policies. Moreover, they were handicapped not only by their inexperience in statecraft, for which no blame could be attached to them, since they had never been given an opportunity to participate in the handling of affairs of state, but also by their inexperience in dealing with the complicated mechanism of the huge bureaucratic machine. This machine continued indeed to function by that force of inertia which keeps all institutions running for some time after the guiding power is gone. But it was bound to and did break down very soon, leaving the country in a state of complete anarchy.

Among my personal adventures of the first days of the revolution was one which I have not yet mentioned. It was on the day following my attempted arrest by some soldiers that I was sent for by the provisional government and requested to accept the post of governor-general of Finland, where my name enjoyed some popularity on account of the position I had taken up in the Council of the Empire in defense of the constitutional rights of the Finnish people. I told the member of the Duma who approached me on the subject in the name of the provisional government that I held it to be the duty of every good citizen to place his services unreservedly at the disposal of that government which evidently stood between the country and anarchy as the only hope of the reëstablishment of law and order, and that therefore I unhesitatingly agreed to undertake the task it was proposed to intrust to me.

At the same time I pointed out to him the very serious misgivings I felt as to the possibility of a successful accomplishment of such a mission—not, of course, on account of any difficulties to be encountered on the part of the Finnish population, which after the complete restoration of the Finnish constitution immediately conceded by the provisional government would, I felt sure, prove entirely loyal; but on account of the manifest unruly disposition prevailing among our soldiery stationed in Finland, and especially among the crews of the numerous vessels of the fleet wintering in the harbor of Helsingfors, of the existence of which I had had occasion to convince myself by personal observation in my frequent visits to the Finnish capital, where my family had found a temporary home since the autumn of 1915.

I must say here that if this offer had come to me before the war I would have accepted with real enthusiasm the task of being the instrument of reconciliation between the empire and the grand duchy on the basis of the unreserved recognition and the fullest restitution of the constitutional rights of Finland, because of my profound conviction that such a reconciliation was imperatively demanded by every consideration of sound statesmanship, and was of the utmost importance to Russia no less than to Finland.

I will say also that I was perfectly sincere in my immediate acceptance of the offer made to me, evidently on the spur of the moment, on behalf of the revolutionary provisional government and emanating presumably from some of its more really liberal-minded members. But knowing the mentality prevailing not only in our bureaucratic circles, but generally speaking in the world of our political intelligentzia, priding itself upon its freedom from bureaucratic prejudices and pettinesses, I had not a moment's doubt that nothing would come of it after all.

Indeed, that same evening I was called up on the telephone by a friend of mine, who told me that one of the leaders of the Cadet Party—Constitutional Democratic Party—who was with him at the time, and who, though not personally acquainted with me, was greatly in favor of my appointment to the post of governor-general of Finland, had come to ask him to ascertain from me whether it was true that I had written a letter to the former Emperor advising the conclusion of a separate peace with Germany, the point having been raised in the party council by someone opposed to my appointment. I replied that I had never written any letter to the Emperor, and that if I had done so I would certainly not have advocated the conclusion of a separate peace with Germany.

This story of a letter supposed to have been written by me to the Emperor could only have related to the paper mentioned in a preceding chapter, of which I had handed a copy to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sazonoff, and which, as the reader will remember, did not contain even an allusion to the conclusion of such a peace, let alone the tender of an advice to that effect.

A couple of days later, as I expected from the first, I was informed that my proposed appointment had been canceled, the member of the Duma who had approached me on behalf of the provisional government explaining in his letter to me that, on second thought, the question had once more been discussed in the Council of Ministers and that the majority of the members of the government had concluded that at such a time the appointment to the post of governor-general of Finland of a person bearing a not entirely Russian name would be undesirable.

I must own that this decision of the government, far from causing me any disappointment, gave me a feeling of profound relief, because I was entirely convinced that the position, which as a matter of patriotic duty I had consented to fill, would in the nearest future become absolutely untenable, since the revolution in Russia was bound to have its counterpart in Finland.

At first the Russian revolution was hailed by the ruling classes in Finland with some apparent satisfaction, not perhaps unmixed with serious apprehensions as to future developments, because it meant the end of the oppressive régime unconstitutionally maintained by the Russian bureaucracy and the complete restoration of the country's autonomy and constitution, at once unreservedly conceded by the provisional government. At any rate, when I had occasion to visit Helsingfors in the second week of the revolution I was struck by the sight of quite a large number of Russian national flags, which since the days of the extremely popular Emperor and Grand Duke Alexander II had not been seen flying in Finland's capital, except from the governor-general's palace—a sight as gratifying as it was humiliating to a Russian fresh from the contemplation of the shameful spectacle offered by his own country's capital, where the national colors were no longer tolerated and where from thousands of houses was seen flying the sinister red flag of socialism—emblem of bloodshed and revolution.

In order to understand the attitude of the Finnish—or rather Finlandish—bourgeoisie, since it was composed of both nationalities, Swedish as well as Finnish, with a preponderance of the former, one must keep in mind that Finland's connection with the Russian state—geographically natural—had been economically of the greatest advantage to the country, to whose trade and industry it had opened unrestrictedly a market of unlimited capacity in the immense extent of its Russian hinterland, and had never been felt as a hardship under the wise and liberal rule of the first Emperors, Grand Dukes Alexander I, Nicholas I and Alexander II. Finnish separatism, whose birth and growth the Russian bureaucracy's oppressive policy was supposed to prevent or to counteract, had really been the direct outcome of that very policy with whose passing the main compelling motive for aiming at separation from Russia had ceased to exist.

It was, of course, not to be wondered at that the Finnish socialists should have welcomed the Russian revolution as a powerful aid in realizing their aim at bringing about a revolution in their own country. It was, indeed, not long before our mutinous soldiers and sailors, who had at once organized soviets on the most approved pattern and had been freely murdering and often cruelly torturing their officers, had concluded an alliance with the Finnish socialist red guards—an alliance which, after the withdrawal from Finland of most of the Russian troops, led to, or rather was followed by, the outbreak of civil war between the Finnish red guards, assisted by Russian revolutionary elements, and Finnish white guards composed of volunteers drawn from the bourgeoisie, at first with the aid—soon withdrawn—of some German troops who had been landed in Finland, and later with the coöperation of a brigade of Swedish volunteers.

Finland's bourgeoisie—to its great credit and honor, be it said—had found in its own midst the courage, the resources and the energy not only to resist the onslaught of revolutionary socialism, but—with very little external aid—to defeat it and to save the country from the fate that has overtaken unfortunate Russia.

Foreseeing the impending outbreak of revolution and civil war in Finland, I had in time caused my family to move from Helsingfors to Petrograd, where they found in one of the few still-open hotels a precarious shelter, open to sudden nocturnal invasions and searches for arms by the revolutionary soldiery; and where they remained until in May, 1918, it became possible for us to escape from the socialistic paradise and the doomed capital of what had been the Russian Empire.

To those of my readers who might wish to form a vivid idea of what life in a town cursed with a state of revolution really is like I can do no better than recommend the perusal of Mrs. Pauline S. Crosley's fascinatingly interesting volume, Intimate Letters From Petrograd, of which its publisher, in his commendatory epitome printed on the wrapper, justly says: "As a record of personal observation of one of the stupendous events in history, it is remarkable for its unbiased opinions and penetrating judgment of the political situation quite as much as for its stirringly realistic accounts of the chaotic condition of the country. It contains innumerable little graphic touches that help to illuminate the whole huge, incredible series of social and military phenomena."

When the clear-sighted author of these letters regretfully alludes, as mentioned above, to the willful blindness of diplomacy she is unquestionably right. That this blindness was indeed willful is amply proved by the fact that it was not shared by independent observers—such, for instance, as E. H. Wilcox in his Russia's Ruin or Oliver M. Sayler in his Russia White or Red—independent both of diplomacy and of organized war propaganda: that newest, perhaps least creditable, and in its influence on the public mind most pernicious development of the art of warfare, which in all belligerent countries without exception has been ministering to the service of the sinister god of war by the systematic spreading of lies, concealment of the truth and preaching of the gospel of hatred and revenge. And yet even they, though fully recognizing the unwillingness of the Russian people to stay any longer in the fight, seem to have been sufficiently under the spell of the all-pervading war psychosis to believe that this unwillingness could be due to really well-grounded suspicions, supposedly entertained by the people and the army of treachery in court, or bureaucratic or even military circles, and to the effect of successful German propaganda—such belief being apparently strengthened by the reckless vaporings of Russian war patriots, unconscious of its implied contempt for the Russian people no less than for its former rulers.

The fact of the blindness displayed by our Allies in their policy in regard to Russia, before as well as after the revolution, is, of course, undeniable, since the outcome of this policy is there to prove it—an outcome as catastrophically fatal to Russia as it must in the end prove disadvantageous to our former Allies themselves, and which therefore could not possibly have been deliberately aimed at by them. However, to attribute the blindness of their policy to mere willfulness would be neither satisfactory as an explanation, nor would it be fair to the statesmen who devised and conducted it in what they believed to be the best interest of their countries. Whether this belief has been justified by events they will determine for themselves. But it stands

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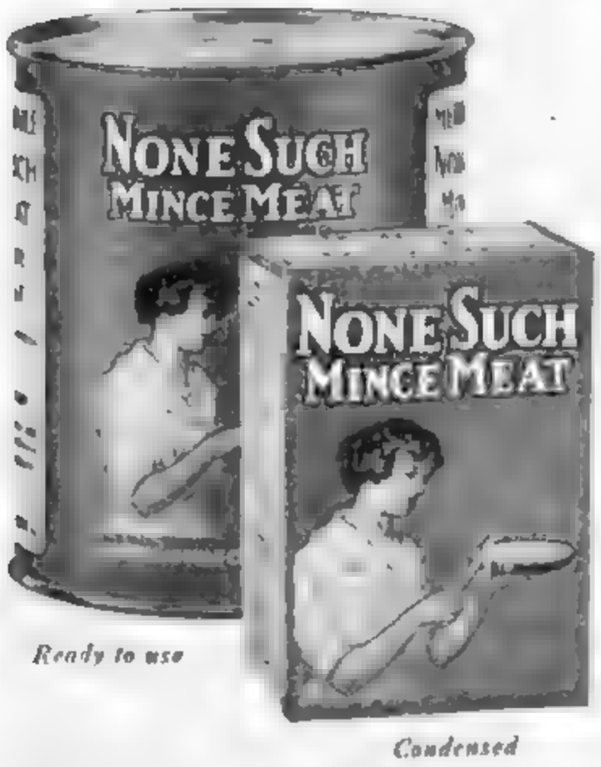
Thursday—
NONE SUCH
MINCE PIE Day



Ready to use *Condensed*

BAKERS—
None Such Mince Meat is put up in 5-lb. packages, condensed, and No. 10 tins (7¾ lbs.) ready for use, for bakers, restaurants, hotels, etc. Write for service and selling plan for 1920.

NONE Such Mince Pies just naturally fit into Thursday's lunch or dinner. There may be one or two big reasons. We know there are several smaller ones—all home from school and on deck to get a man's-size slab of Thursday's None Such Mince Pie.

None Such Mince Pie on Thursday is such a widespread institution at American tables that few persons even comment on it. Like Sunday's ice cream, it's just accepted.

Turkey and None Such Mince Pie for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's—None Such Mince Pie and any other good dish every Thursday. Arrangements have been made with bakers, hotels, and restaurants throughout the country to specialize on None Such Mince Pies on Thursday.

You add no sugar to None Such—the sugar is in it

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.
NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT, Ltd., Toronto, Canada

President Suspenders

for comfort

For Holiday giving each President is encased in a handsome Christmas box reflecting its quality and your good judgment and good wishes.

Every pair guaranteed

Be sure the name President is on the buckle

Made at Shirley Massachusetts

Mr Dealer: For the Holiday Packing—wire your jobber your order—now.

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to reason that their willfulness in deliberately shutting their eyes to conditions which were bound to defeat in the end the very aims of their policy, and which to them no less than to independent observers must have appeared quite evident, could not have had some determining and perhaps even compelling causes.

Among these determining causes the first place must be assigned to the attitude of the various governments, imperial as well as provincial, under Prince Lvoff's presidency, and lastly coalition under Kerensky, with which they had to deal; and which, all of them, in disregard of the country's tragically crying need of peace, of the manifest unwillingness of the people to stay any longer in the fight, and of the resultant gradual voluntary demobilization of the army, which in reality had set in—though carefully concealed—already toward the end of 1916, were constantly assuring and continued to the last moment to assure our Allies of their unshakable determination to continue the war with the greatest energy and vigor until a final victory was achieved. Of their earnest desire to do so there could be no question, though the sincerity of their own belief in their ability to carry through such a policy might well have been doubted.

Therefore the solemn character of their repeated official assurances, however skeptically they may have been regarded, furnished the Allies, who were bent on the continuation of the war at any cost, with a sufficient and welcome ground for vigorously insisting on their realization to the fullest extent. But in exercising such pressure by persuasion, flattery, and lastly by comminatory joint representations, they seemed not to realize sufficiently that what ailed all these governments they were dealing with—the imperial government in the last months of its existence no less than its revolutionary successors—was that they were governments only in name, bereft of real power, since the complete disorganization of the huge bureaucratic machinery and the disintegration of the army which accompanied the long-drawn-out death throes of the imperial régime had been succeeded by a condition of revolutionary anarchy, gradually growing in intensity and presaging the imminence of the final catastrophe. They were being swept along helplessly and semiconsciously on a current of elemental forces whose irresistible nature they failed to realize—a current which they neither commanded the power to stem nor had the wisdom and ability to deflect into the only possible channel of safety.

I cannot undertake to say whether or not any one of these successive governments, composed all of them of elements swayed by various degrees of conservative, liberal or socialistic doctrinairism, and belonging to the same intelligentzia whose fatal separation from the masses of the people has been the bane of modern Russia since Peter the Great—whether any one of them at any time had political insight enough to comprehend that under existing circumstances the only government that could ever hope to become a government in fact, wielding the plenitude of power, and not in name merely, would be a government willing to bring to the people what they were clamoring for—that is to say, peace in any shape or form. If they possessed such insight they lacked the moral and civic courage to act upon it, thereby working not only their own downfall but the destruction and ruin of the country deliberately abandoned to the tender mercies of those who had both the insight and the determination to translate it into action and who were thus enabled to seize real power which they to this hour exercise with a sanguinary ruthlessness unexampled in the history of the world.

It was not unnatural that the Allies should have at first welcomed and treated as Russia's coming and at last real statesmen the members of the provisional government whose advent to power they had—if not aided and abetted, as Dr. E. J. Dillon has it—evidently hoped for and favored. Did not Russian public opinion itself on the whole share this illusion before these men had shown their utter inability to deal with the tragically critical situation in which the country found itself placed through the war and the revolution, an inability due not only to their own incompetence, for which no blame could justly attach to them, since they had never been given an opportunity to acquire the necessary experience by being admitted to a participation in affairs of state, but also to the fact that they never at any time had been really free agents?

But it is hardly credible that Allied statesmen could have taken seriously the sinister farce of the dictatorship of that glorified Russian Pooh-Bah, Kerensky, at once dictator, prime minister and supreme commander in chief of the army and of the navy, who by the inspired press in Allied countries was hailed as the greatest statesman of Russia, the coming man and savior of his country. Nor could they have failed to realize that Russia was drawing ever nearer and nearer to a state of anarchy and dissolution, from which nothing could save her but the conclusion of a general peace—an eventuality they were anxious to avoid for reasons that had nothing to do with any altruistic consideration for the welfare of Russia and her people—which, indeed, they were not bound to entertain.

But Kerensky and his honest, simple-minded and—like himself—quite inexperienced associates were just the elements that could be made instruments of the policy of the Allies, aiming at the reconstitution at any cost and maintenance in a state of efficiency of the Russian front, which was palpably melting away, in the mistaken belief in the possibility of such an achievement.

Not being minded to await in mute resignation the doom of my country, I devoted myself entirely to the thankless task of fighting with word and pen the fatal blindness and irresolution which prevented the adoption of the only course compatible with her honor and dignity which could lead to the country's salvation. I never ceased until the very eve of the November revolution, and regardless of the rebuffs I was meeting with, my efforts in seeking to be given a hearing by the men in whose inexperienced hands was placed the fate of our unfortunate country. I met with similar treatment at the hands of the press, which, following the example of the press in all belligerent countries, and evidently from the same motives of misunderstood patriotism, was suppressing all independent opinion which would not minister to the prevailing war psychology. Out of a number of articles which I had written as events were progressing, only the first could be printed in one of the important newspapers, to the readers of which I wished to address myself. The remaining ones I was finally compelled to print and to issue in pamphlet form under the title Peace, or War at Any Cost, in the hope that in this shape they might reach at least a limited circle of readers. The following quotations from these articles will speak for themselves:

"The greatest perturbing element in the situation has been the totally erroneous conception of the true meaning and significance of the Russian revolution formed at first in Allied countries on the basis apparently of the dubious attitude of our diplomacy in regard to the directions given at first to the provisional government by the socialistic leaders of the movement which had actually achieved the overthrow of the autocracy. This erroneous conception was evidently shared in—whether sincerely or not, I would not undertake to say—by those circles with whom the diplomacy of the Allies has been in closer contact and where it has been in the habit of looking for sources of information. The consequences, however, of this fundamental misunderstanding have proved fatal to us. It was the cause of endeavors made from the outside to exercise a totally inadmissible—as applied to a great power—pressure with a view to induce us to undertake an advance on our front, which, undertaken not for strategic reasons and purposes but from political and partly sentimental motives, after an apparent success at first bought at the cost of an awful loss of invaluable lives of an enormous number of officers who heroically sacrificed themselves for a forlorn hope, ended—as under existing conditions it was bound to end—in disaster and disgrace, played into the hands of Hindenburg by exposing to him quite openly the theretofore perhaps merely suspected utter demoralization of our army, assured him of the certainty of being able to win new and cheap laurels, brought about the penetration by the enemy of our southwestern and next of our northwestern front, the loss of Riga and the prospect of the possibility of further losses of territory.

"But then we were told by way of consolation that by this advance we had redeemed our honor in the eyes of our Allies. Well, I must confess, I know of no such honor in the eyes of anybody whomsoever that could demand of us the sacrifice of our country's most vital interests. But I do know of a real duty of honor toward our Allies which rose before us with the revolution, and that duty commanded us not to endeavor to conceal the true meaning of the revolution as a protest of the Russian people against the war, but openly to confess the unvarnished truth—that the people, under a vague and instinctive consciousness of the catastrophic meaning for Russia of the present war, imperatively demand its termination as soon as it may possibly be brought about; and that was the call of duty and of honor we failed to obey.

"The most elementary wisdom of statesmanship demanded submission to the will of the people instead of attempts to override it, though this will had been expressed in a revolutionary way through the mouthpiece of entirely self-constituted bodies, but nevertheless unmistakably and authoritatively. Russia can never in our coalition voluntarily play a part similar to that of Turkey in the coalition of the Central Powers, the part of a voiceless provider of an unlimited reserve of human material, the part of the Moor who could some day be told, 'The Moor has done his duty; the Moor may go!'

"The voice of the Russian people will always have the right to make itself heard and would undoubtedly have been listened to by our Allies had we not weakened it ourselves by the dubious attitude of our diplomacy, due, it must be supposed, to a mistaken conception of what Russia's true interests required, or else to a desire to save the face of the adherents of that policy which has brought down on Russia the catastrophe of this war, has already landed her in such unheard-of abasement and is threatening her with still more somber disgrace.

"No one, certainly, could doubt the capacity of those distinguished and really competent statesmen who direct the policy of our Allies for gauging correctly the situation of affairs here and its inevitable further developments. They cannot but realize fully that the further unavoidable weakening of such an essential link in the chain of our coalition as Russia—even if compensated by the United States having joined it—must in a great measure weaken the whole chain, and that therefore political self-interest would have pointed to the advisability of ready compliance with the Russian democracy's invitation to proceed to the settlement of the war by negotiation. But, of course, they could not adopt such a line so long as we ourselves, through the mouth of our diplomacy, assured them and continue to assure them of our determination—in spite of its realization being to all the world an evident impossibility—to carry on the war at any cost until a final victory.

"Such a policy, based on groundless illusions, concealment of the truth and political cowardice, can only, by deceiving our Allies, injure incalculably, and has already injured incalculably, the real interests of Russia; and if we were to attempt to put it into practice could only complete the destruction of the fabric of the state already begun by the ever threateningly rising tide of anarchy.

"We have already missed the exclusively favorable opportunity for beginning, in accord with our Allies, with joint forces and in our joint interest, to prepare for the termination of the war by way of negotiations. The undermining by anarchy of the foundations of the state had then only just begun; the fighting capability of our army and navy had not yet been questioned; our front was still unbroken and presented a threatening force. Our hesitation to enter upon the only path open to us compatible with the honor and dignity of Russia has with every month—nay, with every week—been weakening the position of Russia, has played new trump cards into the hand of the enemy, and is bringing us ever nearer to the moment when this path will be closed to us."

In another article dealing with the fatal division of the nation which was so plainly reflected in the attitude of the convention called together in the summer at Moscow I wrote:

"What the country requires above all in this hour of her trial is the close and firm union of all her loyal sons. But no such union is possible so long as the masses are under the spell of Utopian doctrines of socialism and the classes are obstinately wedded to the idea of war at any cost,

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Velvet Joe's Class in Geography

AND now, folks, we come to old Kaintucky. Nature has been mighty good to Kaintucky. She gave it a limestone soil that grows some things a little better than they grow anywhar else. And the *tobacco* she grows — Burley — is rich with comfort and content.

Just imagine takin' the delicate, silky leaves of these tobacco plants and letting them mellow two years in wooden hogsheads. Nature already did a lot—but she does a heap more during those two years. She richens them, milds them, makes them mellower.

When you get hankerin' for something worth while in that pipe of yours, just set back and think of Kaintucky—America's Tobacco Wonderland. That's whar Velvet came from, and it came through clean and right.

Class will now adjourn to prove up with their pipes.

Velvet Joe.

America's smoothest smoke

"Yo' sho' did give dem Yanks de slip"

Gray Morn

How kind Fate took a Hand in the Misfortunes of War back in the days of '64

FOR two days the General and his orderly had been cut off from their troops; for two days, so the story goes, they had lain hidden in bushes on the Mississippi's bank. Northern troops were everywhere, it seemed. No venture could be made by day—even for food. Only at night dared they move.

And this was the *second* night already paling into day. Cautiously through the dark hours they had wormed their perilous way. Once a cracking twig had brought a sentry's bullet whizzing over their heads. Once a soldier's half-concealed cough had saved them from capture, perhaps from death.

They made *some* progress. Their own lines could not be many miles away, they thought. With daybreak would come the noise of a new day's battle; then they'd know.

But daybreak meant stopping—and to stop meant time to think of their hunger.

One hour more. They decided to go on. Through the gray, heavy fog they groped their way along.

WHAT'S this? A path to the river. A path from—barely could they see it—a cabin. Fate had led them there. But whether for good or ill, they could not know.

Who was in this lonely place? Southerners—friends? A small detachment of lawless guerrillas? Or was it forsaken?

They crept forward. Dangerously near they hid in the bushes. And they waited.

Someone was there. A thin wisp of smoke drifted lazily from the crude stone and mud chimney Perhaps Fate would smile on them again—perhaps.

"Lawzee! You chilluns pestah th' life out o' yo' po' ol' mammy with yo' evahlastin' appetite fo' pancakes." From the cabin came the voice.

Good old Southern pancakes—perhaps with a jug o' 'lasses to sweeten them! That little cabin became the most desirable place in the world to them then.

They ran to the door, opened it, and stood there Aunt Jemima—for she it was, we are told—seemed to guess their story. And the General, as he recounted his experience some twenty years afterward, said he honestly believed it was that wonderful pancake breakfast which put the "power" into him and his orderly to reach their lines the next night.

WAS Fate to withdraw her guiding hand? Was this the fulfillment of her plan? No, indeed. Among the legends that have grown up around Aunt Jemima's name is one that among the men who heard the old veteran tell the story you've just read was a representative of a milling company in the North.

What a wonderful thing it would be, he thought, to have that old mammy's recipe for pancakes!

If Aunt Jemima could only be found!

It is said that he did find her still living in her little cabin on the Louisiana bank of the Mississippi; and. that, so tempting was his offer, she finally accepted it and sold her famous recipe.

THE Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour you see in the groceries today is *that* recipe, ready-mixed. Everything's in it that Aunt Jemima used except the water! That's all you need add—just water. No eggs; no milk.

Whisk up a batch of *these* cakes tomorrow morning. Fragrant, golden-brown Aunt Jemima Pancakes! Rich, tender and fine flavored! So fast they'll go that you'll wonder if you, too, aren't making them for a man nearly famished. And you'll find hubby as grateful and happy as was the old Confederate General that other morning years and years ago.

Aunt Jemima Pancakes—today they're America's favorite breakfast! Does it not seem that they were destined to be so?

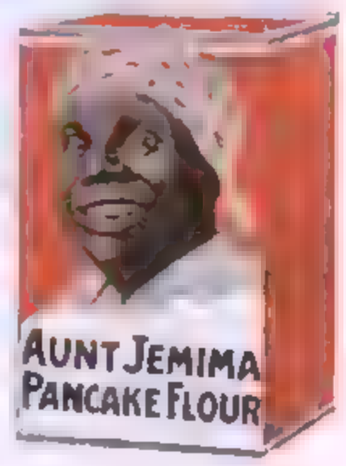
If you would add variety to your pancake breakfasts use Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour. It, too, is complete; you need add nothing but water. *Real* buckwheat cakes with butter and syrup—they certainly do taste good these chilly mornings!

"It's in town, Honey!"

How to get the Funny Rag Dolls

Look on the top or side panel of package of Aunt Jemima Pancake or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour to find out how to get the funny Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls

Copyright 1920 Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri



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utterly abhorrent to the bulk of the nation and most of all to the soldiery. Still there is a common ground upon which such a union could be achieved, and that is the crying need of peace, a need that cannot but be felt by anyone who has truly at heart, not the saving of his own or this or that party's political face but the saving of what still can be saved from the wreck of the country's former greatness and prosperity.

"If such a union could have been brought about it would have presented to the world the imposing sight of a great nation rising in ardent and unanimous fervor for the sacred cause of liberty and of peace; it would have increased tenfold the weight of Russia's voice in the council of nations; and it would have silenced those scornful voices full of contempt for the Russian people, which—be it confessed to our shame—have sometimes found a not unwilling echo in our press and in our society, so disastrously torn by partisan dissensions and passionate hatred.

"But it was not to be. The unique opportunity for opening negotiations with our Allies was neglected at a time when the imposing edifice of the state, though beginning already to be undermined by the rising tide of anarchy, was still standing erect and our strategic front was still unimpaired, and at a time when exhausted and defeated Germany was plainly anxious for peace. I have used the term 'defeated Germany' purposely and advisedly. If one stops to consider that of the contending sides the German side is the only one which holds in its armed possession immense extents of enemy territory of the European Continent which might become objects of annexation, as well as grounds for claiming pecuniary contributions in exchange for their surrender, one must suppose that nothing short of a realizing sense of Germany's defeat, irrespective of the actual military situation, could have induced the German Reichstag in its resolution of July nineteenth to declare itself in favor of a peace without annexations and contributions—if not in these very terms of the Russian democracy's formula, unquestionably within its meaning—nor could have caused the German Government, in its reply to the note of the Vatican, to announce its willingness to conform not only to the wishes of His Holiness but likewise to the peace resolution of the Reichstag of July nineteenth.

"It is evident that the German Government is not in a position to decline to accept any fair and reasonable terms that might be offered them, and it is obviously our duty to begin without the least delay negotiation with our Allies with a view to reaching an agreement as to such an expression of the determination of mankind, undoubtedly shared in by all the peoples, to put an end to the World War, as would lead to the initiation of negotiations for the conclusion of a general peace."

That my estimate of the situation in Germany was correct I find confirmed in what the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Czernin, has to say on the subject in his secret memorandum, presented to his sovereign in the beginning of April, 1917, as published now in the count's book, In the World War. These are his words:

"I am firmly convinced that Germany, too, like ourselves, has reached the limit of her strength, and the responsible political leaders in Berlin do not seek to deny it."

On the other hand, G. Lowes Dickinson, in his introduction to the recently published volume, Documents and Statements Relating to Peace Proposals and War Aims, says on the subject of the Reichstag's peace resolution:

"This resolution, it will be observed, is on the lines of the Russian proposals—a peace without annexations and without indemnities. But we have Count Czernin's authority for the statement that the military rulers in Germany were opposed to any such peace. There was thus a cleavage in Germany between the civilian government and the majority of the representatives of the people on the one hand and the army chiefs, who had the effective power, on the other.

"Had the Allied governments been willing to consider such a peace as the Russian democracy and the Reichstag were demanding, their policy was clear. They would have expressed their willingness to discuss terms on that basis. Had they done so, it is at least possible that the movement for peace in the enemy countries would have become irresistible and have swept the militarists from power. But as we have seen, the Allied governments were just as much opposed to such a peace as the German militarists. The Reichstag resolution, therefore, was treated with contempt by the governments, the parliaments and the press of the Allied nations."

The Russian bourgeois press was dealing with the question on the same lines, reflecting evidently the views of the Kerensky government, which by that time had entirely fallen under the influence of the policy of continuing the war at any cost. Intending to have my say on the subject, and having found all the organs of the bourgeois press inaccessible to me, nothing remained for me but to try my luck with the socialist paper Novaya Zhisn, to whose editor, Maxim Gorky, I addressed the following letter:

"Being a most convinced opponent of the Utopian doctrines of socialism, and the more so of any attempts at their application to our country, I nevertheless venture to appeal to your patriotism and impartiality in requesting you to open the columns of your esteemed paper to this letter. I venture to do so because I know that you, as well as I, have set yourself the task of working for the reëstablishment of general peace.

"To serve this cause I consider to be the sacred duty of every Russian citizen who has at heart the fate of his country and the saving of what can still be saved from the wreck of her former greatness and prosperity.

"In order to prevent any intentional or unintentional misunderstanding of my position, I deem it necessary to state here expressly that in using the term 'general peace' I do mean a peace reached in complete agreement with our Allies, with whom we should have begun negotiations more than six months ago, as directed by the democracy who had just overthrown the régime of autocracy, but whose directions have not been obeyed to this hour.

"I beg you will find room for the following text of an identical letter I have addressed to the editors of the most widely read papers, none of whom, however, has seen his way to print it:

"'In the treatment of the question of peace by our press, which evidently reflects the views current among the public, the following points call for attention:

"'First, the adverse comment on the Russian democracy's proclaimed formula, Peace Without Annexations and Without Contributions, of which such a respected organ of the neutral press as the Journal de Genève, in a leading article on June twenty-sixth, says: "It imposes itself not only on the delegates at Stockholm, but on the opinion of all countries." At its sitting on July nineteenth the German Reichstag adhered to the sense of this formula. And in its reply to the note of the Vatican the German Government says how much it has at heart this task in conformity with the desires of His Holiness and with the resolution in regard to peace adopted by the German Reichstag on July nineteenth. This resolution among other things covers also the Reichstag's adherence to the sense of the formula of Russia's democracy. The renunciation of annexations, implied in the adherence of this formula, can evidently refer only to that side which has realized the occupation by force of arms of territories which could become the objects of annexation.

"'The Russian democracy's formula covers indisputably all territories occupied by the enemy, consequently also Courland, with Riga, Lithuania and Poland, and does not therefore sacrifice any one of our real interests. The dreams of annexations by us of parts of Thrace, with Constantinople and the Asiatic shores of the Straits—if realizable at all, could evidently be realized only in a very remote and very dim future, and could not therefore be included in the category of real and actual interests of Russia.

"'On the other hand, the acceptance by all the civilized powers of the world of the Russian democracy's formula—which should be the aim of the future peace conference—would do away, once for all, with the right of conquest hitherto recognized by international law and would thereby remove forever one of the most potent motives for armed contests between states.

"'Secondly, the constantly expressed expectation that the German Government would at last come out with a statement of the concrete conditions of peace which would be acceptable to them if they really, and not hypocritically, wished for peace, and also apprehensions lest their silence on this subject covered a trap with a view to induce our coalition to consent to the conclusion of a so-called German peace.

"'Similar statements fill the columns of those organs of the press in Allied countries which minister to the public sentiment artificially created by the governments and ruling classes, and sustained by a régime of censure and administrative tyranny hitherto unheard of in free countries. To anyone who has ever taken part in the conduct of negotiations, even if not on questions of great international importance, but simply on important questions of private interests, it must be perfectly plain that such attitude of the German Government is dictated to it precisely by their consciousness of the impossibility of realizing what is termed a German peace. In all business transactions the obvious tactics for the side which expects to have to make large concessions will consist, not in beginning by offering such concessions itself, but in waiting till they are demanded by the other side.

"'But our coalition with the accession of the United States has acquired material strength and moral authority quite sufficient, in spite of the failure of our front, in order to cause—if and whenever it really so wills—the submission of the German Government and the ruling caste on whose support it relies to the will of now almost all civilized mankind, if expressed in the terms of a final proposal based on the principles of justice and equity to all. The reluctance to enter upon negotiations to that effect can only be explained by the desire to continue the war at any cost in the hope that military events in an indefinite future will realize the total crushing of the adversary promised to their peoples by the belligerent governments.'

"The above are views an open expression of which seems to be considered inconvenient and even dangerous by an influential part of our press, though these views are undoubtedly shared by millions of people, who even under the tyranny of the bellicose psychosis fostered by the governments and the ruling classes still possess the faculty of independent reasoning.

"Our failure to enter upon negotiations with our Allies in the direction pointed out by the democracy—and the dubious attitude of our diplomacy in regard to its formula—has already caused and continues to cause an incalculable and irreparable injury to the true interests of Russia. The weight of her voice goes on diminishing with every month the war lasts, as the impending bankruptcy of the treasury, the entire ruin of the economic life of the country and the destruction of the social and political fabric of the state through the ever higher rising tide of anarchy approach nearer and nearer. At the same time this double-faced attitude toward the question of peace or war discloses before the world the division of the nation into an overwhelming majority thirsting for peace and an influential minority obstinately wedded to the doctrine of war at any cost, which—if under existing conditions it could possibly be put in operation—could only lead to the completion of the ruin and perdition of Russia, a division which has already foreshadowed to us the formidable phantom of coming civil war.

"We should remember that on contemporary Russia and her leading men of all parties a merciless verdict will be rendered by future generations of the Russian people."

The publication of this letter in Maxim Gorky's widely read newspaper brought down on my devoted head the fully expected silly insinuations of pro-Bolshevism and pro-Germanism.

These I could only treat with the contempt they deserved.

Of the comparative soundness of the divergent views taken of the situation in Russia by the Kerensky government on one hand and by the author of these reminiscences on the other, the reader will be able to judge from the following quotations. The first is from a telegraphic circular addressed by Mr. Terestchenko, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the Russian ambassadors at Paris, London, Tokio and Washington, and to the envoy at Stockholm, under date of August 31, 1917—old style—relating to the military rising attempted by General Kornilov, with the connivance of the Duma leaders and other adherents of the war-at-any-cost policy, which seems to have been favorably looked upon by Allied diplomacy as promising an effective restoration of the Russian front. The Minister of Foreign Affairs begins by saying:

"The rising of General Kornilov has been definitively liquidated; all has been settled without bloodshed, as the troops moved by him on Petrograd refused to march against the provisional government and declared their submission."

In concluding his circular, he says: "In general it may be considered that the regrettable events of the last days, thanks to their quick liquidation, have not weakened us for the struggle with the external enemy, but have demonstrated the unity of sentiment and the general tendency toward concentration on that struggle regardless of domestic dissensions. Whatever attempts may be made in the future, from left or right, to disturb the course of policy adopted by the government, it may be hoped that they will meet with a unanimous rebuff in the country.

"The government will firmly follow the path of continuation of the war at any cost and will with renewed energy conduct the work of the renovation and restoration of the moral health of the army."

The second is the text of a letter I had occasion to address four days later, in reply to an inquiry, to a distinguished English statesman with whom I was in friendly correspondence:

"PETROGRAD, September 3/16, 1917.

"*My dear X:* I do not know whether my reply to your last letter which I had to forward by mail ever reached you. Under present conditions it is rather difficult to carry on a regular correspondence. The present missive, however, will reach you through another channel. It would take me a couple of hours to tell you all I would have to say, or a ream of note paper to take it down in writing. The best I can do therefore is to inclose herewith some of the material I have had printed for circulation among my friends, from which you will be able to form an opinion in regard to my views on the situation of affairs.

"The sober, unvarnished truth being nowadays everywhere in belligerent countries treated as contraband of war and a most dangerous explosive, I have great difficulty in bringing my views before the public even here, where there is now no more political censure. So it happened that even the mildly socialistic Den, which had picked up sufficient civic courage to print my first article on the way out of the present *impasse*, felt itself compelled to refuse to publish a second one, part of the substance of which you will find reproduced in a Letter from a Russian Patriot to an American Friend, of which I inclose a printed copy.

"The greatest perturbing element in the situation has been the totally erroneous conception of the true meaning of the Russian revolution formed at first in Allied countries on the basis apparently of the dubious attitude of our diplomacy, due either to failure to understand the real trend of events or else to culpable insincerity.

"Even now people who ought to know better are loath to admit that the mainspring of the outbreak of the revolution was the revolt of the people against the war—a revolt that will probably soon be shared in by the masses in other belligerent countries, unless the classes come to their senses before it will be too late.

"The attempted revolt of General Kornilov has disclosed a crisis of the utmost gravity. Its immediate inglorious collapse, it is to be hoped, should at least have served to open the eyes of even the most obstinately purblind believers in the war-to-the-end doctrine, and to convince them of the utter hopelessness of their endeavor to force their policy upon an unwilling people. The country is confronted now by this alternative:

"Either the speedy conclusion of a general peace—not of course a separate peace with Germany, that groundless bugbear of Allied diplomacy and of our own chauvinists—but a general peace on the basis of the Russian democracy's program, and of the principles proclaimed by President Wilson; or else the prospect of civil war, anarchy and the disruption of Russia as a state, which could not possibly be to the advantage of any one of our Allies.

"Yours very sincerely, R. R."

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-seventh of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

FAIRBANKS-

PUMPS

THE rapid growth of industry and agriculture has brought forth an insistent demand for "pumps—pumps—and still more pumps!" Today's pumping problems tax the skill of pump designers to the utmost to turn out a better and more efficient product.

Fairbanks-Morse build a wide variety of pumps. They help to increase the world's supply of oil. Railroads use them for water supply. Cold storage warehouses obtain their low temperatures by using Fairbanks-Morse pumps for brine circulation. Immense hotels find them best for general water supply, as do hundreds of municipal water-works. And in the rice fields, as in other irrigation projects, they have been found economical—dependable—long lived.

Fairbanks-Morse stand out distinctively for complete installations of their engine and motor driven pumps, where satisfactory operation is assured by *one responsibility*.

This is another example of the application of Fairbanks-Morse resources to emphasize its service objective, of which the trade mark of this house is the symbol.

Our products include Fairbanks Scales—oil engines—pumps—electric motors and generators—railway appliances and coaling stations—farm power machinery, such as "Z" engines, lighting plants, water systems.

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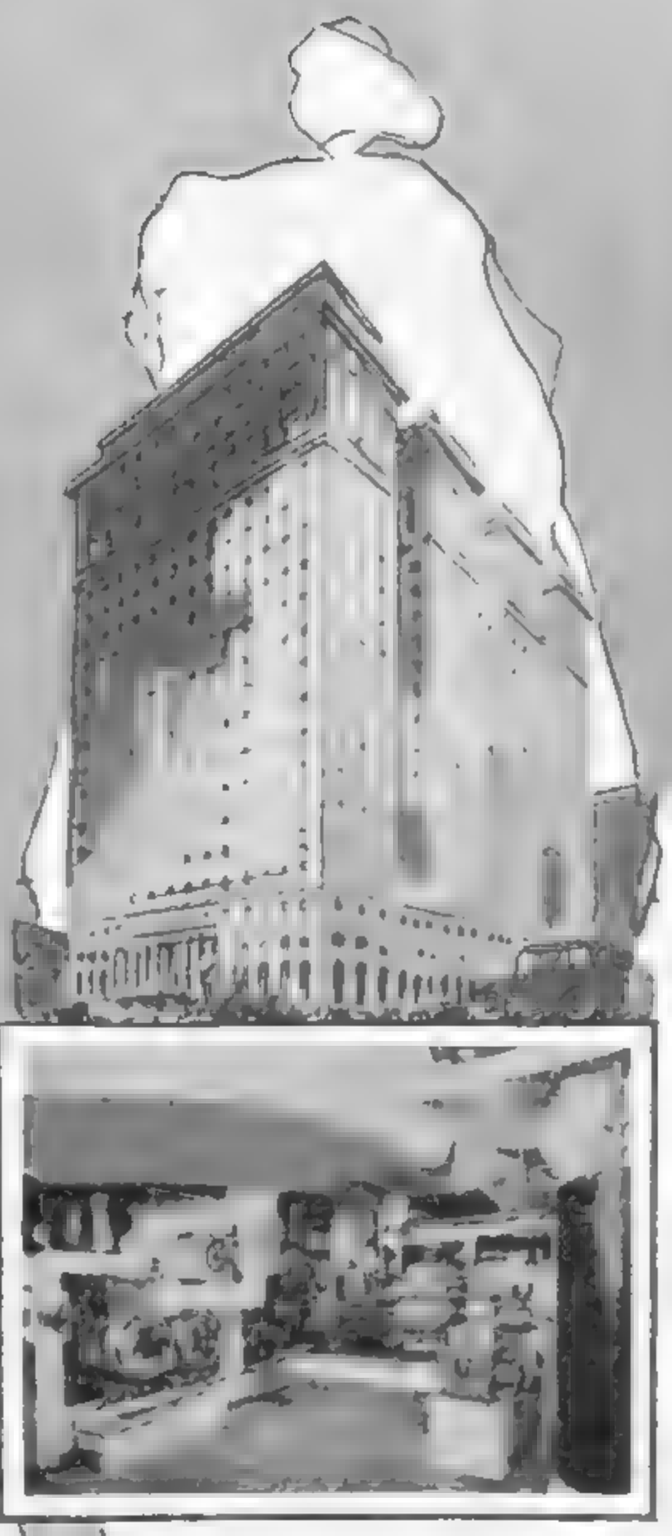

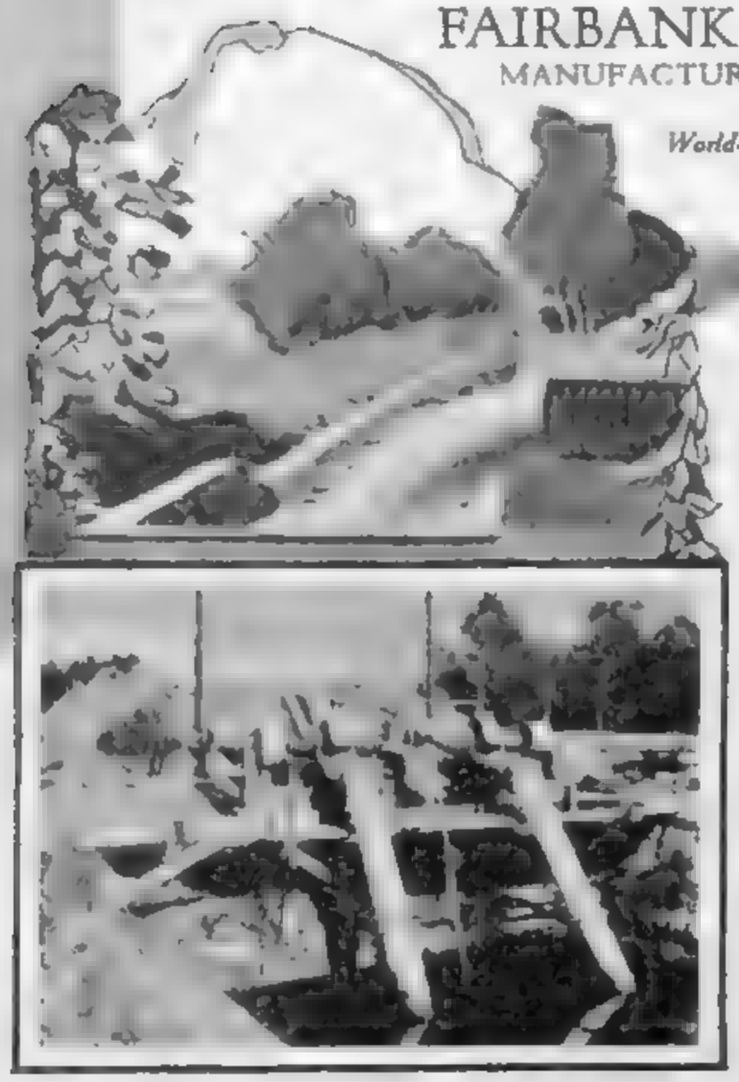

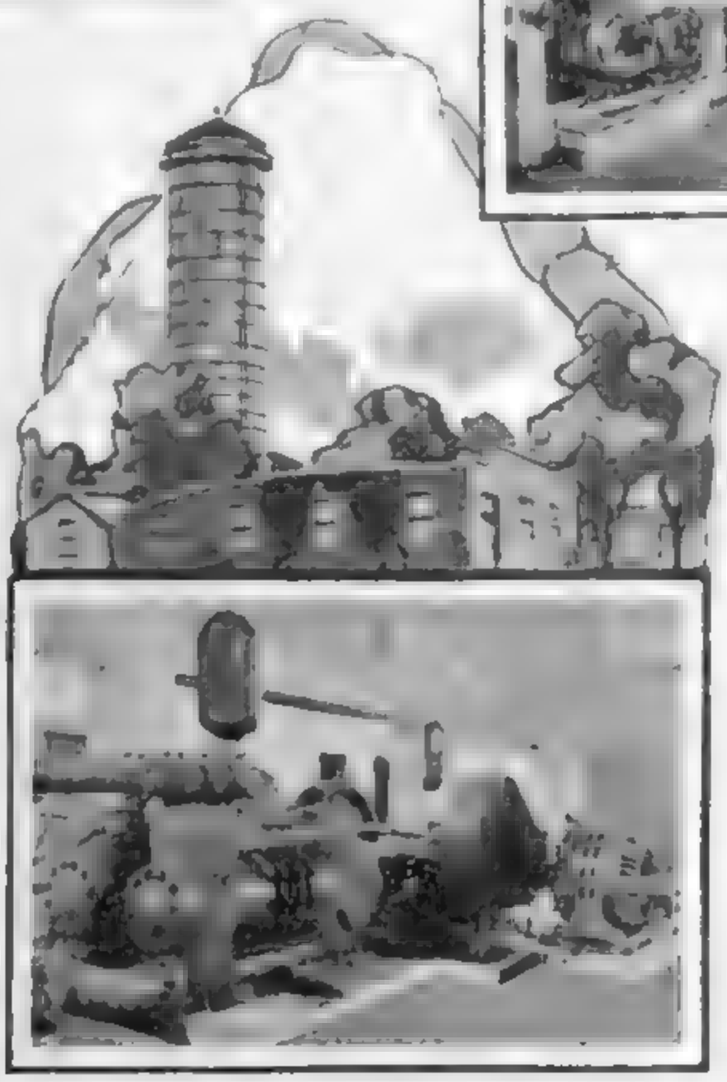

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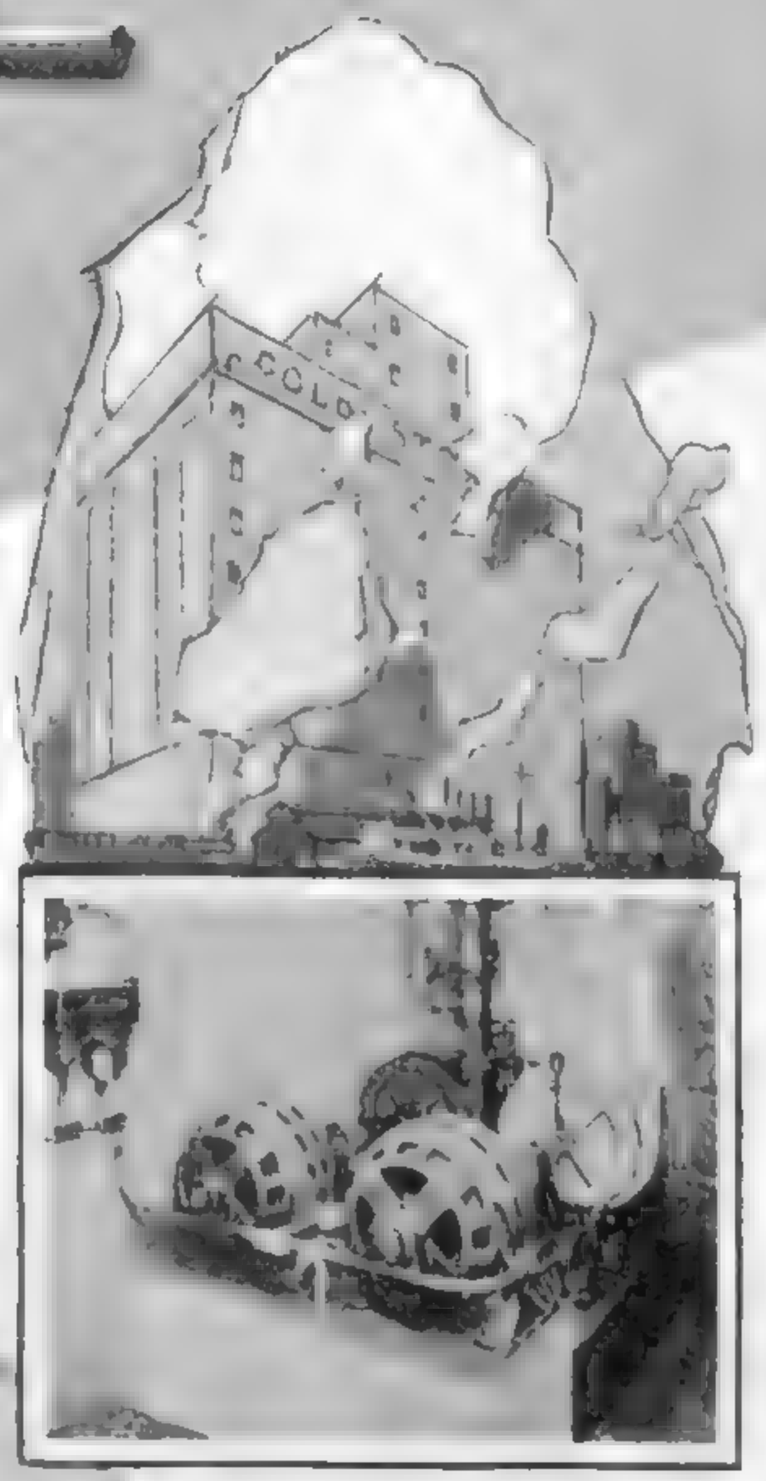

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Haven't you found yourself seeking for some tangible assurance of better quality and more lasting style in order to get real dollars and cents value?

That is the secret of the satisfaction derived from Printzess "Distinction in Dress." You know that your coat or suit is not only good style but that it will wear well—that the beautiful fabrics are built on lines that persistently refuse to lose their shape under even the most trying conditions.

For the Printzess tailors have placed their signature on every garment with the pride of an artist signing a masterpiece. And the Printzess merchant in your town endorses this signature because the reputation of his store rests on the quality of the merchandise he sells.

Thus the Printzess label in your coat is a promise of the quality and style you demand—a promise which is fulfilled through seasons of wear until the regret of putting the garment aside is supplanted by the joy of replacing it with another Printzess.

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THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN CO.
CLEVELAND
Paris New York

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DISTINCTION IN DRESS

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THE NEXT PRINTZESS ANNOUNCEMENT WILL APPEAR DECEMBER 18th

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

(Continued from Page 25)

have been maintained. For us to get out from under now and permit these people to fall back upon themselves and their own as yet insufficient resources would be to my mind unthinkable.

In the summer of 1919, when our official work ended, my colleagues and I undertook to form a voluntary association to carry the work forward on our own responsibility. We continued the name of the American Relief Administration and added to it European Children's Fund, because the original name, abbreviated to the A. R. A., was a valuable asset when it came to securing the actual cooperation of the peoples concerned. The Relief Administration did not make a general public appeal.

We decided against it, because our people had been responding generously to such calls for five years, and we felt a sense of embarrassment in the thought of again approaching them.

Certain moneys came to our disposal from the liquidation of various functions under the Supreme Economic Council; other funds were given us by wealthy families and foundations, and we were assured of financial support from groups in America representing the various nations with which we were concerned. There was also assistance from and cooperation with the Red Cross, the Joint Distribution Committee, the Y. W. C. A., the Y. M. C. A., the American Friends Service Committee—Quaker and other committees for relief established among the numerous social groups in the United States.

Despite all this, our representatives abroad continually besought us for aid to meet the grave distress among the adult populations in the countries in which they were operating, and we were convinced that means must be found for some alleviation of this condition.

Working Out a Great Idea

In addition, with our funds diminishing, we were anxious to discover a means of meeting our overhead expenses by some practical method which would enable us to put a dollar's worth of food into some child's mouth for every remaining dollar we had, and to assure people of good will that for every dollar they might contribute we would provide the cost of buying, transportation, distribution, and so on.

It was at this juncture that the idea of the Food Draft presented itself. There are approximately four million families in the United States with affiliations in Central and Eastern Europe, and as soon as international mail communications were established after the armistice large numbers of these four millions began to receive direct appeals from their hunger-stricken relatives for food. Money would have done them very little good in their extremity, because there was practically no food of the kind they needed—milk, fats and flour—to

A Kitchen in Belvedere Palace, the Vienna Residence of the Archduke Ferdinand, Whose Assassination at Sarajevo Was the Immediate Cause of the War

be bought. It is not possible to describe a population that has lived for a long period without these essentials. If you are able to look beneath the usual surface of pride and bravado you get a vision of wholesale suffering which moves you to an irresistible desire to turn to and do your part, whatever it may be, to put a stop to it.

There was always some food of the right quality in Central and Eastern Europe, but the supply of the people—from the armistice, where our period of observation began—fell and still falls into two classes: First, the ration issued by government; second, illicit circulation of food available to those who had or have a sufficient amount of money to pay any price for it. The government ration—in those countries where the government-ration system is still in operation—always has been and is yet necessarily meager—insufficient, in fact, properly to maintain life; and if it had not been supplemented by American and Allied relief the story of Central and Eastern Europe after the war would have been literally a horror great enough to have plunged civilization into chaos. The scramble for the scanty illicit food supplies placed the price of food to be bought in the open market entirely beyond the reach of the great bulk of the populations. As an illustration, at the end of 1919 a single ham outside the ration system sold for as much as one hundred and fifty dollars.

The result of the individual appeals from the stricken countries was a flood of misdirected and wasteful relief from the United States. Thousands of men and women—Rumanian, Bulgarian, Serb, Croatian, Austrian, Hungarian, Czech, Slovak, Jew, Ruthenian, Ukrainian, Pole, Esthonian, Levonian, German, and what not—we have them all with us in large numbers—began to purchase or prepare packages of food for overseas shipment on their individual responsibility. They went to their own grocers and paid retail prices for their gifts; in a majority of cases they packed them insecurely; they prepaid freight or parcels postage, which added in some instances as much as one hundred per cent to the cost of their operation; then they hopefully intrusted their precious contributions to transportation systems that were, to say the least, undependable, and as a result their food packages were generally lost en route or pilfered long before they reached their destinations. The consignee usually received nothing but a notice that a parcel had arrived for him, though there are thousands of recorded cases where the empty box itself was actually delivered.

But the impulse to help was a right one, and it occurred to us that it would be a good idea to organize it. We thought out a plan in December, 1919, and named it the American Relief Administration Warehouses. The idea was simple to begin with, but proved to be somewhat complicated when my colleagues came to working it out in detail. Briefly set forth, it was that we should stock warehouses in various parts of Central and Eastern Europe with food supplies and then sell Food Drafts on these warehouses to people in the United States which would call for the delivery of specific quantities of foods to designated persons. The development of this scheme cost us several weeks' time and concentration of effort. Because there were so many details to consider we were beset with a fear that we might make some irretrievable mistake in putting it in operation.

It was a great business venture, with unprecedented ramifications. First, we had to make sure that we could obtain the necessary credits for the purchase of supplies; then we had to approach the various European governments concerned and secure from them guaranties of active cooperation; after which came the problem of deciding upon the different kinds of food units we would handle—working out a package of staple foodstuffs with variety and high food value at the smallest financial outlay; estimating the cost of the displacement of our commodities from the United States to our distribution centers in Europe—their value, and last, but in our opinion by no means least, we had to provide some means of avoiding the too easy possibility of becoming an agency for depreciating rather than enhancing the reputation of American products in foreign markets. We had to make sure that the materials we dealt in were of the highest quality, and in order to do this we made arrangements to place our own inspectors in every plant and wholesale house from which we purchased supplies. Even the proudest packing houses in the United States agreed to this measure.

What the Food Drafts Buy

When it came to the detail of working out the form of the Food Drafts we decided upon two denominations—one for ten dollars and another for fifty. The ten-dollar Food Draft called for 24½ pounds of flour, 10 pounds of beans or rice, 8 pounds of bacon and 8 cans of milk; or a kosher package designed for Jewish consumption containing 24½ pounds of flour, 10 pounds of beans or rice, 7½ pounds of cottonseed oil and 12 cans of milk. The fifty-dollar Food Draft called for 140 pounds of flour, 50 pounds of beans or rice, 16 pounds of bacon, 15 pounds of lard, 12 pounds of corned beef and 48 cans of milk; or a kosher package containing 140 pounds of flour, 50 pounds of beans or rice, 45 pounds of cottonseed oil and 48 cans of milk. It was with some hesitation that I asked the bankers of the United States to become unremunerated selling agents for these Food Drafts, but the response was all but unanimous, and represents one of the finest and most practical charities in my experience. To-day there is not a state in the Union that is not represented on our list of 4582 banks, while Hawaii, Porto Rico and our neighboring friends, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, all the republics of South America, the West Indies,

(Concluded on Page 120)

Two Corners of the American Relief Administration Warehouse in Vienna, in Prince Eugene's Palace, Over the Counters of Which More Than $1,500,000 Worth of Food Has Passed in Less Than Six Months

Fresh Pure
Rich Creamy Vegetable Fat
for all cooking
SNOWDRIFT

We want to call the attention of every merchant to the unusual

SNOWDRIFT GUARANTEE

Our Snowdrift guarantee has always been as plain, simple and broad as we can make it.

We mean it as a *real* guarantee—our personal assurance to you and your customers.

It reads:

"Personally recommend Snowdrift to your best customers—the women whose trade you value.

If any customer does not like Snowdrift—give her back her money.

If she tells you that she did not like the cake or anything else in which she used Snowdrift, refund her the price of the Snowdrift and of the flour, sugar and eggs she used in making the cake, or the pie or biscuit, or whatever it may be.

If she fries a chicken or anything else in Snowdrift and tells you she doesn't like it—pay her the cost of the chicken, or whatever it was.

We will promptly make good to you—in cash—without any fuss or argument."

We not only offer her money back if she is not pleased but we offer to pay for any food a woman thinks is not *better* because she used Snowdrift. This is for the benefit of any of your customers who have never used Snowdrift and hesitate to try any new experiment with materials as expensive as all foodstuffs are today.

We can afford to make this unusual guarantee—and live up to it—because Snowdrift is so unusually good when we make it and is then packed in an airtight can that *keeps* it just as pure and white and creamy and *fresh* as the day it was made.

As a grocer you appreciate what an *airtight* can means. When your customer opens the airtight can in her kitchen she finds Snowdrift exactly as we made it. *Of course* we can guarantee it.

Southern Cotton Oil Trading Co.

NEW YORK SAVANNAH NEW ORLEANS CHICAGO

Makers of SNOWDRIFT
WESSON OIL
and SOUTHERN Brand
PEANUT BUTTER

Snowdrift is packed in
1, 2, 4 and 8 pound airtight tins—
never sold in bulk.

Open the Airtight
Can
fresh!
For all cooking
SNOWDRIFT
Pure vegetable
shortening

COME out strong for Ivory Garters. Say "Ivory Garters" so your dealer can hear you. You'll thank your stars you stuck to your tune, when you feel how blissfully light and cool Ivory Garters are.

The difference is due to their freedom from pads and metal. Ivory Garters will not rust. They never hitch nor press nor bind. Every inch around an Ivory Garter is lively, active fabric with an unobtrusive but never-let-go cling. With almost no weight of their own to support, Ivory Garters work full time to make your socks and spirits toe the mark. They keep their life indefinitely and finish strong in the endurance run.

Write it on the edge of your cuff. When you're up against your dealer's counter, "A pair of Ivory Garters, please," is your sentence to leg freedom.

IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans, U. S. A.

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. & FOREIGN

(Concluded from Page 117)

Costa Rica, the Republic of Panama and the Canal Zone have all come in and are making invaluable contributions to the success of the plan.

In the beginning we encountered problems in economics that could not be solved by any theoretical process with which we were familiar—chief among them being the instability of the prices of products—but if we had not learned early in our careers as relief agents to take long chances without succumbing to an attack of nervous prostration we never could have got anywhere. During the previous five years we had superintended the transportation to Europe of something in excess of two billion dollars' worth of foodstuffs, and had therefore what might be called a practical starting point from which to work out a financial system which under all reasonable circumstances would provide for overhead and other expenses and take care of all the ordinary risks involved. It was agreed that any margin of profit that should be left to us after all operating expenses were paid should be turned over to the European Children's Fund, each country receiving the sum which accrued from the transactions on its behalf. After the period of machinery building our first act was to purchase in the open market six million dollars' worth of food, which was shipped immediately to Europe and distributed among the various warehouses that we had established, manned and equipped. In the beginning there were only five of these, located at Vienna, Budapest, Prague, Warsaw and Hamburg; but after the plan got under way it was evident that due to the chaos existing in Eastern Europe, and the difficulties of internal transportation, it would be necessary to establish branches, of which there are now twenty.

A Terrible Winter Ahead

We began operations early in 1920, and on the twenty-third day of January the first Food Draft was sold. At the end of August, 1920, our books showed a sale of 165,814 drafts for $3,738,900, and by the end of September this had increased to 177,915 drafts for $4,156,810, and more than 80,000 canceled drafts had been received in New York representing completed transactions. At the close of business on July thirty-first, which is the latest completed report we have to refer to, the public accountants who audit our books found that we were in possession of a balance of profit of $605,194.61, which was immediately divided among the various nations in proportion to the number of Food Drafts purchased for each country and made available for child feeding. It was to get at this item in some detail that I have briefly sketched the story of the Food Drafts.

Since I am making a direct appeal—for the last time, I sincerely hope—I want every American to know just what is being done and how it is being done. My conception of this work is that every man and woman in the United States has a responsible share in it, and I wish above all things that I could induce every man and woman to acknowledge it. We may not be making as much of a profit out of our Food Draft transactions as an accomplished grocer engaged in the same enterprise might make, but it is more than we expected when we outlined our plan, and it is what it is largely because we have been able to command so much voluntary service, thereby reducing running expenses. And such as it is, it is sufficient to cover the entire overhead expense of the Children's Relief, leaving a fine balance for the children, which is an assurance to everyone who contributes to the A. R. A. European Children's Fund that not one cent of his contribution will be spent for anything except food and clothing for some child who without such a gift would have to go hungry and cold.

When we embarked upon our effort to keep things going through the winter of 1919–1920 we thought that by the harvest of 1920 the recuperation in Central Europe would be such as to release us from further responsibility. But in some localities the crops were very poor; in the more backward countries the revival of industry and economic recovery have been so slow as to amount to almost nothing, while in those states affected by the bolshevik invasion our difficulties have increased, and conditions have grown worse instead of better.

Five Million Children to Save

On the other hand, the improvement in some sections—in Rumania and Serbia, for instance, where native food is now abundant—has been so great that we have been able to withdraw from them though they still need the medical services of the Red Cross. The areas that still require our support are those in which the necessary food is not yet being produced, and where governments have not yet secured credits abroad; and it is in these areas that our three and a half million dependent children are located for whom we must have twenty-three million dollars over and above all our present resources. Failure to provide for these children in their distress would be equivalent to turning them from America's door when there is no other door.

The twenty-three million dollars which we need—the estimate being based on a careful calculation—added to former expenditures, will make a total outlay in excess of sixty million dollars. It sounds like an important sum, but far more important than its size is the fact that it represents the saving of five million children.

No one shrinks from asking for charitable support more than I do, yet my chief occupation for five awful years has been begging at the feet of the civilized world. I cannot promise never to beg again, but I can pray with the rest of you for such rapid improvement in world conditions that I shall never again find it necessary. I know the various and manifold needs in the United States, but I cannot help but feel that without neglecting these needs there are thousands of American families, both native and foreign born, who out of their prosperity can afford something more to help these helpless children of Europe to live through this winter of their distress. They are not my children any more than they are yours, but I know exactly what they will have to face without us, and I therefore have no hesitation in asking the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to consider whether they cannot now and periodically during the winter give support to the American Relief Administration agencies throughout the country or through the head office at 42 Broadway, New York.

As an item to be specially noted it should be added that any contributor who wishes to specify the country for which his money is to be expended may do so with a certainty that his instructions will be faithfully carried out.

Alder Creek, Gila County, Arizona

A Towel, a Tablecloth, and a Suit of White *Every Morning*, for 15,000,000

Of the many white-robed folk who serve us, few own their workaday linen.

The immaculate coat of the dentist is usually a rented coat. The prim white apron of the waitress is a rented apron. Our downtown dinner is served on a rented tablecloth. In the barbershop and in the washroom we dry with a rented towel.

Every morning, during every business day of the year, jackets, aprons, towels, and napery are delivered to 15,000,000 of us.

This is the service of the Linen Supply.

The Linen Supply is a division of the modern laundry industry. 2,000 independent plants compose it. It is served by more than 40,000 employees.

Instead of troubling themselves with the purchase, upkeep, and laundering of linen, business and professional men rent from this institution.

Individual towels—those so conveniently at hand in the school, the factory, and the office—these, too, are rented from the Linen Supply.

Much of the table linen in restaurants is leased from this same great, country-wide service on similar rental basis.

Every day the doctor, the dentist, the druggist, and the many other snowily clad people who serve us secure their cool and hygienic apparel from this modern purveyor of cleanliness and sanitation.

The Linen Supply delivers coats, aprons, napery, towels, and trousers when they are wanted; collects and launders them when they are soiled; and replaces them when they are worn out.

And the cost of this service is always moderate—less than it would cost individual users and wearers of linen to buy their own supplies and launder them privately.

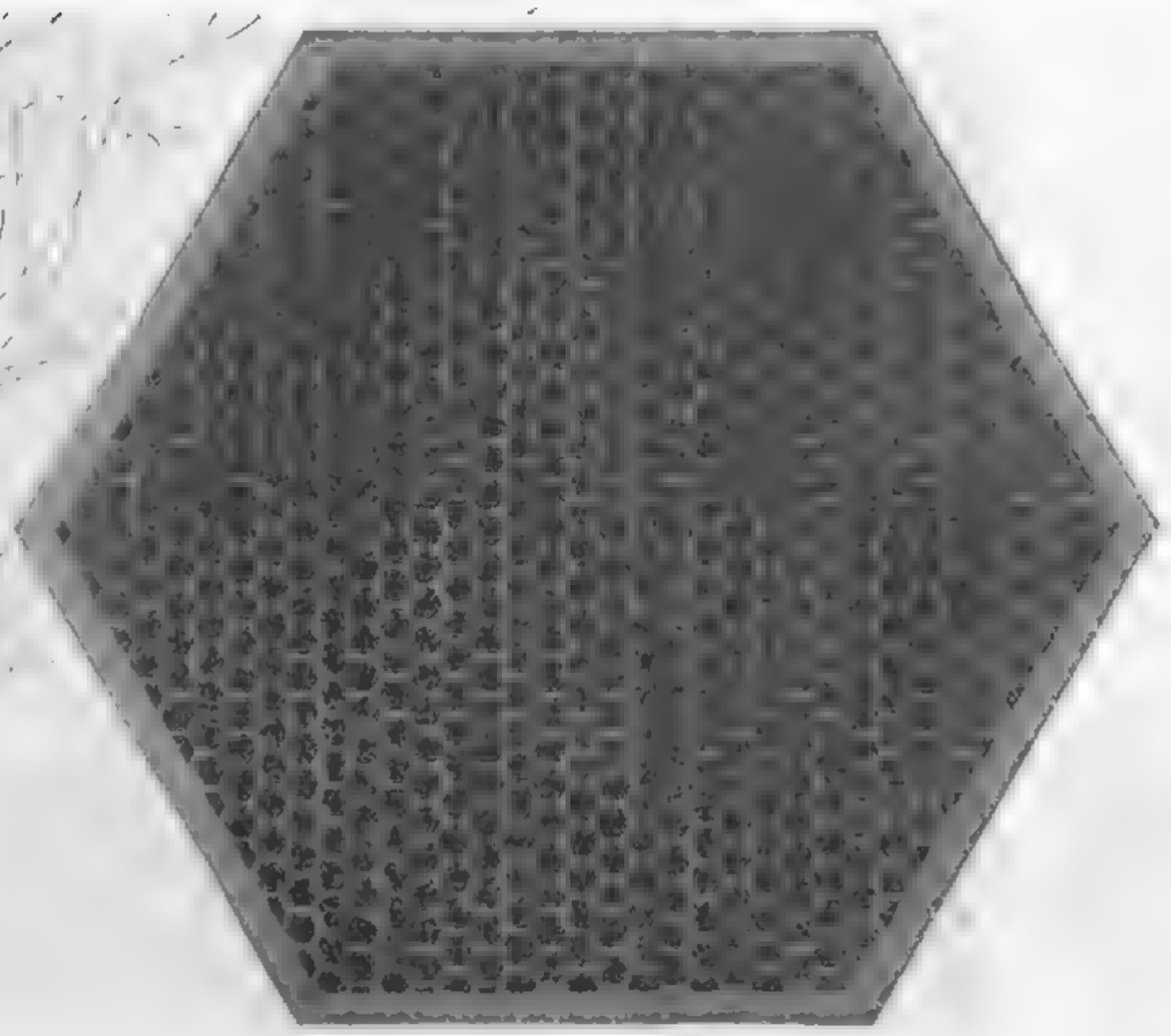
May we suggest that when you need white linen you call the Linen Supply? It's another of the services that modern laundries have made available in your interest.

If you dwell in any of the 500 towns and cities of 15,000 or more people, you'll find the Linen Supply waiting and willing to serve you—just telephone.

"Send it to the Laundry"

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY

Executive Offices: Cincinnati



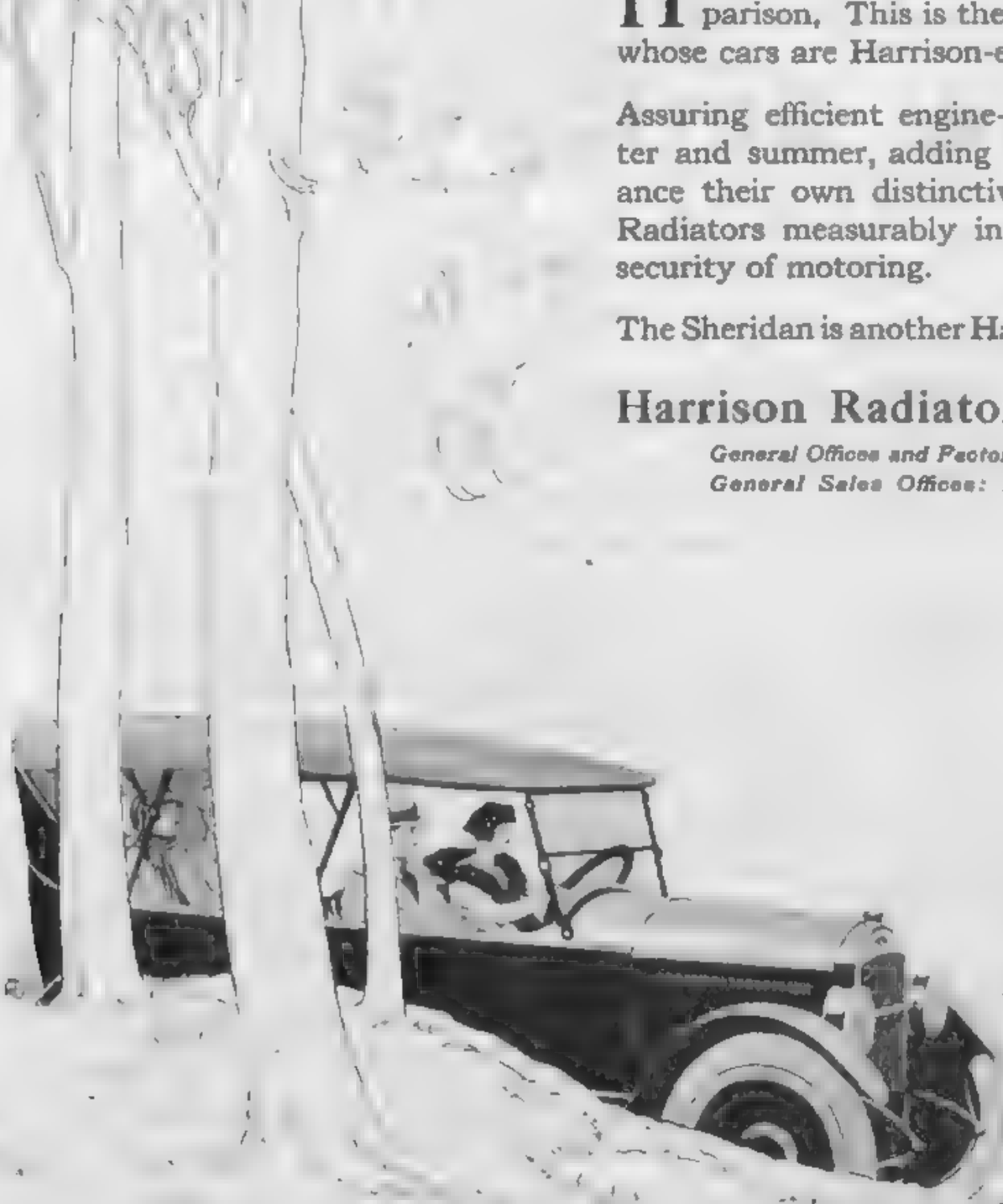
HARRISON Radiators are without comparison. This is the verdict of motorists whose cars are Harrison-equipped.

Assuring efficient engine-cooling service winter and summer, adding to the cars' appearance their own distinctive beauty, Harrison Radiators measurably increase the joys and security of motoring.

The Sheridan is another Harrison-equipped car.

Harrison Radiator Corporation

General Offices and Factory: Lockport, N. Y.
General Sales Offices: Detroit, Michigan



HARRISON *Original Hexagon Cellular* Radiators

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 32)

Considerable time is saved in the matter of dictation by making a careful memorandum of each detail that must be attended to before certain letters can be answered. All routine correspondence that requires no research is handled on the first reading. The other letters that cannot be replied to are laid to one side, and the memorandums respecting them are handed to the executive's secretary, who makes two copies of the list of notations. One copy goes to underofficials and department heads, who write brief replies to the questions asked. The other copy of the memorandums goes to the executive himself, who files it for reference. Later in the day, when the notations with answers appended have been returned to his desk, the boss is ready to clean up the held-over mail, since he has notes before him containing all the information necessary to use in replying to his correspondents. All department heads are aware that answers to the queries of the chief must be made promptly.

Color codes are used to simplify matters in all departments. The color red is used for items requiring prompt attention; blue is employed to record matters that are important but not pressing; black is used for all details that can be laid aside for future action. Most department heads keep memorandum cards on the mouthpieces of their telephones. These cards contain items scheduled for disposal that day.

The chief keeps a progress sheet in his desk on which are recorded all matters pending and in course of completion. A color code is also used on this progress chart. Memorandums in red show at a glance all delays in the completion of any matter. In this way slow spots in the company's organization can be readily detected.

One file on the manager's desk contains a card index listing every important employee in the company and giving a complete record of the worker's time of service, regularity in attendance, personal habits, progress in the company, principal qualifications, and so on. These cards are kept up-to-date by writing additional information on them as new developments in the company occur.

The executive in charge of the company's purchasing department has installed a unique arrangement which he claims is a time-saver. He sits on an armless swivel chair in front of a large roll-top desk, while directly behind him is a flat-top typewriter desk with disappearing machine. This arrangement permits him to get off short letters and memorandums himself without having to wait for a typist to come in response to his ring. Under the glass top covering part of the flat-top desk is a list of the telephone numbers most frequently called. Other data and tables most often referred to are visible under the glass on the desk. A spiral penrack offers quick selection of the pen needed for each special class of work. The chair intended for callers is placed in such a position that all papers, important or otherwise, are out of the range of casual eyes.

The system used by the company's executives for issuing instructions necessitates the employment of a loose-leaf book with sheets in duplicate. Instructions are written in this book and a carbon duplicate is sent to the employee who is expected to execute the order. If the instructions cannot be carried out as indicated, a stub attached to the duplicate is filled in and returned to the executive issuing the order. If, on the other hand, the order has been taken care of, the upper portion of the duplicate sheet is signed by the employee and returned to the executive.

The general manager has recently established what he calls a modified put-up system for the handling of important company mail that is not addressed directly to him, but which eventually requires his action. The general plan is to have all letters that require special service and are not covered by routine procedure go first to some important subordinate whose business it is to see whether or not a letter can be taken care of without having to be put up to the general manager or other high executive. In case the letter must be referred to an officer higher up, the department head or other subordinate official figures out what he thinks would be the best way of dealing with the problem, makes a memorandum of his ideas in the matter and then notifies the information department, which acts as a clearing house for all put-up letters. All of these communications are handled by a system, and in due time the department worker is notified by the chief of the information bureau that the executive in question is ready to see him and complete the handling of the letter which he has passed up with comments attached.

The executive listens carefully to the solution proposed by the subordinate, and thus establishes a sympathetic personal contact. By the time the employee has finished his explanation the executive is ready to pass on the adequacy of the proposed solution. If the executive differs with the employee regarding the suggested course of action, a full explanation is made as to why he differs. The scheme so far has tended to bring the company's personnel closer together and develop teamwork. It has also been discovered that the plan saves time by referring many relatively unimportant problems to detail workers whose time is not so valuable as that of the higher-up executives.

In many business offices a system prevails which encourages subordinates to pass the buck on nearly all matters to someone in a higher position. Under such conditions they are not inspired to formulate decisions, and when they are called in to furnish an executive with information the hearing often results in an argument that does anything but foster harmony. The put-up plan makes real executives out of the big bosses and educates subordinates to undertake larger responsibilities, think intelligently and develop initiative. It is also a fact that this scheme increases the worker's resourcefulness and causes him to consult the reference books in the company's library.

So far I have confined myself to stating a few of the practices employed in the principal or home offices of the company referred to. Many of the plans and methods used in the big retail establishments of the concern indicate that the successful ideas of the general manager have permeated to the remote ends of the whole organization. The details of many of the practices must be held for a later story, but a few further remarks seem to be appropriate here. In all branches of the business, and particularly in the retail end where employees come in contact with the public, service appears to be the basis of all action. Certain stores located on busy transfer corners render a degree of accommodation to patrons that is quite unusual. Printed schedules are posted showing the time of arrival and departure of various cars on the electric trolley lines passing these points in the city. It is the business of one employee to announce a short while beforehand what cars are due to come and leave. This permits the customers to shop up to the last moment without being subjected to the inconvenience of missing the car they wish to take.

Each store has a bulletin board on which are posted all telephone calls received for customers. Confidential messages are received and held in sealed envelopes. As a general rule the name of the person called is posted on a bulletin board and upon inquiry he or she is given the number to call up, provided there is no message to deliver.

The management of each establishment endeavors to keep in touch with all its customers by sending an original letter to each patron who has not made a purchase within the last six months. The letters sent out are signed personally by the local manager, and state that the company has noted the customer's absence with much regret. A simple but efficient card ledger provides the company with information as to when a customer made his last purchase.

In all of the company's stores each customer is card-indexed as to the number and kind of purchases made. By this plan the local manager is enabled to send each customer booklets and other literature on only those subjects that will be of interest. This information is collected by one clerk, who takes the monthly statements and posts each customer's card with the last month's purchases, subdividing the articles under their proper headings. In this way the company not only gets a clear idea of the likes and dislikes of each patron, but it also obtains definite information with respect to each person's social and financial standing. Through the operation of this plan there is no danger of wasting a circular describing roller skates on an old bachelor who has difficulty navigating with a cane. All advertising matter is sent out with statements and receipts, and is never included in the letters mailed to absentee customers urging a renewal of their patronage.

The general manager of the company, who, as before stated, is the guiding spirit in its industrial relations as well as in its business methods, has imbued his employees with respect for various simple but effective practices that have added materially to the company's success. Each and every worker has been impressed with the importance of remembering names and faces.

"In no way," says the manager, "is it possible to pay a more marked compliment to customers than by addressing them by their right names."

He believes that the personal efficiency of any worker may best be gauged by finding out what percentage of available ideas the person actually adopts for practical use in his own work. The man who, through reading or personal association, comes across a dozen worth-while schemes and lacks sufficient energy to apply most of them to his own business is certainly not efficient.

The manager advises that each employee should study all the periodicals that pertain to his particular line of work. Only in this way is it possible to discover what other men in the same industry are doing and saying. On frequent occasions he calls one or another of his assistants or department heads in to discuss the details of his work. This is done without warning and gives the boss a good line on the worker's efficiency.

Good-natured rivalry among the officers and departments in a company stimulates effort and heightens efficiency, but such competition must be carried on without the petty jealousies so common in large corporations to-day. The manager who can rouse rivalry of the right kind among his lesser officials is possessed of a faculty worth much to his company. It is also advisable to remember that it is far better to create new customers than to appropriate them from the other fellow. The customers we create are both easier to get and easier to hold. The way to develop such business is to do things other people have failed to think of or believe cannot be done.

"It is all very well to be cautious," said my friend the executive, "but one should never forget that the power to decide promptly is a greater asset than ability to think exhaustively. The man who decides quickly will sometimes make mistakes, but he will learn more from his experiences than the slow and timid man will ever learn from his days of thought.

"Prompt decision does not always mean snap judgment. The employee who would rise in his profession to-day must first decide on his objective, and then concentrate all his energies on that one aim. He must also understand that the attainment of future success generally means the sacrifice of present comfort.

"Success is not so easy to attain as most people imagine, for if it were we would not have a condition in this country where eighty-five per cent of all adults die without leaving any estate; one-third of all widows would not be left without the necessities of life, and seventy-five per cent without the ordinary comforts. The errors that lead to failure are not those that occur in the handling of big and difficult problems. On the other hand, they are the little oversights and omissions such as signing documents without knowing their contents, neglecting to get and keep receipts after bills are paid, inability to establish a standard of living so that one's expenses will not exceed his income and dissipate his savings, too little caution in starting credit accounts and in investing money on mere hearsay without a proper knowledge of facts. Many a man has lost hard-earned dollars through merely neglecting to check up items on current bills, and dozens of individuals have been compelled to face ruin simply because they were careless in the handling of valuable business papers. The thing that counts most in everyday life is the common-sense observance of well-known fundamentals of business conduct rather than any adherence to complex rules that have been mastered only by a fortunate few."

Tire adjusters say that even careful motorists waste on an average of 2000 miles per tire by driving their tires under-inflated. This leads to rim cuts, straining of fabric or separating of cords and premature breakdown.

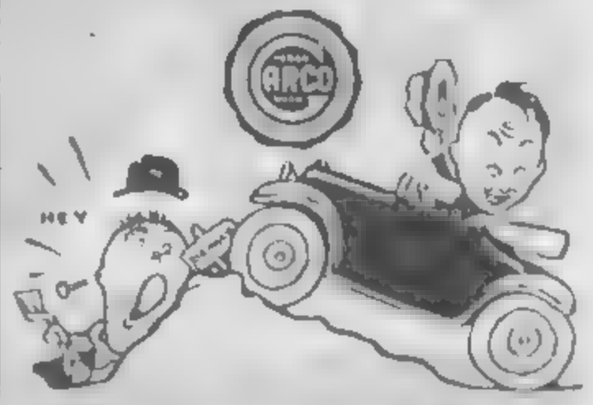
The Tirometer is a simple, lasting device which warns instantly of under- (or over-) inflation. It is a combination of a mechanically correct valve with an accurate pressure gauge, fitted with unbreakable transparent cap, so as to be instantly readable. Easily and quickly adjusted to the tube or changed from an old tube to a new one.

Taking tire pressures with the old style gauge is a troublesome, messy operation. It simply isn't human nature to take them often enough. With Tirometer merely a glance shows the pressure.

At dealers' or direct $1.75 or five for $8.00. Specify wood or wire wheels. An attractive dealer proposition on request.

Tirometer Valve Corporation of America
Charleston, W. Va.

TIROMETER



No bumping the bumps

Garco has prevented many men from losing their heads when confronted with emergencies. It's reliable in action because it's reliable in construction. It's as tough, durable and gripping as experienced brake lining manufacturers can make it.

Garco is made of the best materials the markets of the world can provide.

The more responsible dealers sell Garco.

General Asbestos & Rubber Co.
Charleston, S. C.
NEW YORK CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

GARCO
ASBESTOS
BRAKE LINING

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKS ON MUNN & Co.
PATENTS
OFFICES: NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, D. C., CHICAGO, ILL.
Hobart Bldg., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Westinghouse

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES FOR FARM PURPOSES

Westinghouse

COMPLETE POWER PLANT AND LINE EQUIPMENT

The New Farm Help—Electricity

For thirty years the American farmer looked with longing eyes upon the wonder-working of electricity in city and town. He saw it creating new standards and new comforts—to him denied.

Today electricity, reaching out into the farm home and the farm field, is bringing to the rural millions all that it has already brought to the urban dweller.

Whether produced by a little power plant in the cellar or brought over wires from a central power station in the nearest community, electricity today is modernizing the business of farming—the greatest industry of them all.

It has solved the problem of automatically maintaining an ample and reliable supply of water.

Progressive farmers are milking their cows, separating the cream, and churning it to butter, electrically. Dairy products are kept unspoiled in storage, cooled by electrical refrigeration.

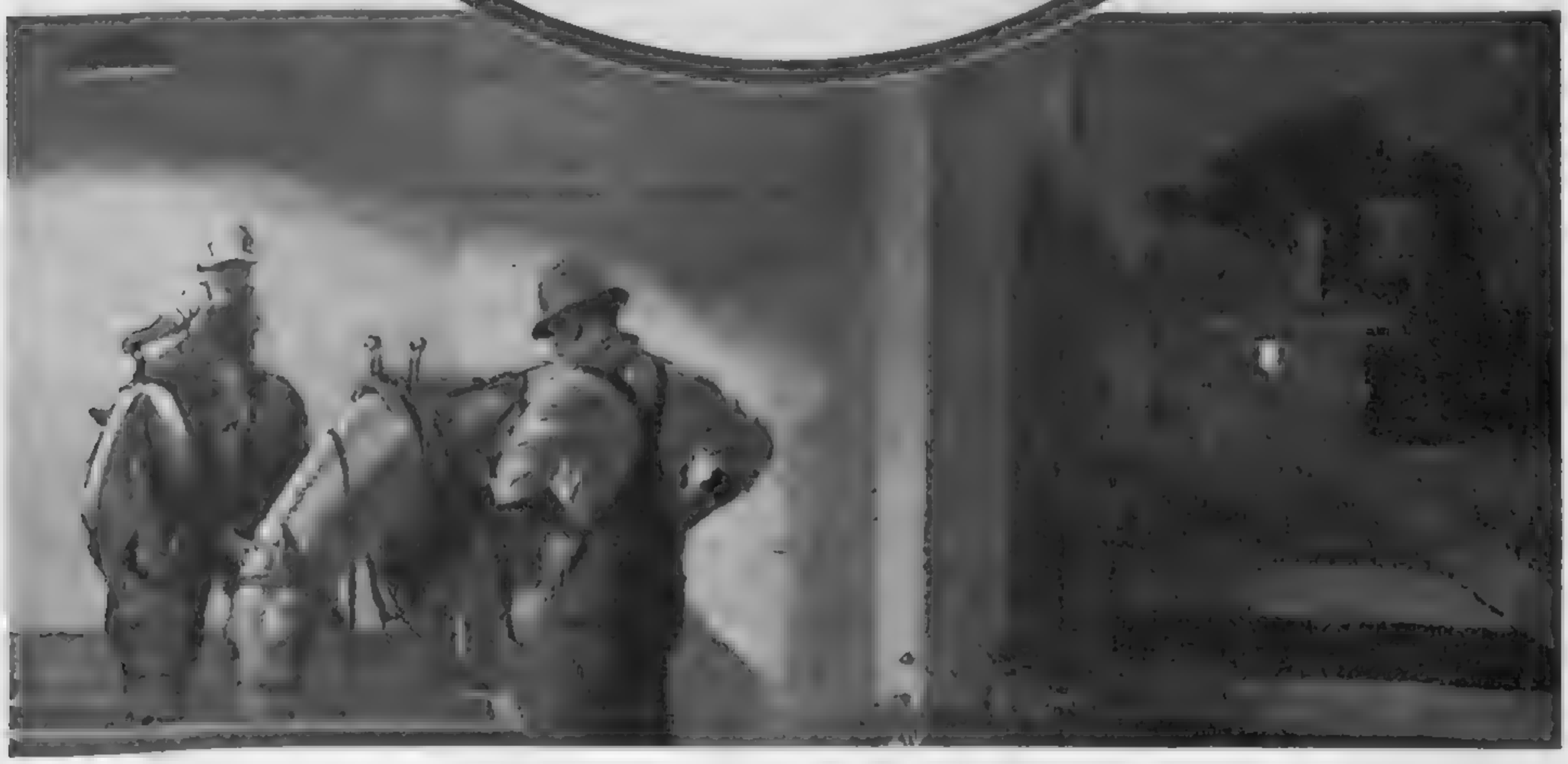
On the electrified farm corn is shelled and ground by motor, ensilage cut, hay hoisted, the tool-room and even the threshing machine are driven by motors. Electricity thus makes it possible for fewer hands to do more things, to do them at the right time, *and at a profit.*

In the home, motor-driven helps do the washing, the sewing, the cleaning. Electrical appliances do the ironing and the cooking. The same current that supplies warmth in winter provides cooling breezes against summer heat. And every nook and corner, indoors or out, is provided with a convenient, safe, and economical supply of light—*a thing of which the average farm has never before had enough.*

Westinghouse engineering and equipment play a great part in this development. Westinghouse Generators develop the current which sweeps through Westinghouse line apparatus to its point of service. Westinghouse devices make it safe, Westinghouse Motors and Appliances make it serviceable.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.

W WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC



The way to lower shoe bills

No. 1 of a Series on Hidden Strength— Ribs of a Ship

THE construction of a battleship is much like the building of a shoe. Its strength, to an unusual degree, depends upon the strength of its inner construction.

When you buy shoes the lining you pay for—the lining you accept—will add up to $2 worth more wear—or it will lessen the worth just that much.

Red-line-in Shoe Lining not only makes shoes wear longer, but it insures greater comfort and keeps the shoes nearer their original shape. It eases the wear on seams and leather. The inside reinforcement is the abiding strength of the shoe.

The demand is world-wide for more serviceable, more economical goods.

You can get additional wear and thus lower your shoe bills by calling for shoes lined with Red-line-in.

Look for the RED LINE in the lining. It is the RED LINE that guarantees a reduction of your shoe bills.

FARNSWORTH, HOYT COMPANY
Established 1856
Essex and Lincoln Sts., Boston, Mass.

Inside Facts FREE

About one person in a hundred knows just what makes shoes more serviceable and economical. "The Service Stripe," sent without charge on request, gives the INSIDE facts. Write for it.

This is the lining that makes shoes wear longer—as cut by the manufacturer—before it goes into the shoe. See the lines in "Red-line-in."

Red-line-in
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHOE LINING

Makes shoes wear longer

FOOLS FIRST

(Continued from Page 13)

She chose a corner where blank marble walls provided a safe backing and the open space, looking down into the lobby, promised protection against eavesdroppers in that direction. There were other couples in the gallery—men and women talking with an obvious thought for seclusion; an effect of furtive intimacy, of romance finding secrecy in the midst of publicity, amused Fraser. He wondered if a chance observer would draw the same inference about him and this hard cold woman who had spoiled his initial enterprise.

"Now, please. What are you doing here?"

He shrugged. "Waiting for something to turn up, I suppose."

"Don't quibble. I've followed you all the way from—from your late residence." She seemed to take pleasure in his start of surprise. "I know you're up to something. What is it?"

The tone stirred an answering hostility in him. He shrugged again. "Find out, if you know so much. There's no crime in sitting here, I guess."

"Oh, don't be so stupid. Do you think I'm against you? Can't you see that I've got a good reason for asking? Do you suppose I've been hanging round up there waiting for you to get out just to make trouble for you?"

"Then why have you?" He was puzzled again. "Put your own cards on the table. You can afford to. I can't."

"I can't either—just yet. Tell me this much: Are you going to play straight or keep on with the other game? You can trust me that far, can't you?"

He knew, strangely, that he could. "What's the use? You know I haven't got a chance to quit now. Of course I'm going on—only I'm going to play safe this time."

She softened instantly. "That's better. I had to know. I wasn't going to spoil anybody's chance of keeping straight, but I've been waiting for you ever since they sent you up. If you're going on I can use you."

He stared. "Use me? How? Do you mean ——"

"Oh, of course I mean! Look at me! Do I look soft? Ever hear of Lou Whitcomb?"

He opened his eyes. Of course he had heard of Lou Whitcomb, forger, fraud, who had practiced his trade almost in the open, spent only three years in prison out of thirty or more of continuous theft and died, according to report, while drawing a stiff salary from a bankers' association for letting its members alone. But what had Lou Whitcomb to do with this woman?

"I see you have," her dry voice told him. "He was my father. Do you understand now?"

"Your father? Why ——"

"Yes. And not such a bad one as you might think. But it doesn't give me much more chance than you have. I can't get away from it very long. Sooner or later some snooping bull spots me and gets me discharged. Lou Whitcomb's girl isn't welcome in any place where there's money. I left Simpson's the day they caught you. I knew they'd recognize me if I didn't."

It came to him vaguely that this explained her animosity. Naturally she'd hate him for spoiling her job, forcing her to move on to another, not so good.

"I see. But you said you'd been waiting—you could use me. What did you mean by that?"

"It's simple enough. I saw that you had something I haven't—imagination. My father had it. It explained the way he got along so many years. He was always springing something absolutely new—something they weren't ready for. Sometimes he'd even beat the lawmakers—invent a game the penal code didn't cover. That scheme of yours at Simpson's showed a flash of the same gift. I'd have tried something like it long ago if I could have invented it. But I'd have succeeded where you failed."

His old wrongs came back to him. "I wasn't a crook," he said sullenly. "That's why they got me. I meant to pay it back. If I'd been out to steal I'd have filled a grip and beat it. They jugged me because I tried to play it square ——"

She shook her head. "They caught you because you were a fool," she said evenly. "That's the one crime that never escapes. My father used to say that it didn't matter whether a fool was honest or crooked, he got what he deserved, and got it quick."

"I don't see that there was anything so stupid about that entry scheme of mine." He was hurt.

"That shows you're still a fool then. You knew that if they caught you it would be a penitentiary job, didn't you? You knew that it was just as crooked, in the law's eye, to borrow that money as to steal it?"

"But I thought I could get it back before ——"

"That doesn't matter. You were playing a crooked game, with your reputation and liberty as your stake. And you stood to win nothing but a bit of small change! If that wasn't foolish I don't know what the word means."

"Yes, but ——"

"And what else did you do? Did you try to keep them from finding out? Not you! Instead of taking extra trouble to look square you did your best to make them suspect you. How did they come to spot you? Because they saw you spending three or four times what you earned! You might as well have put an ad in the papers!"

"I see that—now. But I'm a crook now."

"Oh, you are? When did you get to be one?"

There was the old sting in her tone. He felt himself coloring under the insult of her eyes.

"They made me one—back there," he said. "They stamped the word on me so it won't ever come off."

"I see. And if they'd hung a sign round your neck with 'astronomer' painted on it I suppose you'd know about the stars, wouldn't you? All a general needs is a uniform? Oh, you are a fool!"

"I mean ——"

"You mean that they've made it harder for you to be honest. That's true. But they've made it harder still for you to be a crooked success. Don't make any mistake about that. You've got the label now. And that's going to hurt. But you can manage, if you'll only get it out of your head that you know all about the hardest business in the world, just because you failed the first time you tried it."

"I guess I'm not apt to have my head swell as long as you're round to tell me about it." He grinned surrender. "I can see your point. You're right."

"I know I am. Now tell me: What were you going to do here?"

He brightened. It was a clever scheme. "Oh, that was just to make a stake. Small-time stuff. But pretty good in its class, I'll say. New too. I was watching for some prosperous bird to register—some fellow with a lot of bags, you know. Then I was going to ride up in the elevator with him and spot his room number. Then I'd come down and wait till he turned in his key. Wait half an hour or so and ask for it myself. The key clerk can't possibly tell who's who. I've been watching. There's three of them down there. They hand out keys to anybody that asks for 'em. That's all."

He waited for applause. Instead he saw her eyes narrow and her lips lift in scornful amusement.

"Is it? You go through his luggage and pick up some silver-plated bag fittings perhaps. You can go out and pawn them for two or three dollars. And you take about ten good chances of being spotted. You haven't learned anything, have you? You got twenty-eight hundred from Simpson. Now you want to steal a few pennies!"

"Well, I've got to have a front for a big play ——"

"Yes. And that means something more than clothes and pocket money—unless you're set on always being a fool crook. The front you need is a solid position, respect and trust and confidence that'll stand back of you when you need 'em. And you've got to work for them. Oh, I guess you need me more than I need you, sure enough! You'd be back in the pen inside of a week if I hadn't looked after you."

"It's a good scheme ——"

"Yes, that's true. It's fine. But you want to waste it on petty larceny! An idea like that ought to be worth something big. It's a thing we could use to pull off a play in the thousands or millions perhaps. But if you work it now they'll be watching for it—they'll fix up some system of key identification. Don't you see ——"

"But I've got three dollars left. I've got to raise a grubstake ——"

"Not now. I'll take care of that. That's why I waited for you up there. I didn't dare speak to you till I was sure you weren't being trailed. And I had to find out whether you'd turned over a new leaf in there too. But it's all right now. Here's a hundred." She slid a folded lump of bills from one of the mended gloves. "Don't be silly. We're in partnership now, aren't we?"

He took it. "All right. But I don't see ——"

"Don't interrupt if you can help it. Listen carefully. I'm a stenographer with Benton C. Drew, at 35 Broadway. He's a freight forwarder. Never mind what that means. I think there's a chance for something big in the line. And I've been persuading him that he ought to get some bright ambitious youngster in with him. He does need somebody, true enough. He's gone so far as to advertise for one. Here's the clipping. And here's the letter you're going to write him as soon as you've looked up a boarding house. I'll give you an address in a minute. I think I can manage to make him answer you. He's got quite a lot of confidence in my judgment. And when you call I can make him give you a chance. If I can't we'll try something else, but I think it'll be all right."

"But I don't know a thing ——"

"That's understood. Mr. Drew's a tightwad. How he ever got into the freight-forwarding business I don't know, but he plays it exactly as you might expect—squeezing the pennies, even if it costs him dollars. He'd have to pay a trained man pretty well. He'll offer you ten a week probably. He'll pay twelve or fifteen, I think. And he'll work you to the edge of frenzy to get it back. There's no eight-hour day in our shop—for anybody."

"References, though?"

"You've never worked anywhere before. Been at college. Your father's died, and you've got to paddle your own canoe. He won't bother about references, anyway, if he thinks he can make a profit on you. And I'll be there, remember. You'd better get used to the new name too. Fraser Thompson ——"

"Oh, no—too much like the old one."

"There! I was right about you. You're brilliant one way and a baby in every other. Don't you see that we've got to be prepared for every possible chance? There must be a hundred people who know you well enough to speak to you if they happen to meet you. It's on the cards that you'll run into one before the week's up. Anyway we've got to be prepared for it. Suppose your name's Andrew Jackson and somebody stops you on the street and calls you Fraser or Tom or Tommy? See?"

"Right. I'm learning every minute. Anything else?"

"Yes. The most important thing of all. You've got to be Fraser Thompson. You've got to live on what you earn—dress on it, save out of it. You can't play a part all day and another at night. You can't afford to give anybody a chance in the world to suspect you. A man who's on the level can afford to look otherwise now and then, but a crook can't. Do you see that? Your front, as I said before, has to be convincingly honest. Father always said that was four-fifths of success—looking square."

"It sounds sensible. And I guess I can stand pretty near anything after a year and a half up there."

She rose, smoothing down the serge skirt carefully.

"That's all. You'll hear from us day after to-morrow probably. Better get some other clothes in the meantime.

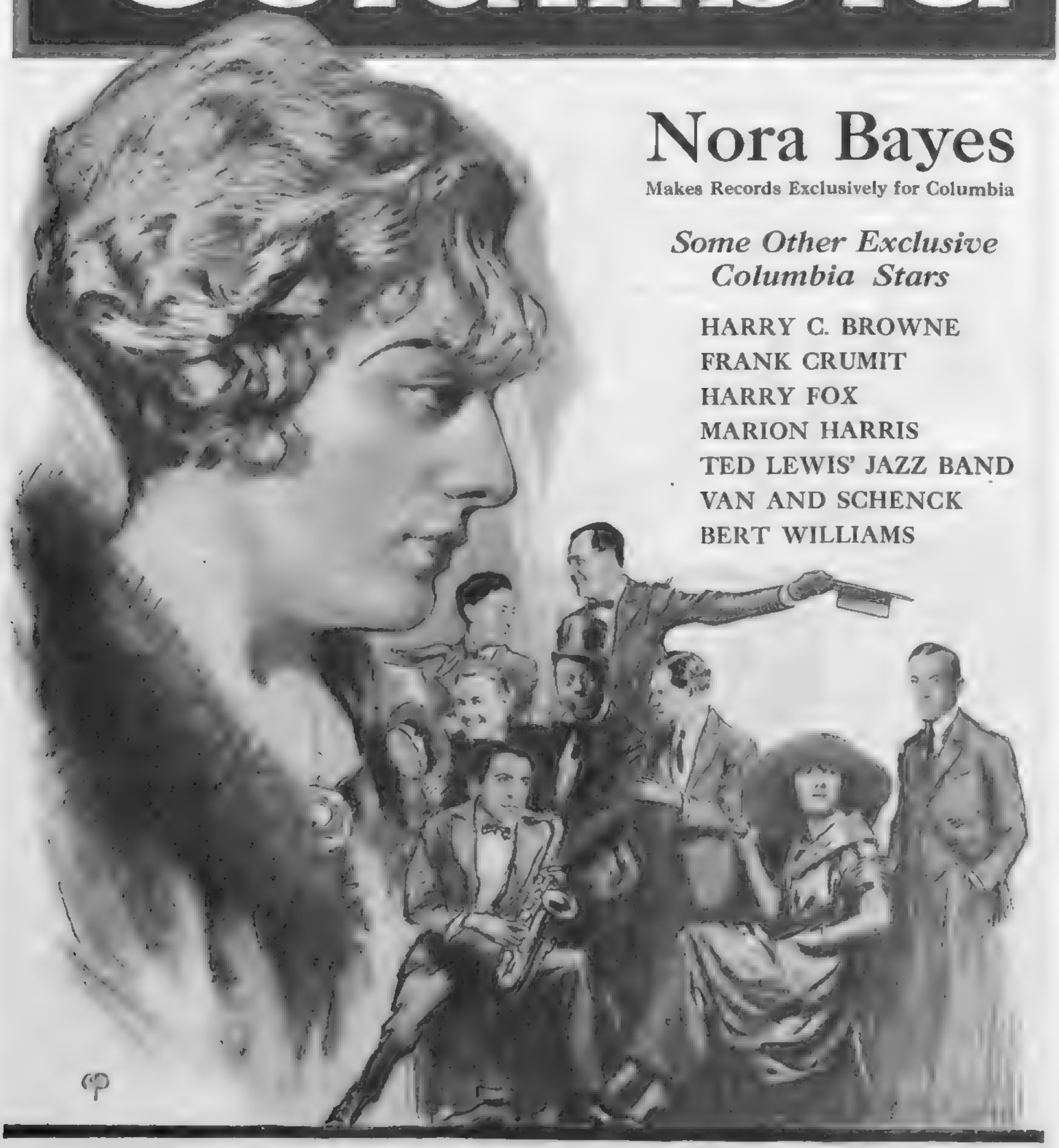
"Go round to a secondhand shop on Seventh Avenue and pick out something respectable and quiet, with a few signs of wear. And if things go wrong you can get in touch with me at this address."

He took the card and pocketed it. "Can't we—I wish you'd have dinner with me. It's—it's lonesome ——"

(Continued on Page 130)

Not Even a Letter Came to Him While He Bleached and Choked in the Gray Wet Caves

New December Numbers
Columbia



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FRANK CRUMIT
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TED LEWIS' JAZZ BAND
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BERT WILLIAMS

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On Miami Shore	Campbell and Burr	
Sweet Mamma (Papa's Getting Mad)	Marion Harris	A-3300 $1.00
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Think of Me, Little Daddy—One-step	Wilbur Sweatman's Jazz Band	A-2994 $1.00
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Jolson Dreams of "Avalon"

Across the sea where flying fishes play, that's where Al Jolson's memories stray—far away to his love in "Avalon." You'll travel with this *exclusive* Columbia artist when you hear him sing this latest popular love ballad of the sort he enjoys singing the most.

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Nora Bayes Croons Oriental Lullaby

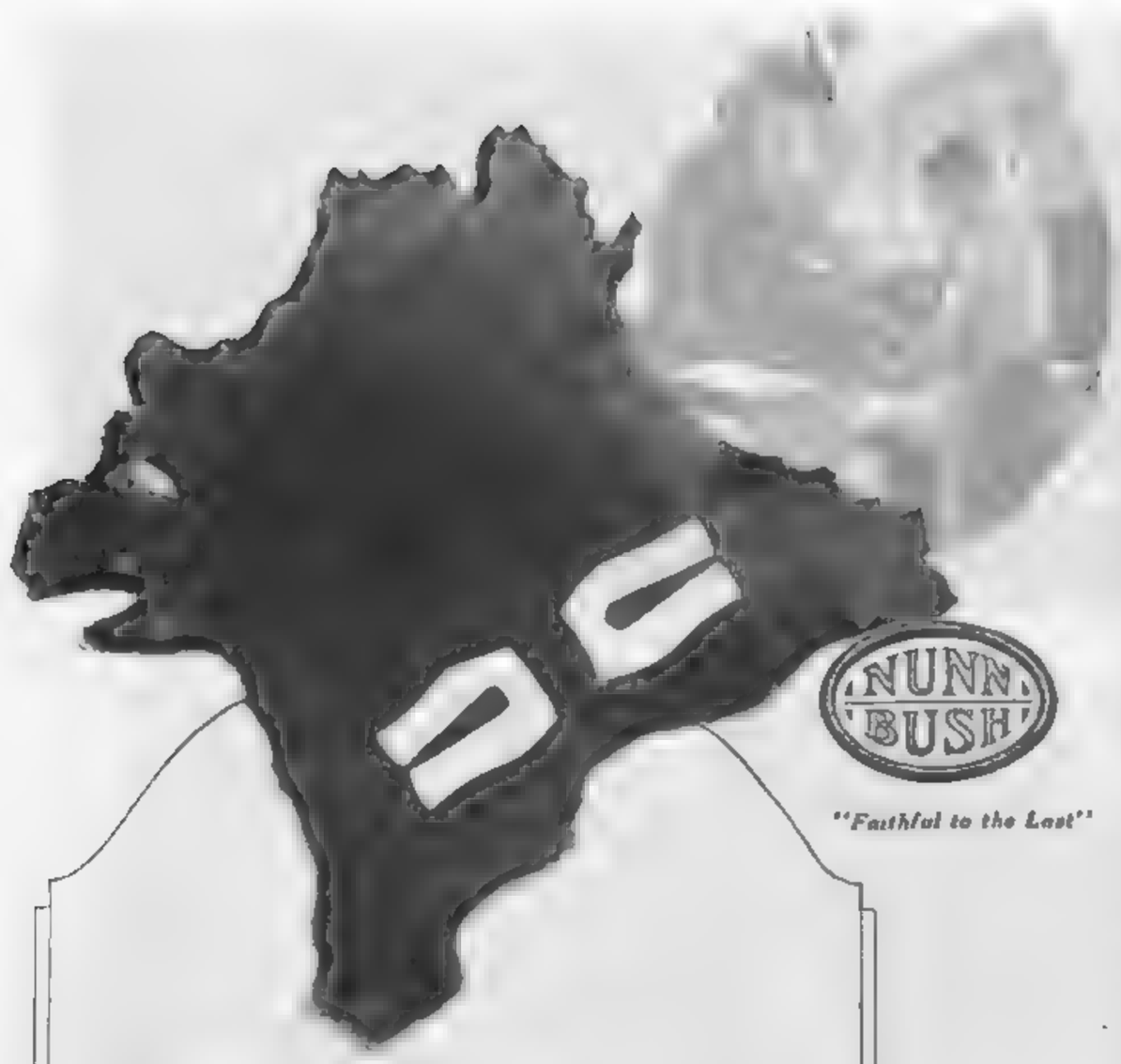
Hear this *exclusive* Columbia artist croon about "The Japanese Sandman"—"Just an old second-hand man trading new days for old," coupled with "You're Just as Beautiful at Sixty as You Were at Sweet Sixteen."

A-2997—$1.00

Ted Lewis' Feature Fox-trot, "Fair One"

Ted Lewis' Jazz Band is now repeating in Chicago its phenomenal New York success. That's where these *exclusive* Columbia artists recorded "Fair One" and "Gypsy Moon," the two catchiest fox-trots of the year.

A-2998—$1.00



"Faithful to the Last"

Only Two from a Skin

IN making Nunn-Bush Superfine Shoes, from each skin is cut only one pair of vamps (the leather over the forward part of the foot, between the tip and the upper). The quality of the remainder is not trustworthy enough for this fine footwear, we believe, so it is used for some lesser purpose.

This care in the selection of leathers may seem more discriminating than is necessary. But it is in the maintaining of such distinctions in materials and workmanship that Nunn-Bush Shoes have achieved their reputation.

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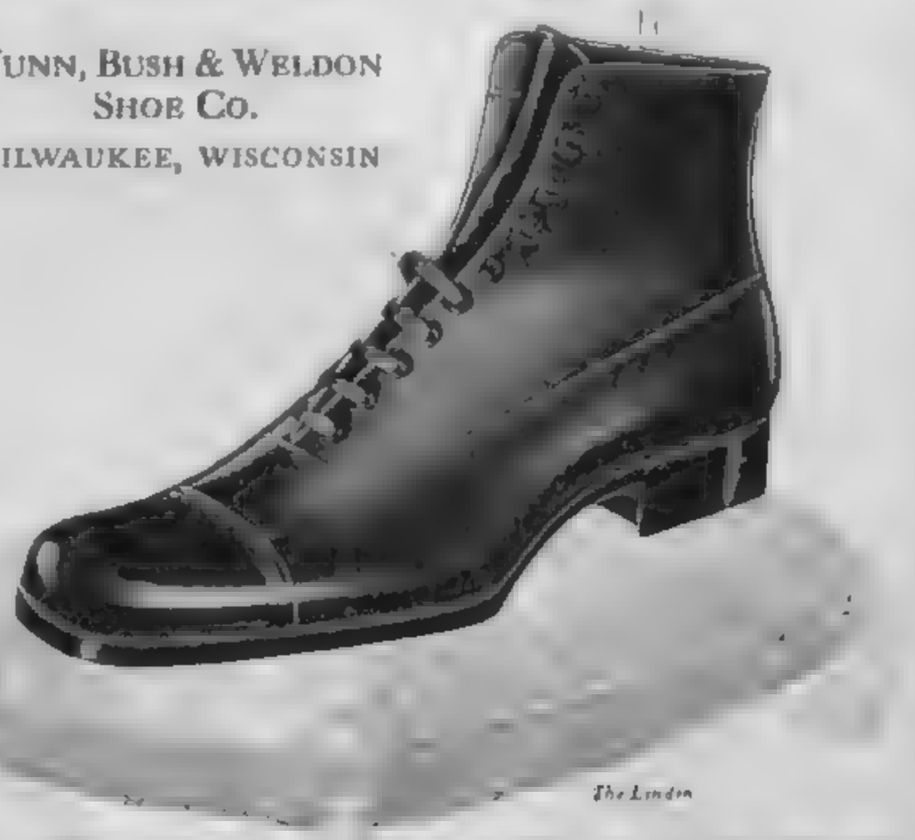


The London

NUNN-BUSH

(Continued from Page 127)

She shook her head decisively. "No. There's nothing to be gained in risking it. After we've met in the office we can do as we please. Till then we'd better not be seen together. I had to risk it this once."

He stopped her as she turned. "When they were jugging me, back there at Simpson's, you looked—well, you looked glad."

"I was—for a minute. I hadn't been sure till then, though I'd suspected. It was selfish, I suppose. But I was thinking, even then, that now we could work together."

"Funny. I've been thinking all along that you hated me like poison."

"Well, I suppose I did too. It's mighty hard not to hate a fool. Even God can't help doing that."

She spoke with the old whipping cut, and the words kept on stinging as he watched her move away, erect, adequate, self-sure. She hated him even now, he thought. But there was a compensating sense of security in her contempt. He felt that he was safe under her leadership. There had been little of the fool about Lou Whitcomb. There was none whatever in his daughter.

III

HIS confidence deepened after his interview with Benton Drew. The man's native shrewdness seemed to lie visibly on the surface; his eyes perpetually narrowed at their outer corners, his lips curiously sly even when they smiled, a canny distrust apparent in every question he asked. Yet Ann Whittaker dominated him completely without his suspecting it. Fraser approved her simple method of managing this. She merely played on Drew's instinctive dislike of advice.

He heard them arguing in the inner room while he waited for the verdict.

"Too cheap," said the girl's taut voice. "If he's any good he doesn't have to work for twelve a week."

"I worked for three when I started," said Drew. "Maybe you think ——"

"It's your business. But I'd get a trained man."

"And have him starting in for himself in six months with your customers. No, sir. I'm going to try this fellow out."

"Suit yourself."

Fraser could almost see her shrug. He avoided her eye during the lecture which introduced him to the business of freight forwarding as Benton Drew conceived and practiced it, his mind alert and receptive, his imagination on the watch for the possibility of fraud. It was too technical at first. He found himself meshed in a tangle of strange words, dealing with processes bewilderingly complex in their unfamiliarity. He gathered only the essence of the business.

It appeared that Drew merely attended to certain details of transferring merchandise from the rails which brought it to the seaboard to the steamers which carried it to overseas buyers—a simple service, seemingly, and yet, as Drew elaborated it, an affair of highly specialized technical knowledge. There were all sorts of obstacles in the way of international shipping, evidently—consular invoices, manifests, marine insurance, lighterage. He realized that he would have to penetrate far into the business before his talent for the illegal profit could serve him.

And his respect for Ann Whittaker deepened when she supplemented Drew's instructions. She had already acquired a comprehensive understanding of the business; he saw that Drew himself deferred to her on occasional points of dispute. And from her, during and after business hours, he learned more than Drew could have taught him.

In its complete novelty the new trade interested him quite apart from its possibilities as a field for theft. It gave him a sudden glimpse of hidden rivers of trade, held a hint of romance and adventure in its driest details. The fine-typed conditions on the backs of bills of lading stirred his imagination, acquitting the shipowner of losses occasioned by piracy and barratry and mutiny on the high seas, the jettison of cargo for safety during storm. There was allure and mystery in the very destinations: Maracaibo and Port of Spain and Delagoa Bay. Commonplace commodities acquired a romantic aspect when embarked for harbors facing the Caribbean of the buccaneers, for open roadsteads under the spell of Andean peaks; harness for equatorial Africa; typewriters consigned to Chinese traders in Java and Penang; patent medicines for mule-back transport into Bolivia; suspenders destined for the headwaters of the Amazon.

His work took him to railroad piers across the river, where he watched mysterious steel-strapped cases swing from flat cars to the clumsy, buoyant lighters; he learned to understand the queer symbols stenciled on their sides, to recognize the marks of big importers dotting a world suddenly made real and yet more interesting. He grew familiar with the long warehouses on the Brooklyn docks, with their heady smells of tar and sugar and fruit and wool and lumber; he saw into holds where lascars stowed freights; he grew familiar with the offices where consuls issued documents in strange tongues, where foreign bankers dealt in drafts and bills on cities hidden under the bulge of the blue sea.

At first it merely interested him, and bewildered. There was so little that he recognized, so much that seemed deliberately baffling. Even with Ann Whittaker's evening lessons he gained his understanding slowly. He saw her often, in the drab boarding house where she lived or in the parks when the night was kind; and his faith in her steadily strengthened.

"It's fascinating," he told her after a month of it, "but I don't see any opening for us. We don't handle money to amount to anything. Of course there's all the chance on earth for little graft—we could pad bills without a bit of risk. The shippers don't know what they ought to pay for insurance or fees. But that's Drew's end of it."

"Yes, and he's wise enough to know better. He could get away with it for a while, but some other forwarder would come along and underbid him sooner or later. I should think you'd learn that next to being a fool the surest way to lose is to be a piker. Or haven't you tried that often enough?"

She had a way of throwing his past folly at him just when he imagined she had begun to forget it. Always the reminder had the effect of increasing his faith in her straighter vision.

"The whole business is a piker's trade," he objected. "Drew picks up his profits in five and ten dollar lumps. He only deals with little concerns. The big shippers handle their own freight."

"That's Drew's trouble. He's a small-job man by instinct. But I know I'm right about the business. It's just what we need."

"I don't see why you're so sure. It looks ——"

"We're standing in between people who're ten thousand miles apart. That's the big asset. It would take months to find out a good play. It's up to you to see the way of working it. That's why I've waited for you. Don't be too much in a hurry. You don't see half of it yet."

He waited patiently enough. The work entertained him more than any he had ever done. And there was fun, too, in playing his part. Poverty in itself would have been hard to endure; poverty adopted as a disguise was a sort of game. Up at the boarding house they clearly took him for what he seemed, with his resoled shoes, his one suit, his alarm-clock punctuality. Drew himself observed his thrift and complimented him on it.

"You've got the right idee," he declared, finding Fraser eating a lunch of an apple and soda crackers in the outer office. "That's how I made my start—squeezin' the pennies. Savin' any money?"

"Why? Think you can cut my pay?" Frazer grinned impudently, sure of his ground. The answer plainly delighted Drew.

"Sharp too. Got Yankee blood in you, I guess. Don't need to tell me now. I know you got a bank account started."

Fraser hadn't then, but he took the hint and deposited the remnant of the money Ann Whittaker had advanced that afternoon. Thereafter he made a point of putting away something out of every week's pay. It helped him to feel at home in his part.

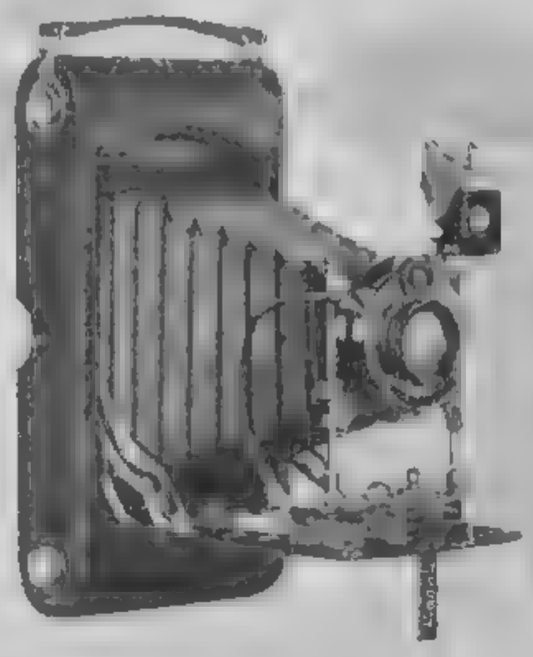
Ann nodded approval when he showed her the book.

"You're learning. Better ask Mr. Drew if you can leave the pass book in the safe. He'll like you better if he thinks you're thrifty."

Drew clearly did. He bitterly contested the point when Fraser demanded a three-dollar raise after his third month, but he yielded. Ann Whittaker interpreted this as a token of extreme regard, and Fraser

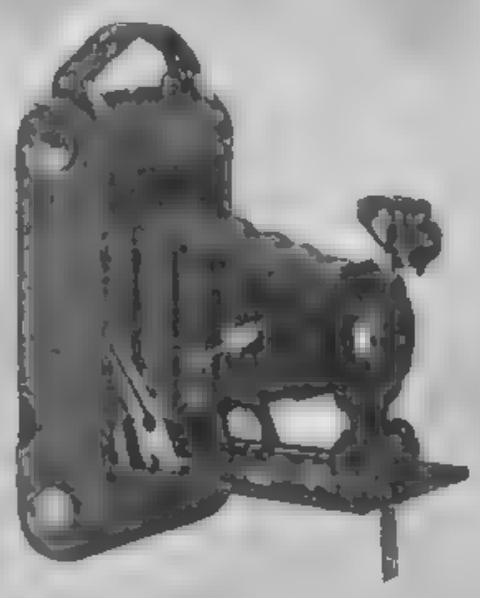
(Continued on Page 133)

Among the Christmas Gifts

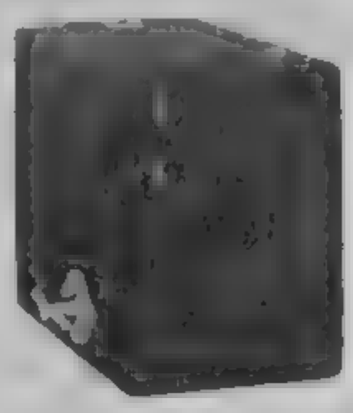


For the grown-ups or the nearly grown-ups, a Kodak for pictures of the post card size, 3¼ x 5½ inches. It is familiarly known to hundreds of thousands of enthusiasts as the "3A". It makes the largest picture available in "pocket photography". The 3A will really go into the side pocket of almost any coat. Frankly, however, it is more conveniently carried in an overcoat pocket—or slung over the shoulder in a case. Excise war-tax and all, the Junior model, with a fine Rapid Rectilinear lens, sells at $24.64—and with the Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 lens, at $30.62. There are other more expensive models—all have the Kodak simplicity—and they all make good pictures.

A gift for the one who already has a larger Kodak—the Vest Pocket. You don't carry a Vest Pocket Kodak—you wear it, like a watch. It is always ready to picture the unexpected and the unusual. The price, including the excise war tax, is $9.49.



For the boy or girl in high school—the No. 1 Kodak Junior. There's always room for it in the pocket, and the Kodak story of the school days is one that not only gives fun in the making but in its album form becomes a permanent delight to the whole family. The price of the No. 1 Autographic Kodak Junior is $16.67, including the excise war tax.



For the little folks—a No. 0 Brownie. These little cameras have good lenses and shutters and finders, and use the same film and make the same size pictures as the Vest Pocket Kodak. You will be astonished by the good work they do; you will be even more astonished at the intelligent way in which a youngster of seven or eight will go about picture-making with a No. 0 Brownie. The price, including war tax, is $2.86.

This page gives only a hint of the Kodak and Brownie line—there are Brownies for pictures of every size that Kodaks make, and there are Kodaks with high speed shutters and rapid lenses—there are folding Brownies as well as box Brownies—but they all have one common characteristic—they make good pictures. And all Kodaks (except Stereo and Panoram) and all *folding* Brownies have something else in common—they are Autographic, and when used with Autographic film provide for the instant titling of every negative at the time it is made. And the Autographic costs no more than other film.

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PHOENIX
HOSIERY

WDT

(Continued from Page 130)

believed her. He saved five dollars of the fifteen religiously, and he saw that Drew knew it.

Nevertheless, he made no progress toward inspiration. The office handled almost no money. Only small checks came in, covering Drew's advances and fees, and these offered no chance for illegitimate profit on Fraser's part. Drew did his own banking.

"It's no good," he declared after a long talk with Ann Whittaker. "We're playing a dead card. Let's shift."

"Not yet. I know there's something big here. And I'm counting on you to find it sometime. There's no hurry. That's another thing we can't afford in our business. A crook in a hurry is a poor crook, father always said."

He felt the truth of this. But he clung to his position as to the promise of big profit in their present employment. He had his first enlightenment one bitter January morning when Drew, wheezing with a hard cold, dispatched him on an errand hitherto withheld.

"Go up to the Maritime Bank and fill out that Holden draft on Guayaquil for this amount," he rasped. "I ain't goin' out till I hev to. And it's time you learnt somethin' about the bankin' end."

Fraser took the slip and departed. At the bank he interviewed a draft clerk, who produced the bill in question—a sight draft on an Ecuador importer, with the amount left blank.

"Why didn't they fill it out themselves?" said Fraser as the clerk checked his addition and wrote in the amount.

The man grinned at his ignorance.

"How'd they know what you robbers were going to charge for freight and fees and insurance?" he demanded. "Kind of new at this game, aren't you?"

Fraser nodded, and the other took time to enlighten him.

"The consignee pays all charges, you know, nine times outa ten. But the insurance and freight and fees got to be paid in advance. So they make out the draft in blank and fill it in when you fellows make up your minds how much to sting 'em."

"I see. And then what happens?"

"Gee, you are new, ain't yuh? Well, when you get the B L—bill o' lading, y' know—you bring it to us an' we pin it to the draft and mail it to our Guay'quil correspondent. They hold it till the consignee comes in an' settles. Then they give h'm the B L an' he can get the goods. See?"

"I see. And the bank down there sends you the money and you pay the shipper ——"

The clerk winked. "Not! It costs money to ship gold. The bank down there puts the amount to our credit and we sell drafts against it to people that have got bills to pay down there. Course there may be a difference, one way or the other, an' that means gold shipments. But it generally cancels out pretty well."

"Where's your profit, then?" Fraser was interested in earnest now.

"You leave that to us. Mighty few bankers die in the poorhouse for neglectin' profits."

The clerk sniggered. "We charge at both ends. Shipper has to pay us for getting his cash of course. And same when somebody wants a draft. Then there's the variation in exchange too. Suppose there's only ten dollars to our credit—I mean to the whole country's credit, not the bank's—down there at Guay'quil, an' somebody's got to pay a bill of a hundred down there. Supply an' demand works—price goes up. Balance of trade, y' understand."

"I guess I get it." Fraser's mind worked at the problem. "Then, sometimes, a draft like this is worth more than its face ——"

"Sure! That's our velvet, but don't say I told you. We get a draft for five hundred dollars. That's all the shipper wants. If we can sell it for five ten, that's our affair."

"But suppose you can't—suppose it's the other way?"

"All the worse for the lad at the other end. He's got to pay the five hundred plus whatever it costs to clear the payment through. The shipper gets his money either way."

Fraser carried away the stirring embryo of an idea. There must be a substantial profit in this end of the business which Drew wasn't getting because the bank handled the drafts. Suppose, instead of sending the draft to the bank, the shipper could be induced to send it to the forwarders. Then they could sell it to whatever bank would pay best.

He thought it over that afternoon and spoke to Ann about it in the evening. She laughed.

"Yes. But what good would that do you and me? Drew'd get the profits."

"That's so. But it'd help one way—we'd be handling some real money. That draft to-day was for eight thousand odd. Our end of it comes to something like twenty-five!"

"Something in that. But still we'd have Drew in the way of any play we might want to make."

"I wonder if he'd sell out. He's getting along—and he looked mighty sick to-day. He's been whining about going South too. We could make a quick play somewhere else ——"

"No. That's where you'd go wrong again. But your idea's all right except for that. He might sell. Let me work it."

"Where's the money coming from?"

"Leave that to me, too. D'you think I've been living this way for six years without saving anything? And I had a bit to start with. Father wasn't broke when he died."

He stared. "You mean you've got real money put away?"

"Of course I have. You need capital in this business the same as any other."

"You're a wonder! Living this way, when you could cut loose and take it easy."

"For how long? Two or three years, maybe. And then have to do it all over again! Not for me. When I quit I'm going to quit for keeps."

The intensity of her purpose strengthened his growing awe of her. She had looked so far ahead that she had saved—he did not try to guess the amount, but it must be respectable if she hoped to buy out Drew. Again he congratulated himself on the luck that had put him in her care. Lou Whitcomb's daughter! Her father would be proud of her, all right.

She justified his faith by her dealings with Drew. Yankee though he was, she outgeneraled him. He could retire with a half interest in the profits and eight thousand in cash or he could find somebody else to help him while she and Fraser went into competition with the eight thousand for capital. It took two weeks to convince him, but he was beaten from the first.

"I might have known it," he mourned, half jesting. "If I ever go in business again you don't catch me hiring anybody't saves the way you two do. It ain't safe."

He departed presently for some Florida resort. The sign on the door was changed by the addition of Thompson & Whittaker to the original style; letterheads and forms were surcharged in red with the new heading. And Fraser Thompson, in a new suit, made a hasty trip to interview the inland shippers on the firm's books.

"You've been losing money on every draft you've sent through your banks," was the text of his story. "They're charging you a commission, aren't they? Well, let us handle them after this, and we'll guarantee you the face or better, net. There's no reason why you shouldn't take the profit when the exchange is in your favor instead of giving it to a bank."

He came back smiling. It had worked beautifully. The shippers were properly indignant at what seemed unfair profiteering on the part of their bankers, duly grateful to the upright young man who had opened their eyes without seeking to keep the profits for himself.

"We'll be handling real money now," he told Ann Whittaker. "All we've got to do is to spot a way of lifting enough at one throw to make it worth while. And I guess you can trust me to do that, eh?"

She nodded. "Anyway we oughtn't to lose," she said. "We got the business pretty cheap."

He snapped his fingers. "Pocket money! When we clean up on this play, Ann, it ought to run into six figures."

She looked interested. "I don't see that, so far. We can't pad the drafts or the consignee would refuse to pay. We can't hold out the proceeds, when the drafts are honored, more than a little while, or the shipper'll want to know ——"

"You wait. I'll fix it somehow. This is going to be good. I feel it coming."

The effect of the innovation was to increase their work so appreciably that they had to hire others—a bookkeeper and clerk for the office and a young fellow to do some of Fraser's work. Ann Whittaker managed the office and correspondence, and Fraser, working harder than he would have believed he could, did the rest.

Dancers, be careful of your feet!

Dancing puts a very severe strain on one's feet. Try standing on your toes for a minute and notice how tired your feet become.

During an evening's dance, the feet must stand this strain hundreds of times.

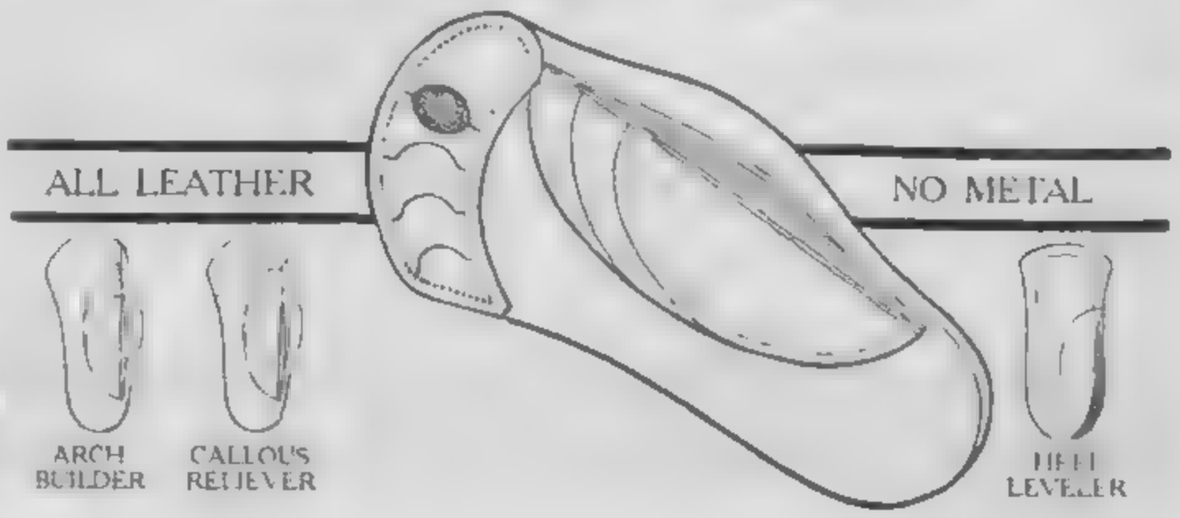
If pains develop in the toes, arches, ankle, calf, knee, thigh, hip or back, look to your feet for the trouble. There is probably a distortion of one of the bones which form the arch in the ball of your foot. "Morton's toe" often results from dancing. The distorted arch can be restored to normal, and more serious trouble averted, by wearing Wizard Adjustable Lightfoot Arch Builders.

Beneath these all-leather Arch Builders and Callous Relievers are overlapping pockets, so located that inserts of any desired thickness can be placed in exactly the right spot to support the dislocated bones in normal position. Adjustments are simply made by shifting inserts or changing their thickness.

Being all leather, Wizard Lightfoot Adjustable Arch Builders and Callous Relievers are light, flexible and are worn without one being conscious of them.

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders and Callous Relievers are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write the Wizard Lightfoot Appliance Company, 1719 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., or 950 Marbridge Bldg., New York City. European Headquarters:—Central Chambers, South Castle Street, Liverpool, England. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charge.

Wizard LIGHTFOOT ARCH BUILDERS



Town & Country
Sheep-Lined Coats

For the man who desires the advantages of a fur-lined coat.

This coat combines good style, long service and absolute protection from the coldest weather under all circumstances.

The Universal Garment for Out o' Doors

AT ALL GOOD CLOTHING STORES

WRITE FOR STYLE BOOKLET S-54

GUITERMAN BROS.
SAINT PAUL, U.S.A.

Originators and manufacturers of wind-proof and cold-resisting clothing.

But except for a slowly growing volume of business, their revenues did not increase, and the added expense cut into profits. Even Ann grew restless as the days passed in a blur of frantic labor and no sign of any big opportunity rewarded them.

"We've got to get some bigger accounts, that's all," said Fraser finally. "These fellows aren't ever going to ship in big enough quantities to make it pay us to grab a few drafts and quit. I'm going after some of the real ones, Ann."

He managed to arrange his work so that he could leave for a day or two together. He could get as far west as Cleveland and Pittsburgh in a night's journey, spend the day in soliciting new business and be back at work the second morning. But it was slow work, even with his new proposition to offer as bait.

"I've got to find something better," he admitted. "This isn't getting us anywhere."

"It can't be too soon for me," said the girl.

Her tone struck him through his inattention, weary, with none of her old resolution. He glanced at her. She was thinner, he thought, and strangely less aggressive in her self-certainty. He saw an unfamiliar droop of eye and lip and neck.

"I'll hit it yet, Ann. Don't quit—you were right. There's something big in this game. I'll find it."

"Maybe." She shrugged. "I guess I counted too much on that imagination of yours. There isn't anything here except honest money."

"Honest money!" He laughed. "You wait!"

It came to him afterward that they had exchanged positions. He was stronger now, wiser, more determined. And he fancied that Ann Whittaker thought so too.

IV

THE great idea came unheralded. He sat staring out at the traffic, stunned by the simplicity of the thing. At first it seemed impossible—it couldn't be as easy as that. He'd put it up to Ann. If there was a hole in it she'd see it. Trust her for that.

She looked up as he came into her tiny private office. It was time they cleaned up and quit, he told himself. She couldn't stand this much longer.

"Ann, I think I've got it."

He had a trick of lowering his voice for emphasis, learned in his adventures on the amateur stage. He saw her straighten, saw her eyes freeze in the old queer way he remembered.

"You know that most of our drafts have been turned over for collection. The bank pays when it gets advices from its foreign correspondent that the drawee has settled. That keeps us from padding the figures any. But now and then we've been able to sell one for cash. I always supposed that it was because the buyer wanted it extra bad, but it just came to me that I was wrong. They'll cash a draft when the firm that signs it is known to be good for the amount! Do you see?"

"I don't see what that's got to do with it. It's the drawee who matters. If he can't or won't pay, the draft's no good."

She drooped again. He chuckled.

"Guess again. I've been a nut not to see it long ago. It doesn't matter who the drawee is, so long as the drawer is good for the amount. If the draft isn't paid the buyer can collect from the maker. If we drew a check on a bank where we didn't have funds enough to meet it and cashed it at our own bank, what would happen? When it came back unpaid our bank would collect from us, wouldn't it? It's the same way with these drafts."

"Well?" She was still listless.

"Well, that's the beginning. What we've got to do is to get business from firms who rate AAA1. It doesn't matter so much whether they're big shippers or not, so long as their credit is above suspicion. And we can get it by this same bait I've been holding out—cash on the spot for their drafts, at the full exchange rate. I know I can get it. I've got three or four so far."

"Yes. But what of it? There's nothing in it, even so. Either they fill out the drafts themselves or they attach invoices and bills of lading which show the value of the shipment. If the amount's left open we still haven't a chance to raise them much."

He chuckled. "There's where the big idea comes in. We don't attach the bills of lading at all. We fill out their drafts for as much as we like. We leave the rest of the documents right here in the shop. I go out and sell the paper for what I can get. Just as if they were drawing against matured obligations abroad, you know. The buyer isn't taking any risk. He knows the firm's good for the face of the draft. That's all he cares about."

He saw the old sharpness in her face now.

"You're right! You've hit it. I always knew you would. When can we ——"

"No hurry, Ann. A crook in a hurry is a cheap crook, you told me. We're going to do this right. We're going to line up a squad of big firms first of all. Then we're going to nurse 'em along till we've got drafts from all or most of 'em on the same day. Then the big killing and the get-away and the live-happy-ever-after line—Morocco or Honduras, where they don't know what extradition means."

She smiled thinly. "All right. But don't be any slower about it than you must. I don't know how much more of this I'm good for."

An unexpected tenderness softened his exultant mood.

"Don't you weaken, Ann. It's going to be worth working for this time. You've been a wonder all the way through. If it hadn't been for you ——"

He stopped, realizing. If it hadn't been for Ann Whittaker he'd have tried to plunder some traveler's baggage, risked going back to the pen within twelve hours of his release! He'd never have learned the first principles of the big game. He owed her pretty nearly everything.

"I'll square it with you somehow," he finished. "You—you've been great, Ann. When I think what a wild idiot I was when you took hold of me ——"

"You can get the Century, if you jump," she interrupted. "Better try Cleveland first. Take two days, or three if it looks good. We'll keep things going while you're gone. You can deliver the rest of that speech when there's nothing better to do."

He went out, laughing. The same old Ann—not a scrap of sentiment in her! A business woman, first and last and in between. He sobered a little. Lucky for Tom Fraser that she was. If it hadn't been for her ——

V

THE eight slips of paper spread on Tom Fraser's desk put a queer stuttering skip into his pulses as he surveyed them.

Eight drafts, each signed by a firm worth better than a million, according to the commercial agencies. Each one of them drawn against a big commercial point—three against London, two on Paris, one each on Barcelona, Buenos Aires and Rio. And the amount in every case left blank so that Drew, Thompson & Whittaker might fill it out to cover insurance and freight as well as the face of the invoices!

He felt entitled to a little delay, to savor the triumph in advance. He'd worked hard enough to rest a minute or two and let his imagination run ahead to the years of easy leisure before him. Worked? The word didn't express it. He'd slaved, schemed, sweated, waited—why, if it came to a couple of hundred thousand he'd have just about earned it!

Funny how the easy money made you work, very much as you had to work for your wages. He let his thought run over the list of his competitors. Not one of them had ever put in six such months as lay behind him. Even old Drew, for all his industry, hadn't ever held his long Yankee nose to the grindstone like that. He grinned at the thought of the shrewd sly old man, pottering away at roque in some low-priced winter resort, thinking he'd driven a good bargain. Drew—why, this would break him of course. He was still a partner in the firm, and the firm would be blown up like a paper bag, and burst, when those drafts came back. They'd take Drew's private property away from him.

Somehow the thought took the edge from his pleasure. He hadn't considered that side of it at all. It would have been better to buy Drew out entirely or organize the firm as a corporation. It seemed a pity that the old fellow should lose all he'd made in a lifetime of hard honest labor. Of course the real victims, the firms whose drafts would come back on their hands, could afford it easily enough. He had no compassion for them. But Drew—he could see the sly old fellow now, humped over this very desk, whimsically regretting having hired Yankees!

(Concluded on Page 137)

In SYSTEM for December

What is behind good selling?

Getting ready for a buyer's market? Overhauling the sales department? And what else? That's what George Ed. Smith, president of the Royal Typewriter Co., writes about in SYSTEM for December. There's something for the smallest department in the business to do. And he tells how his business does it.

Conferences that get somewhere

You know the other kind; you've been in them. Here are some ideas that several businesses are using to keep their conferences on the track. Photographs of five business meetings that move at fair speed, without Roberts' Rules of Order.

Reducing need for credit

Not more credit to do business on, but less credit business, is the need of manufacturer, wholesaler, dealer, according to Geo. N. Peek, president, Moline Plow Co. In December SYSTEM he applies the war-taught lesson of straight-line methods to present-day financing.

What does the noon-hour cost you?

L. S. Ayres & Co. found an unexpected growth in company morale after their cafeteria was started. In December SYSTEM the president gives interesting facts and figures.

"Men I like to work for"

You'd like to see yourself as your employees see you; they won't tell you always about the little things that may or may not gain their confidence and respect. In SYSTEM a thoughtful secretary tells frankly of her experiences with employers.

Why they cut their sales force

Phoenix Mutual, of Hartford, found the way to more sales was through fewer salesmen. It was an experiment at first, but in SYSTEM for December, Winslow Russell, vice-president, tells how well the plan has paid and why.

Cheaper distribution in St. Paul

Postmaster Raths suggested it; using the mail for retailers' deliveries. So well did it work, 90% of packages formerly delivered are now mailed at one-half the expense, 5% of the complaints. SYSTEM sent a representative to test the speed of the new service. His report is in the December issue.

Men who look beyond their own business

YOU remember the man who was so close to the trees he couldn't see the forest. Some men are like that in business.

But many look beyond their own business. They see what others are doing. They find and use the ideas and plans which make other businesses pay.

SYSTEM is their magazine. They contribute to it; they read it.

Get SYSTEM for December. Read "Why we cannot have a panic," by Governor Harding of the Federal Reserve Board. Read "What is behind good selling," by George Ed. Smith, president Royal Typewriter Co. ***At news-stands; 25 cents.***

SYSTEM

***The* Magazine of Business**

Published by A. W. SHAW COMPANY, Chicago, New York, London. Publishers also of FACTORY and of SYSTEM ON THE FARM

Years ago they killed by dripping water

The Water Chair—a form of torture of the Middle Ages

The constant repetition of slight shocks exhausts the nervous system

AMONG the most dreaded punishments of the Middle Ages was the famous water torture.

The victim was placed in a stone chair and the spigot of a water cask suspended above him was opened slightly, so that every second or two a drop of water escaped and fell upon his head.

For the first few moments the victim scarcely felt the gentle shocks. But their constant repetition soon broke down all resistance. It took only a few hours of this carefully calculated punishment to reduce the strongest man to utter nervous exhaustion.

In employing this water torture, the medieval mind displayed surprising knowledge of a fundamental weakness of the nervous system: *the constant repetition of slight shocks will exhaust it.*

Over three hundred years have passed since the horrors of the Middle Ages—yet today many Americans are inflicting upon themselves a punishment which is the same in principle.

Like the continued shocks of the dripping water in the sombre torture chamber, the constant shocks that come from pounding old-fashioned leather heels or "dead" rubber heels on hard streets, sidewalks and floors *wear you out.*

If you are a man of average activity, you take 8,000 steps a day—suffer 8,000 shocks to the nervous system. Though each shock is small in itself, its constant repetition is a severe drain upon your energy—one of the serious causes of fatigue.

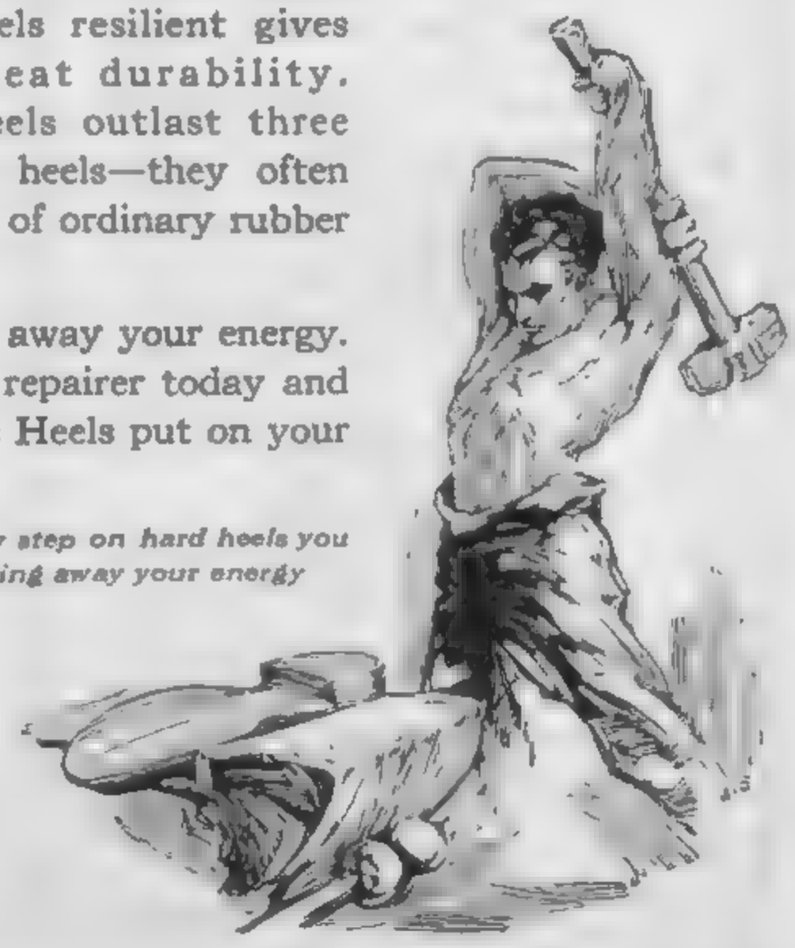
Remove this cause of fatigue

Stop this useless expenditure of energy. Eliminate the constant jolts and jars of pounding hard heels on harder pavements. O'Sullivan's Heels absorb the shocks that tire you out.

To secure the resiliency, the *springiness of* O'Sullivan's Heels, the highest grades of rubber are blended by special formula. With this blend of live, springy rubber are compounded the best toughening agents known. The compound is then "cured" or baked under high pressure.

The same process that makes O'Sullivan's Heels resilient gives them their great durability. O'Sullivan's Heels outlast three pairs of leather heels—they often outlast two pairs of ordinary rubber heels.

Stop pounding away your energy. Go to your shoe repairer today and have O'Sullivan's Heels put on your shoes.



With every step on hard heels you are pounding away your energy

O'Sullivan's Heels

Absorb the shocks that tire you out

(Concluded from Page 134)

Well, it couldn't be helped. After they'd cleaned up they could manage to send Drew something. He'd have to go through bankruptcy anyway. Once he was discharged anything he got would belong to him. That would be the best way. They could get word to him not to worry.

He drew a pad toward him and began to calculate. The three London drafts were all against big houses. He could make them almost any size he chose without rousing suspicion. And sterling exchange was active too—plenty of ready buyers for paper like that. Suppose he made them for two fifteens and a twenty—odd figures, of course—pounds, shillings and pence. Fifty thousand on London; not enough. He couldn't risk such heavy drafts on any other point. Suppose he took a bigger chance—say seventy-five thousand. The five others would hardly foot up to more than that at the outside limits. A hundred and fifty thousand, all told, if the luck was good. Divide it by two—half for Ann. Seventy-five thousand for his share. Somehow it didn't seem as big as it had. Seventy-five thousand at, say, four per cent—three thousand a year. Why, his share of the business profits ought to be twenty-five hundred, at the inside, this year. And the business was growing.

To be sure, he wouldn't have to work for the three thousand. Just lie back and collect it. And live easy, over there in Morocco—or Honduras. Tropics—hammocks swung in the shadow of stone courts—perpetual summer. Still, three thousand wasn't such a lot when you figured it out. Probably cost more to live in those out-of-the-way corners too.

Company of course. Must be plenty of other people there for more reasons than their health. Bank cashiers and embezzlers and stock frauds—high-grade crooks, not like the shambling, slant-eyed rascals up the river. There'd be good fun—no danger of being lonesome.

But—the word kept crowding back into his mind. But. That was it. There were two sides to this thing after all. Drew for one. And Ann Whittaker. He hadn't thought of her side yet. She thought she wanted this easy money—this money they'd slaved and schemed for. But did she—at the price? She'd never seen the inside of those wet walls up there between the railroad and the river. She didn't know what it meant to be a crook if something went wrong.

And suppose nothing did? Suppose they got away with it safely? Was she going to like Morocco or Honduras such a lot after all? He saw himself suddenly as in some sense responsible for her; and he shrank back from the vision. It was all right for a man to take a chance on stripes, to cut himself off; but a girl, even a girl like Ann, was something very different.

He frowned at the eight blank drafts, potential loot such as he had dreamed about. Big money, easy money, his for the mere taking. A roundabout revenge on the world which had made a crook of him. Suddenly he got to his feet and took the slips from the desk. He went into Ann's office.

"We've got enough to risk it, Ann. Eight, all extra-good ones. And we'd have three days—safe—to get away. There's a boat for Honduras in the morning."

She faced him. He saw her stiffen, saw the lips press tight and the eyes half close, as if to hide the cold light in them.

"How much are they good for?"

"Perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand." He spoke evenly. "We only wanted a hundred, but somehow this doesn't seem such an awful lot, now it's in reach."

She laughed. "Your ideas have changed. Haven't you learned how much work there is in a thousand yet? It looks pretty big to me. When do you cash in?"

He hesitated. "I wanted to talk it over first. Somehow I don't feel right about it, altogether. It's going to smash Drew, you know. It's a partnership, and they'll take whatever he's got."

"That's his lookout, isn't it?" He had never heard her voice so cold and harsh. "You aren't getting soft at this stage of the game, are you, Tom?"

"I don't know. Maybe. I—I've got sort of fond of Drew, since he hasn't been round here. He was pretty white to us—in his own way."

"His way, yes! His way of being white was to pay us half what we earned and work us till we dropped! I'm not worrying about him."

"Well, I am. And I'm worrying more about you, Ann. You haven't been through what I have. You've never been a crook yet. And if anything slips—well, I'd hate to let you in for ——"

"Stuff! Whose idea was it in the first place? Who got you into it? Who found the money to get Drew out of the way? You talk as if I hadn't done anything!"

Her impatience roused an unsuspected obstinacy in him. He shook his head.

"It isn't that. You've done everything. But I feel as if—as if I'd be doing it all now—as if I'd be making a crook of you, Ann, all by myself, for my own profit. And I hate it. I hate it, I tell you!"

She eyed him steadily. "Losing your nerve, Tom? Quitting, just when we've got our hands on the game? What about me? Haven't I earned my share of it? Are you going to go back on me now?"

He brought his fist down hard on the desk, and his voice sank, in his old trick of emphasis:

"No—I'm not going back on you. That's the whole thing! I'm going to stand by you the way you stood by me when I was a raw bleating fool of a kid. You kept me from smashing myself then and I'm going to keep you from it now. A fool? Why, Ann, don't you see that we'd be the silliest fools on earth to go through with this? Leave out every other consideration and look at the money alone—we can have four or five thousand a year if we're lucky and get away clean. And right here in our hands we've got a business that's paying us practically that right now. And we've hardly begun to cash in on the work I've done. These new accounts—every one of them developing—the banking end of it—why, we can make ten or fifteen thousand a year out of it in five years' time—make it honestly, without having to run and hide before we spend it!"

He laughed.

"You've called me names pretty often, Ann. I had 'em coming to me too. But it's my turn now. You're the fool this time. So is every crook! And I can prove it. He chooses the losing end every time. The work and brains it takes to put over a winning crooked play would pay bigger on the square. You stopped me that day when I was all set to make a double ass of myself for some fellow's silver-plated hairbrushes. Well, I'm stopping you now. You're not going to be a fool, Ann. And that means you're not going to be a crook. They're the same darn thing!"

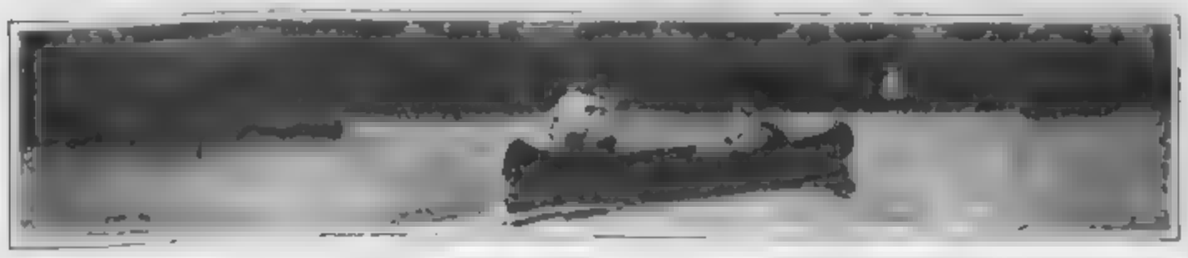
He stared as she came to her feet. Something in her face frightened him. She had never looked like this. He had a moment of blank fear that she would cry. The idea of Ann Whittaker in tears was curiously appalling.

"Oh, Tom! I wondered if you'd ever—ever see it!"

He saw it now, saw what she had done to him, and a hot torment of shame possessed him. He had strutted and preached—to Ann! Ann, who had waited for him at the very prison door, had planned and plotted for him, cajoled and prodded him inch by inch along the path he had thought his own discovery!

His mind flashed back to the parting in Simpson's office; and the old puzzling mystery challenged him again. She had been glad, then—glad that he was a fool and a thief. And yet she had slaved and schemed to save him from greater sin and folly. Why? He forced his eyes back to hers. And the answer came to him with a great throbbing rush of understanding Lou Whitcomb's daughter—the sins of the fathers—glad because Tom Fraser had crossed the line between them.

He put out his hands. It seemed as if he saw her now for the first time.



"What shall I give Him?"

You've racked your brain over the question with every return of the Yuletide season.

Here's an answer—it's "Braxton!"

Braxton is *the* belt for men—a belt with merits that make it prized by every wearer, holidays and all days. Make him a present of the Braxton, and he will esteem your thoughtfulness every day of the year.

The Braxton is a *plus* belt—you'll say as much yourself when you see it. It is specially shaped to fit the body comfortably and naturally—it doesn't have to be drawn so tightly as ordinary belts; it supports the trousers more smartly.

The Braxton is made in many rich leathers, finely tanned and finished, and fitted with snaps so that you can attach any style of buckle you may desire. Each Braxton is also packed in a trim box—the kind of a box a man delights to open on Christmas morning.

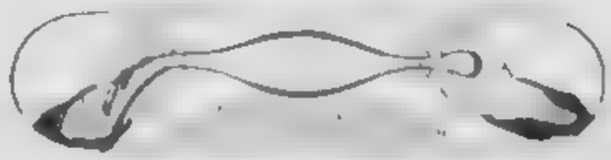
Secure his waist measure—then get him a Braxton. At all the better shops.

The Perkins-Campbell Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

BRAXTON

THE BELT FOR MEN

PATENTED



The Longwood
Ralston
THERE is a high limit to price in shoes beyond which high price buys only superfluous quality. There is a low limit to price below which serviceable quality cannot be produced.
You will find the utmost in Ralstons at a medium price—a price that insures the balanced essentials.
Write for the name of the Ralston dealer in your neighborhood
RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
BROCKTON (Campello), MASS.

MOSCOW'S BID FOR WORLD POWER

(Continued from Page 7)

in a tempest of world revolution, and upon the ruins of the organization of human life thus destroyed there must be upreared an international soviet republic.

Such is Lenine's analysis. Though it lays emphasis on the general conclusions, it also brings out prominently the fact that the world is not uniform so far as its fundamental conditions are concerned, and therefore the approach to the problem of the world revolution cannot be the same.

So for purposes of active operations we find that in the strategic plans of the Communist International the world is divided into two general classes: First, those countries which have a fair degree of industrial development, and consequently more or less numerous industrial proletariat and socialist or labor political parties—in this class are included all the countries which, according to Lenine's classification, are at the controlling end of the world imperialistic system as outlined by him, and some of the economically dependent countries; and, second, all of the colonial and practically all of the semicolonial countries. In other words, roughly speaking, the first group would be the West and the second group the East.

In each of the countries comprised in the first class there are two principal movements which can serve as the foundation for the work of the communists. The first is political—viz., that which finds expression in the socialist and the labor parties. The second is economic, expressing itself in labor organizations, irrespective of whether they are or are not under the influence of the political parties, or are even antipolitical in their character.

In such countries there must be, first of all, preparatory work, consisting of agitation and propaganda designed to make the masses of the proletariat look with favor and hope upon communism, and distrust everything that is not bound up with communism and everybody who does not preach communism. As far as the political parties are concerned, this can be done by compelling them to lose their present identity and take on certain new characteristics prescribed from Moscow. It goes without saying that they must renounce entirely the Socialist International as reconstructed in Bern. But besides this, they must accept a set of conditions worked out at the Second Congress of the Communist International. The conditions presented to the French Socialist Party cover all the points exacted by Moscow.

The Moscow Dictatorship

The French Socialist Party is accused of a number of crimes and oversights. Its group in the parliament does not carry on revolutionary activity and expose the criminal acts of the government, particularly with regard to its colonial policy. The party does not call upon the workmen to arm themselves, and its press does not agitate in favor of a proletarian revolution. The party's work among the peasants and the soldiers is of a very mild character, and its attitude toward the trade unions is full of indecision.

It is demanded of the party that it change all this. It must immediately change its name to the French Communist Party. It must begin agitation among the workmen with a view of proving to them that militarism can be destroyed only through an overthrow of the capitalistic governments by means of a violent revolution. It must compel its parliamentary group to recognize entirely the will of the party and become subordinate to it, carrying out all its orders and making the parliament an instrument of revolutionary agitation.

It must expel from its membership all those who preach reforms instead of revolution and who refuse to follow the revolutionary path. It must organize its work openly and secretly, through legal and illegal organizations. And finally it must recognize absolutely the obligatory nature of all the decisions made in Moscow by the Communist International.

In short, it is demanded that the French Socialist Party lose entirely its own identity and become an agent of the Moscow International, a blind tool in its hands, pledged to carry out implicitly all the orders received from Moscow.

Precisely the same kind of pledges are demanded of all the socialist parties in Western Europe and America.

But it is clear that under their present leadership these parties would be committing suicide were they to submit to these demands. The Moscow leaders understand this, and their method is to appeal to the rank and file of the parties, over the heads of the leaders when they cannot intimidate the leaders into carrying their appeals themselves. A socialist party presenting a solid front in the relations between the leaders and the masses is impervious to communism. The task of the communists then is to introduce an element of disintegration, break up the parties into layers, set the masses against the leaders. In this work, according to their own statements, they have already succeeded to some extent in France, Germany, England, Italy, in most of the other countries of Western Europe, and in the United States.

Yet the socialist and the labor parties, even in the most advanced countries of the world, comprise in their membership but a small part of the working class and extend their influence over but comparatively few workmen. A much wider influence is exerted by the labor organizations, the trade unions, the industrial and syndicalist organizations. Most of these are far from being communistic or even faintly socialistic. Nevertheless, the task of winning them over is an important one, since they represent the masses of the industrial population. The labor movement constitutes the second point of attack in the communist work in the West.

The New Classification

So important is the question of labor organizations considered in Moscow that the very first sitting of the new executive committee was devoted to working out the directions to be given to delegates for their work in the trade unions. According to these instructions, based on the reports made to the congress and the resolutions adopted by the congress, the labor organizations must be revolutionized, led to drop their present leaders and accept new, revolutionary leaders. Since in most countries the majority of the workmen remain outside of the unions, every effort possible should be made to organize new unions and bring them also under the influence of communist leaders. Just as in the problem of the political parties, that of the trade unions should be attacked both nationally—in the manner indicated above—and internationally. There exists to-day an international association of labor unions in the form of the Amsterdam Federation of Trade Unions. In order to counteract the work of this body a Red International of Trade Unions was recently established in Moscow. It includes the Russian trade unions and a part of the trade unions of Italy, Germany, England, France and Bulgaria. The task of the Communist International is to lead the trade-union groups of various countries away from the Amsterdam Federation and into the fold of the Moscow Red International.

The most important single act of the July-August Congress of the Communist International was the Resolution on the Rôle of the Communist Party in the Proletarian Revolution. It is a lengthy document, which, however, states with clearness and abundance of detail the methods of work which should be performed in the cause of communism.

For purposes of the revolution the labor movement which must culminate in it is no longer divided, according to this resolution, into its former classical triple classification—namely, the political party, the professional and trade unions and the coöperatives. The new classification, adopted by communism, is the party, the soviets and the productive unions. There are two main differences between the two classifications. In the first place, the classical classification presupposes the labor movement as one of the movements in the state; it is therefore limited only to one class.

(Continued on Page 141)

See What Happens

when you brush teeth in this new way

Five desired effects

Five things happen every time you brush teeth in this new way which dentists now advise.

The salivary flow is multiplied. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent.

The starch digestant in saliva is multiplied. That is to quickly digest the starch deposits which otherwise cling and form acid.

The alkalinity of the saliva is multiplied. That is to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

The film-coat is attacked in two efficient ways.

The teeth are so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Three aids to Nature

Three effects are simply aids to Nature.

They would come through diet if you ate much fruit. But they must come regularly to prevent acid attacks on teeth.

Pepsodent brings them twice daily, whatever the diet. It combats the starch and starch effects when diet fails to do so.

Film—the great enemy

But the still greater object is to fight film, the cause of most tooth troubles. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it, and many serious troubles, local and internal, are now traced to them.

A many-year problem

Film has for many years been a great dental problem. Careful people have dentists remove it twice yearly. But there are months between when it may do a ceaseless damage.

So dental science has been seeking a daily film combatant.

Efficient methods have now been found and proved by ample tests. These methods are embodied in Pepsodent. Thus all these five desired effects are now secured by this one application.

We supply it free

Pepsodent is now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Millions of people daily employ it, largely through this advice.

The results are evident wherever you look, particularly in glistening teeth.

A 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks. Also a book which tells the reason for each unique result.

This is to urge that you send for that tube. Watch the effects, learn their meaning, judge them for yourself. Then consider what they mean to you and yours.

Based on years of research

Pepsodent is based on years of research. Its principles have been evolved by some of the ablest authorities. It accords with the best modern dental opinion.

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A scientific film combatant which brings five desired effects. Approved by authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Supplied by druggists in large tubes.

The visible effects

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Then let the book explain results less evident to you.

10-Day Tube Free

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¶ Choose the paper towel because it is hygienic. Soft, sturdy, quickly absorbent—for the scientific drying of human skin—the Northern paper towel is supremely sanitary and cheap. Made at Green Bay, Wisconsin, by the Northern Paper Mills, also manufacturers of fine bathroom papers.

Northern
PAPER TOWELS

(Continued from Page 138)

The communist classification presupposes a condition of affairs in which that one class becomes the only class in the state, really the state itself. In the second place, in conformity with the above, in the classical classification the three forms are practically independent of each other, though working for a common end. In the communist classification the three forms are closely correlated and strictly subordinated to each other.

In this communist classification the soviets express the political activity of society; the productive unions express all of man's economic activity. Over them both, controlling and directing them, is the Communist Party.

The Communist Party is described in the resolution as "a part of the working class, its most advanced, class-conscious and consequently most revolutionary part." It must not by any means be considered identical with the working class as a whole. On the contrary, we are told in the resolution that "the idea of the party should be strictly differentiated from the idea of the class." Nor should it be a party of the masses, the admission to which should be open to all workmen. The Communist Party is conceived of as a restricted and closed corporation, a sort of an order of priesthood. It is definitely spoken of as a party of the minority; for until communism shall have become firmly established, "the Communist Party will have in its ranks only a minority of the proletariat."

The Communist Party must preserve this oligarchical character not only before and during the social revolution, but also after the revolution; in the first instance in order to organize victory, in the second in order to consolidate it.

After all that we have heard from the apologists of the soviet régime in Russia concerning the democratic and representative nature of communism, this frank and insistent avowal of the minority and oligarchical nature of the Communist Party, coming from no less an authoritative source than the Congress of the Communist International itself, must be something of a revelation. But even that is not all. We have been told by these same apologists that the soviets are representative bodies in which the party of the majority has the controlling rôle. The Communist International has a different conception of the rôle of the soviets. The resolution of which we speak notes that the soviets, though presumably expressing the will of those whom they represent, may sometimes fail in thinking along communist lines; in other words, using the terminology of communism, the soviets may become reactionary. Since this is so, says the resolution, the Communist Party must in all cases be placed above the soviets, and must control and direct them.

Democratic Centralism

Now what should be the nature and the work of the Communist Party itself?

First, during the period preceding the revolution. In each country there must be but one Communist Party. If there are several at the present time they must unite. Orders to this effect have already been issued from Moscow, and these orders concern particularly the merger of the Communist and the Communist Labor Parties in the United States, a similar merger in Great Britain and in other countries. All the other labor political parties must be either discredited and destroyed, or else absorbed in the Communist Party after being purged of all their noncommunist elements.

The basis of organization and of the whole work is the formation of communist groups. In the language of the resolution, "wherever there is even a small number of proletarians or semiproletarians, in every soviet of workmen's deputies, in every professional or trade union, in every house or factory committee, in every coöperative organization, in every shop—in short, in every place where at least three persons can be found who are in sympathy with communism, a communist group should be organized." The creation of these communist nucleuses should not be limited only to labor organizations. They should be established wherever men come together for common work. Work of this character should be carried on in the parliaments, in the armies, even in organizations of clearly reactionary character. To use a very vivid expression employed by N. Bukharin in the presentation to the congress of a separate resolution on parliamentarism, "even in the most reactionary organization, in the most active capitalistic institutions of exploitation, we"—the Communist Party—"must have our own men, or, if we can express it so, our spies."

All these local organizations must be subordinated to the party as a whole, or rather to the guiding center of the party. The basis of party organization should be that of democratic centralism. That is a term in the nomenclature of communism which simply means rigidly sustained hierarchy. It means a pyramid of power in which the organizations closest to the people vote for those immediately above them and obey these latter implicitly. Organizations on the second stage vote for those on the third, and so on to the very top—that is, the central executive committee, which is supreme and removed as far as possible from the rank and file. All through this system a strict discipline of a military nature must be maintained. This is the system built up in Russia, and the ease with which the dictatorial oligarchy on top can maintain itself through skillful manipulation is shown by the fact that during the three years of the soviet régime the only important changes on top have been due to deaths.

It is recognized that in most countries where the Communist Parties must operate they are antigovernment parties and are not permitted to exist openly. The resolution therefore emphasizes the need of both legal—that is, open work; and illegal—that is, secret work. The law laid down on this point is that wherever both legal and illegal Communist Parties exist the illegal one should be considered supreme, and all others should take orders from it and carry out these orders implicitly.

Legal and Illegal Parties

An excellent illustration of how this system works may be found in the report on the communist situation in the United States, as presented to the Congress by a delegate of the American Communist Party. The party was organized in September, 1919, and for the first period of its existence worked openly. But after the arrests made by the Department of Justice last fall, and particularly early in January, 1920, the party became illegal, and is now working secretly. The party is built on the principle of democratic centralism. All local organizations are subordinated to the central body. All party organs of the press are entirely controlled by the central executive body. Strictest attention is given to the maintenance of party discipline.

The center of attention in the work of the party is at the factories, mills, mines, shops. Agitation is conducted there in every possible manner. Wherever possible, factory committees in the manner of the shop stewards in England are organized. Work in the trade unions is carried on within and outside the American Federation of Labor. The closest possible contact is established with that part of the I. W. W. movement which strives for the dictatorship of the proletariat. Concerning the attitude of the American Communist Party to strikes, the report says:

"The Communist Party of America, conscious of the fact that in the proletarian movement the economic struggle cannot be separated from the political, makes it obligatory for all its local organizations to take an active part in all economic strikes, in order to impress upon the masses of the proletariat the political significance of the strike movement."

This is the kind of work that the Communist International requires of all communist parties.

These national Communist Parties, too, are not autonomous in themselves. For them there is also a coördinating center—namely, the Communist International, or more specifically, since the international holds its congresses but seldom, the executive committee of the Communist International, the fifteen of whom we spoke at the beginning. The relation between the different parties and the international is also that of democratic centralism. These parties are absolutely subordinated to the central body. They must carry out implicity and unqualifiedly all the decisions handed down to them. They must be entirely under orders of the executive committee.

The executive committee, thus becoming truly the general staff of the world revolution, is given a wide latitude of powers.

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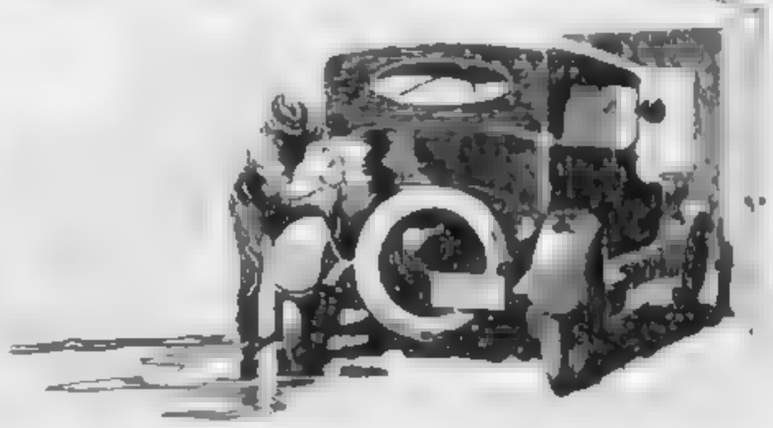

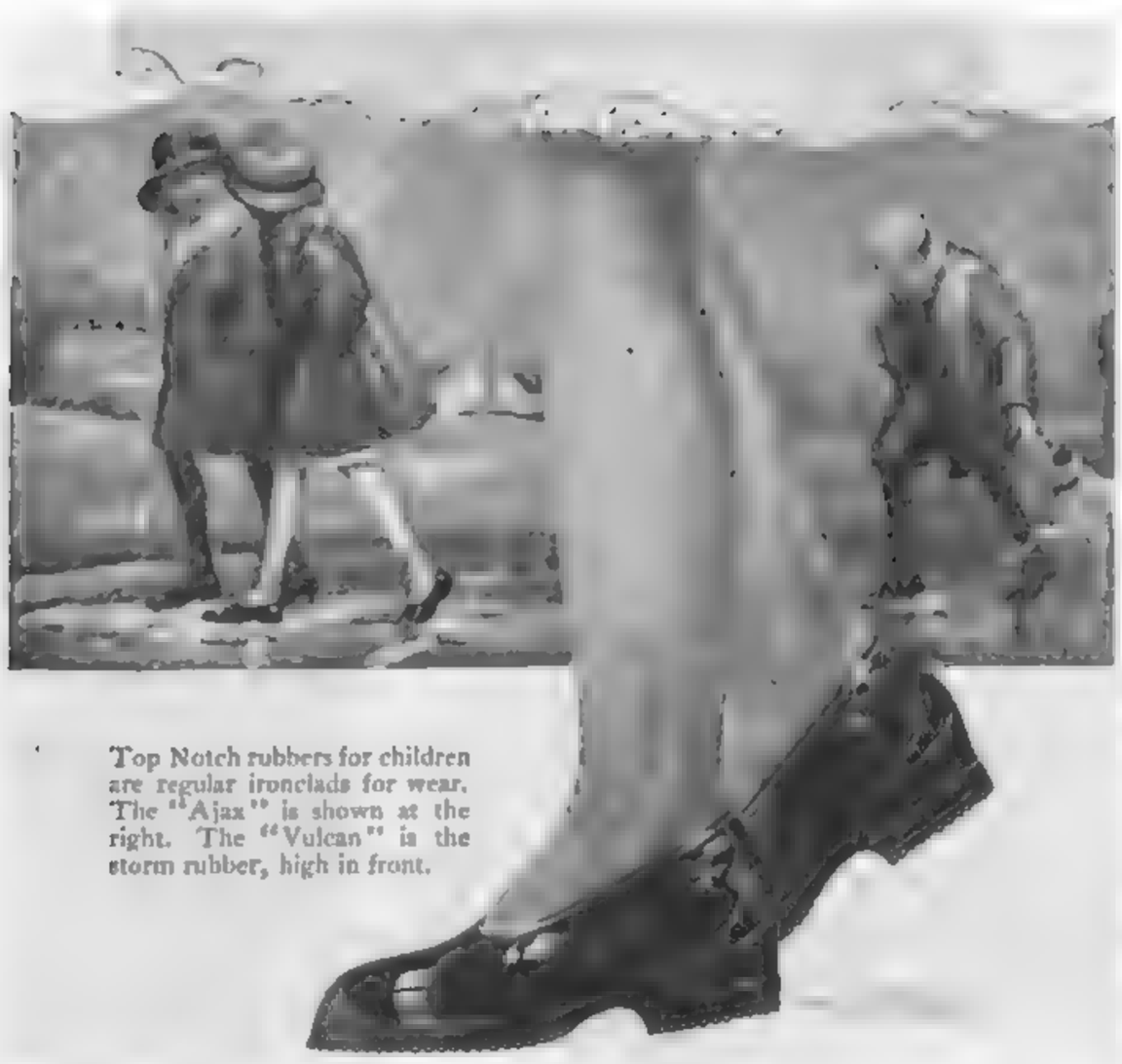

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Write for the name of the dealer in your town who sells this durable, stylish, money saving rubber footwear, easily recognized by the Top Notch cross on the sole.

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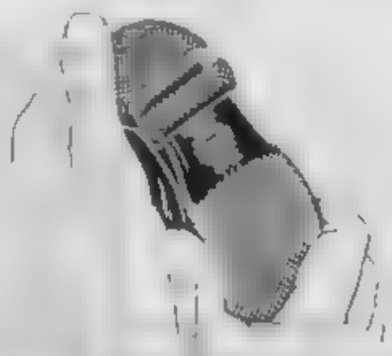

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They double the life of the rubber. No heels as durable as these

Presumably within the limitations of the decisions of the congress on matters of principle, the committee has entire freedom of action. It is charged particularly with the direction of the work of the various parties and with the maintenance of an iron discipline within this world organization of communism. It has the power to adjudge differences among parties and groups, and its decision is final. It has a right to expel whole groups and parties from the international whenever it considers their actions as violations of party dicipline.

By these means and under the direction of this oligarchy of fifteen the Communist International hopes to establish the rule of communism in the countries of Europe and America. But there still remains the great colonial and semicolonial world of Asia and Africa, as well as of other parts of the earth, with its huge population and tremendous resources. The problems of communism here are different, and the approaches and methods must also be different.

Communism in the sense in which the word is used—that is, a politico-economic movement of the industrial proletariat and the landless peasantry, led by a select and determined minority—is impossible in the East. The reports on the situation in the most important ones of these countries and territories, presented to the congress, indicate, however, the presence there of movements that are not communistic at all, but that can be turned to account by the astute communist leaders.

For example, in India, with all the revolutionary agitation that appears to be going on there, judging by the noise made about it in America, there is not at the present time even a rudiment of a Communist Party; and this in spite of the fact that, according to the report at the congress, eighty per cent of the population of India have been deprived of their property by the British rule. There are, however, two movements in India that are of importance. The first is the nationalist movement, popular among the none too numerous educated class; and the second is the very widespread agrarian movement among the masses of the population.

Almost exactly the same conditions exist in China. Here, too, there are a nationalist movement, directed against foreign domination, and a widespread agrarian movement, due to land shortage.

How can these countries be brought to the fold of communism? Obviously both these movements should be utilized. Two resolutions passed by the congress deal with these questions. The first resolution is on the colonial question, and the second on the agrarian question. In presenting the first of these resolutions, Lenine explained that the democratic movements existing in the backward countries, usually led by the bourgeoisie, are of two kinds. There are movements which adapt themselves to and harmonize themselves with the interests of the ruling countries. Such movements are, by their very nature, reformist. Communism should have nothing to do with them. On the other hand, there are movements which are entirely destructive in their immediate object, consequently revolutionary. Such movements should be supported.

Chicherin's View

But such movements are usually agrarian in their character, and their backbone is the peasantry. The attitude toward the peasantry is given in the resolution on the agrarian question. The peasants are classified into rich peasants, middle peasantry and poor peasants. The first class should be suppressed ruthlessly. The third class, theoretically, ought to be good material for communist agitation, and all efforts should be directed toward converting them. The second class should also be brought over to the side of communism when that is possible. When that is impossible, every effort should be made to neutralize the middle peasantry by giving it land and rendering state assistance in agriculture. These tactics are applicable both for the West and for the East.

In this connection Lenine takes the opportunity for expressing the opinion that it is necessary to abandon the scientific prejudice that the establishment of the soviet régime is impossible unless the given country has passed through capitalistic development. On the contrary, soviets can be established in the most backward countries. For eventually, when communism is universally established, the more advanced countries will come to the assistance of the backward ones.

But when the Communist International comes to supporting the national and agrarian movements in the colonial and semicolonial countries, it comes face to face with the attitude of the workmen in the metropolis, or colony-owning countries; and the congress declared solemnly that whenever the working class of any metropolis power declares itself against a nationalist movement in any colony of that power it is guilty of treason to the cause of the revolution.

Here we have the interrelation between the work of communism in the backward countries of the East and the advanced countries of the West. George Chicherin, the soviet Commissary for Foreign Affairs, recently expressed this very clearly in an article on the international policy of communism. According to his view, the fundamental task of international communism is the creation of independent states out of the colonies and the dependencies which now constitute so large a portion of the earth. And since such independence would be won for these territories through the assistance of the Communist International, it is reasonable to expect that the form of government which would be established in these countries would be that of the soviet republic. This work should go hand in hand with the work which the Communist International aims to perform in the countries which are known as the Great Powers.

"The liberation of the dependent countries," continued Chicherin, "is possible, because in the controlling countries the power of the ruling oligarchies has already become weakened to such an extent that they can no longer command the influence which they had before. On the other hand, the weakening of the colonial power of the oligarchies of the advanced countries hastens the fall of these very oligarchies."

Bidding for World Power

The two movements, in the West and in the East, are thus closely interrelated. The direction of both movements in all their phases is in the hands of a small group, the executive committee, whose influence thus extends into the greatest centers of the world civilization and the remotest corners of savage lands. As the work it directs proceeds, this group gathers in its hands the controlling threads which extend all over the earth and which are intended to give it the power at the proper moment to tear down everything that stands in the way of its undisputed sway over every nook and corner of the earth, which will then become the gigantic object of communist experiments.

We are assured in the resolution on the rôle of the Communist Party that this party must carry on its work irrespective of whether the majority of the population wants it or not. When the Communist Party gains control of governmental power it must use it in the manner in which such power has been used in Russia—for the coercion of the majority, when that majority opposes too strenuously the paradise which is being introduced by the Communist Party.

We are told that eventually the Communist Party will disappear, when classes themselves are no more. When will that be? No one knows; certainly the communists do not. And in the name of what are the masses to submit to the dictatorial rule of such a frankly oligarchic group? In the name of what are they to live in conditions of discipline that approximate slavery and that are termed discipline merely as a euphonious substitute for serfdom? In the name of what should civilization, culture, intellect and morality be forced to bow down and grovel in the dust before ignorance, arrogance and armed force, as we have seen in Russia? Again, no one knows.

The house we live in is dark because its builders, less enlightened than we, have left some of its walls windowless. We are striving after light. Instead of putting windows through the blind walls in order to let in the sun and keep out the elements and the malefactors, we are told to break down the walls, let the roof collapse, so that we may find ourselves amidst these ruins, at the mercy of the elements and the unrestrained forces of our baser nature.

This has been Russia's experience. If the hierarchs of Moscow are successful, this will be the whole world's experience.

(Concluded on Page 145)

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If you prefer to use a shaving soap, as many still do, ask your dealer for Williams' Mug Shaving Soap, or Williams' Barber Soap

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(Concluded from Page 142)

Just as in Russia, a group of men, disguising their actions under lofty and high-sounding phrases, have seized power over the people and for three years have been exercising that power, still under the guise of the same phraseology, in a manner in which no despot has ever dared to exercise authority that was frankly tyrannical, so a group of men are now attempting to obtain similar power over the whole world. We are unmistakably dealing here with a bid for world power. But to what extent is it Moscow's bid? Is it the same group?

Communism is theoretically international, or rather, extranational. Its avowed aim is to destroy national boundaries, make the nations of the world lose their identity, merge them into a unified world state, establish within that state a system of tremendously centralized administration, disguise this ruthless centralization under quasi-democratic forms, manipulate these forms in such a way that the central and supreme power would be always in the hands of a small coterie of men who would be the rulers and the dictators of the world. Since this is so, then what difference does it make whose bid this is nationally? But it does make a difference, for in the process of achieving this so much of our civilization has to be destroyed that the success of this movement endangers not only the political liberty and the economic advance that Western civilization stands for, but also its very foundations of culture and progress. Since the danger is so real, it must be met; and the sources from which its strength and guidance spring are, indeed, matters of importance and concern.

It may have been an accident of history but it is nevertheless too obvious a fact that the center of the world communism is in Russia—specifically in Moscow. The leaders of communism would not have cared particularly where they made their beginning, in what country they established their base. It happened to be Russia; hence Russia is the center. This point of view of the communist leaders was very clearly, if somewhat pompously, set forth by N. Bukharin when he greeted the British Labor Mission in Moscow. In the name of the Communist International, Bukharin said: "We, the international of the triumphant and rapidly rising communism, are bound very closely with the Russian proletariat. But the reason for this is not that we see extraordinary merits or virtues in the Russian proletariat as such, but that the proletariat of the whole world, as well as of Russia, now has at its disposal a powerful, centralized organization, equipped with the mightiest means and instruments of the struggle, and that organization is the Russian soviet republic."

Russian Dominance

With the resources of Russia pledged for the world-wide struggle of communism, the group which controls those resources necessarily plays a commanding rôle in the affairs of the Communist International. This is the group which holds in its hands the power that is represented by Moscow.

Let us see how this rôle of the Russian communist group finds expression in the affairs of the Communist International

The First Congress of the International was almost exclusively Russian. That was natural; that was to have been expected. At the Second Congress at least thirty countries were represented. The number of delegates, as far as one can judge from the reports of the soviet press, was one hundred and sixty-one. Of them, six represented England, five represented Germany, five represented France, five represented the United States, and sixty-seven represented soviet Russia. In the course of the debates, when the question of proportional representation generally was raised at the congress by some of the naive delegates from Western Europe, the congress was assured by G. Zinoviev, the president of the executive committee of the Communist International who is at the same time the dictator of Petrograd — that proportional representation is a mixture of pink water and the deadliest poison — and the congress let the question rest at that.

Every important committee at the congress was headed by a member of the Russian delegation. Every important resolution was presented by a member of the Russian delegation. When a delegate who was not a Russian presented a resolution, and there were debates on it, the last word would always be given to Lenine or Zinoviev or Radek or some other prominent Russian communist, and the resolution would be carried in the form desired by the Russian delegation.

The new executive committee is composed of fifteen men, of whom five are Russian communists, the other important countries being represented by one delegate each. The seat of the executive committee is in Moscow. No wonder that the Dutch communist leader, Wynkoop, expressed frankly his fear that the executive committee of the Third International would be merely an extension of the central executive committee of the Russian Communist Party. Wynkoop has already had experience with Moscow. He was very prominent in the affairs of the Amsterdam bureau of the Communist International, which was set up for the purpose of conducting communist propaganda in Western Europe and was soon after its establishment closed by a peremptory order from Moscow for refusing to obey unquestioningly the latter's directions.

It is that small communist group of Russia's rulers that dominates the whole communist movement. Obviously the first important thing to consider in the defense against the possibility of success of this bid for world power now being made in Moscow is the dislodging of the dominating group from its position of power and prestige. The civil war which is going on in Russia is still the vanguard of this world defense against the encroaching tide of that monstrous thing which has its headquarters in the very heart of Russia.

Light From America

The only ray of light in this very dark and threatening situation that has recently come to pierce the gloom has been the clear statement of America's position on the Russian question, set forth with such admirable definiteness and clarity in the recent declarations of the United States Government. The thing that has been sorely missing since the armistice and the real beginning of the growth of Moscow's power has been a lack of precisely this clarity and definiteness in the approach to the problems represented by Russia and communism. The statement of America's position fixes the world's attention upon the impassable gulf that exists between what democratic civilization stands for and what Moscow communism offers as a substitute, and upon the fact that we are in the very midst of a struggle in which either democracy or disguised despotism, either civilization or savagery will be the victor, and in which a compromise is impossible.

The civilized world still has enough strength to overcome the danger which impends because of Moscow's bid for world power, if it would only use this strength.

The situation which I have sketched briefly in this paper is so huge in its magnitude and almost incredible in the far-flung and penetrating nature of its detail that one is almost tempted to lay the whole thing aside and call it a fairy tale; and indeed it reminds me of that familiar story of the king and his robe.

Once upon a time there was a king whose courtiers assured him that the clothes he was wearing were not suitable to his rank and station. They prevailed upon him to cast these clothes aside and to place the wealth of his realm at their disposal for the tailoring of a robe really suitable for the king. They were unscrupulous, and took all that wealth for themselves. And when the king finally appeared before his people in what he had been led by his courtiers to believe was a resplendent robe a little girl in the crowd of his subjects cried aloud, "But the king is naked!"

The masses of the people all over the world to-day are like that king. The communist leaders, the fanatical among them themselves in the power of the unscrupulous, bend every effort toward convincing the masses that if they would cast aside all of their historic heritage and intrust to communism the making of a new robe, they would indeed be dressed suitably to their station. If life reproduces faithfully the fairy tale which popular imagination has created, may it not be too late, when the little girl—the undying common sense—cries aloud, "But the king is naked!"

There is consolation in the fact that life usually ends its stories differently from the way primitive imagination ends its fairy tales. May the end in this case be for better, not for worse!

Thanksgiving

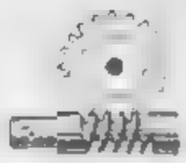
That was a real dinner, Mother. I thought our first Thanksgiving dinner thirty years ago was the best I'd ever eaten, but every one since has been just as good.

Such a dinner calls for a good cigar. That's why Bob and I are smoking Cincos, and you and the girls always say you enjoy the pleasant odor of Cinco as much as we do the smoking of them.

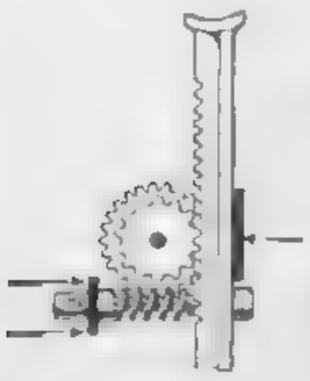
The quality of Cinco never varies. Thank goodness Cinco has been for years, and always will be, the same mild, satisfying cigar—the most restful cigar in America.

STICK TO

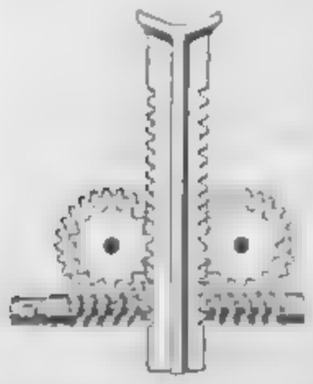
OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS. INC. EST. 1850



The combination of worm and gear exerts great power with minimum effort because of the screw principle. Safe because teeth are constantly in mesh and non-reversible.



The Single Worm must be provided with thrust block as must also the ram to hold it in mesh with the teeth on the lifting gear. These thrust elements create friction and reduced power.



The Double Worm with double ram gear however is a perfectly balanced mechanism. All thrust and side strains are eliminated. The load is handled with minimum friction, maximum power and with least effort.

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DO you have such a tool in your car equipment—a jack that is at once convenient, powerful and easy to operate?

In short, do you have a REES Jack? If you haven't, better get one before your next blow-out gets *you*.

Your jack is a mighty important tool—bear that in mind against the next emergency.

The Rees is the PRACTICAL jack. The double worm gear drive is built into it, giving responsive and vigorous leverage. Rees is as easy to operate as it is powerful.

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See the Passenger Car Model at your garage or dealer's. If he has not the Rees in stock send check or money order with his name and address to us, and you will be supplied at once, prepaid. Price $9.00—west of the Rockies $9.50.

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JACK

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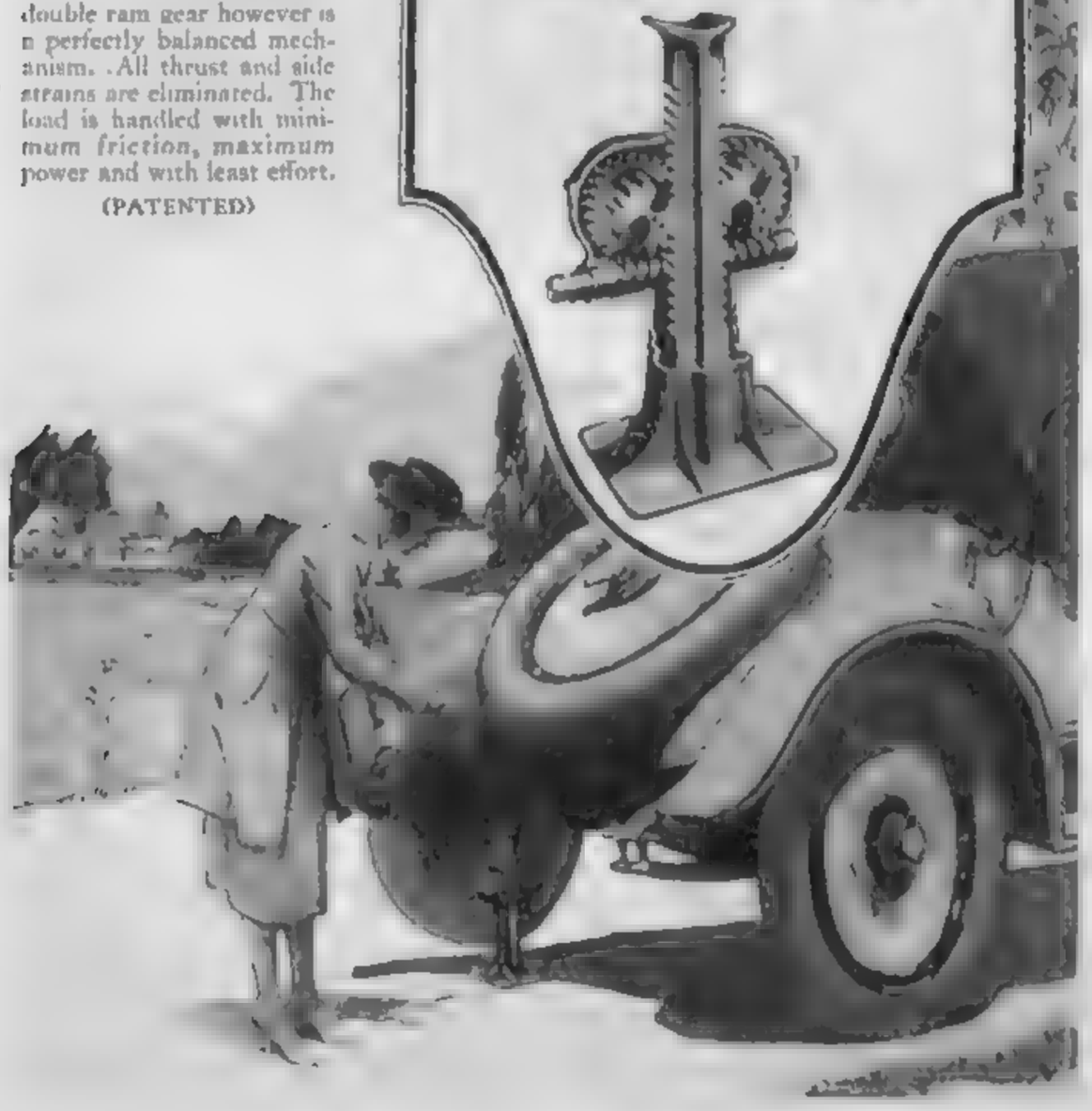


WHEN SOAP BOX MEETS SOAP BOX

(Continued from Page 19)

the visible result of years of work carried on while normal Americans have been asleep on the job. If it were based upon economic truth its persistence would have enabled it to sweep the world long ago. But even now it is vulnerable to the right kind of opposition.

That opposition is not amused tolerance, but systematic participation by normal Americans in what is now a purely one-sided discussion. Radicalism thrives on special pleading and one-sided statement. There is nothing radicals fear more than a sane, unheated statement of their case. They elude open debate whenever possible. It is not necessary to go to Russia for proof that they oppose the free speech so vociferously demanded by themselves, because the case can be proved right at home.

Free speech in the out-and-out radical communities of the United States is regarded with the same deep affection manifested by Comrades Lenine and Trotzky for a free press. Announce a meeting for open discussion of economic questions and radicals in such communities defend the cause vigorously. First, they endeavor to pack the meeting—that keeps out the near radical and honest inquirer leaning their way and eliminates the danger of their becoming confused by hearing the other side of economic questions. If they cannot capture the meeting they endeavor to drown out discussion with noise. If a speaker opposing radicalism procures a hearing and throws the meeting open to discussion, they can still ask long questions amounting to one-sided radical discourses.

It was a meeting of this sort in Detroit, a city where one-sided preaching had made radicalism strong, that resulted in Michigan's legislation against the red flag. A well-known labor man, speaking against radicalism, announced a lecture and discussion in a public hall. His appearance on the platform was the signal for pandemonium, organized by radicals with the thoroughness of the demonstrations at national party conventions. For several hours all effort to address the gathering was prevented by noise, though finally the speaker got a hearing. A week later Catherine Breshkovsky, the Little Mother of the Revolution, appeared in the same hall to lecture on the real workings of soviet government in Russia. That was a story the Detroit radicals didn't want heard! They paid two dollars apiece to pack the hall, and by continuous noise prevented her from getting a hearing at all. But these disorders woke up the state authorities and resulted in publicity and legislation that have hurt the radical cause in Detroit.

Peter Collins on the Stand

Some months ago five socialist members were expelled from the New York State legislature. A good many broad-minded, tolerant Americans feel that constitutional rights were overridden and injustice was done to a minor political party. The action was based on evidence brought out that among other things every socialist who runs for political office must put his resignation into the hands of the socialist organization before election, subjecting himself to secret recall at any time, and also that every socialist is required by the constitution of his party to vote against every measure to uphold the military power of the Government.

But the most interesting point in the Albany case is that the investigating committee called and examined the first expert in radicalism that has ever testified in such proceedings in this country. This expert was kept on the stand three days. The committee quizzed him on technical aspects of socialism, bolshevism, communism, the I. W. W. and radicalism generally. After that he was cross-examined by the counsel for the socialist assemblymen, and their individual attorneys separately, and by each member of the committee.

This witness is Peter Collins, a labor man who for more than ten years has been meeting radicalism in the open, by lecture, discussion and debate. During that time he has spoken forth more than four thousand times, in every state of the Union and every province of Canada. His meetings are always open to anybody who wishes to attend, without admission fee or collection—a striking contrast to radical meetings, where admission is always charged and a collection taken up as well. Many thousands of dollars are gathered in weekly by radical lecturers and publishers. After a lecture in which radical beliefs are analyzed and their true nature shown by quotations from radical writers almost entirely socialistic—Marx, Engels, Liebknecht, Bebel, Bax, Debs, Hunter, and others, foreign and American—the meeting is thrown open for discussion. Anyone in the audience may ask the lecturer a question, which he endeavors to answer. More than ten thousand questions asked at these meetings have been carefully recorded, and give a most interesting insight into public psychology on radical beliefs.

The American public might be compared to a jury which has heard clever special pleaders present only one side of a very interesting case.

Ninety persons out of every hundred in the United States interested in radical philosophies have neither heard the other side nor gone to the original writings upon which such philosophies are based. They are attracted and influenced by misrepresentations of these philosophies. A clear exposition of real radicalism often startles and turns them against it.

More Poison Than Antidote

The notion that radicalism affects chiefly foreigners, workers in industrial centers and dwellers in slums is both widespread and untrue. It is also reaching out into typical American towns, villages and farming districts as well as into the colleges.

In cities—like Detroit—which have drawn upon farming sections for additional labor since 1915, radicalism is very strong. Country boys coming to town, breaking their old moorings, earn good wages and get a taste of excitement. But they also see extravagance and luxury, with bad living conditions due to crowding. The latter are probably temporary. But they make their impression and demand explanation. The radical soap-box orator's explanation is the only one at hand. If they do not see these contrasts he points them out, and teaches them discontent, resentment and self-pity.

The American farmer has his grievances, like everybody else. Just now they seem to be even more acute than the grievances of industrial workers. Wide, unexplained differences between the price he gets for his stuff and that paid by city consumers, losses through war control of food products, wasteful marketing machinery, and the like, have made him discontented. He responded to Uncle Sam's war call for more wool and started a flock of sheep. During the two years required to realize on the crop he has paid high prices for clothing, seen wool speculators and manufacturers grow rich, and then when his wool is ready to sell he finds prices below cost.

The hard facts of life to-day are ready-made material for the radical agitator. He alone seems to have a plausible explanation to offer, and the farmer listens to him and feels sorry for himself.

Radical propaganda is bringing about great changes among negroes, both in the South and in Northern cities with growing negro populations. The negro works under racial as well as economic handicaps. Even in the North he can only follow certain occupations, mostly semiskilled, and is restricted in education, living quarters and other circumstances of his life. Negro grievances are being painted in vivid colors by the radical agitator. General economic handicaps in no way connected with race have been added to them. Discontent is evident to-day wherever negroes live. The soap-box orator speaks, and nobody presents the other side of his issues.

During the past few years radicalism has spread fast among labor organizations. A good many Americans probably regard this as a matter of course, assuming that labor and radicalism go together. But that is a fallacy. Labor unions have a program of social reform which is conservative. They seek higher wages, shorter hours and improved working conditions through organization bargaining, legislation and like

(Continued on Page 149)

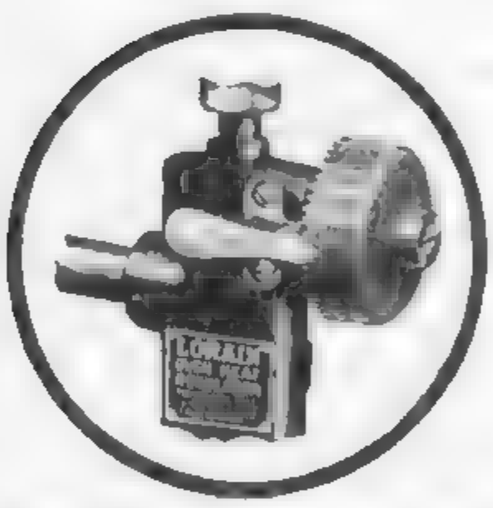
"I put the meal in the oven, set the temperature indicator for five-hour cooking and go to the store to help my husband out, confident that when I get home a complete meal, deliciously cooked, will be ready."

The woman who kept house and helped in her husband's store

"Perhaps my experience with 'Lorain' will help other women to realize what a practical invention this is. My husband keeps a store. In our small town it is hard to get sales-people. I often wished that I might be able to help him out in his rush hours. I never could until I bought a 'Lorain' because I was always tied down by my kitchen duties

"Since I got my 'Lorain' I find that I have plenty of spare time. I get through with all my housework by noon, including the preparation of the evening meal. Then I put the meal in the oven, set the temperature indicator for five-hour cooking and go to the store to help my husband out, confident that when I get home a complete meal, deliciously cooked, will be ready in the oven. In this way, I save him the cost of an extra clerk.

"My cooking has improved since I bought 'Lorain' because I can always have exact measured heat to cook with."



The "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator, which places 44 oven temperatures at your command, insures uniformly good cooking results. No more "unlucky" cooking days.

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

This letter to the American Stove Company reveals a new usefulness for "Lorain." There are doubtless many women who could help their husbands if they had the time. "Lorain" gives them the time. They can prepare a full meal, put it in the oven, with the indicator set for low temperature cooking, and be miles away all afternoon with the comforting knowledge that when they get home "Lorain" will have cooked a perfect meal for them.

Not all women want to work in stores this way, but all women do want more time for relaxation, for sports outdoors, for cultivating physical and mental gifts. They do not dislike cooking, but they do dislike the drudgery of pot-watching. "Lorain" frees them from hanging over a hot stove.

"Lorain" does much more than cook a complete meal unwatched. It makes possible better cookery. It places 44 oven temperatures at your command which makes possible the most exact scientific cooking results. No matter what heat you want in your oven, "Lorain" will give it to you, and will sustain that heat so that it cannot vary, for any length of time.

For baking, where exact temperatures are required according to whether you are making pies, breads, cakes, biscuits, dainties, roasts, etc., this heat-meter insures happy results. There are no "unlucky" baking days with a "Lorain" heat-meter.

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We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available

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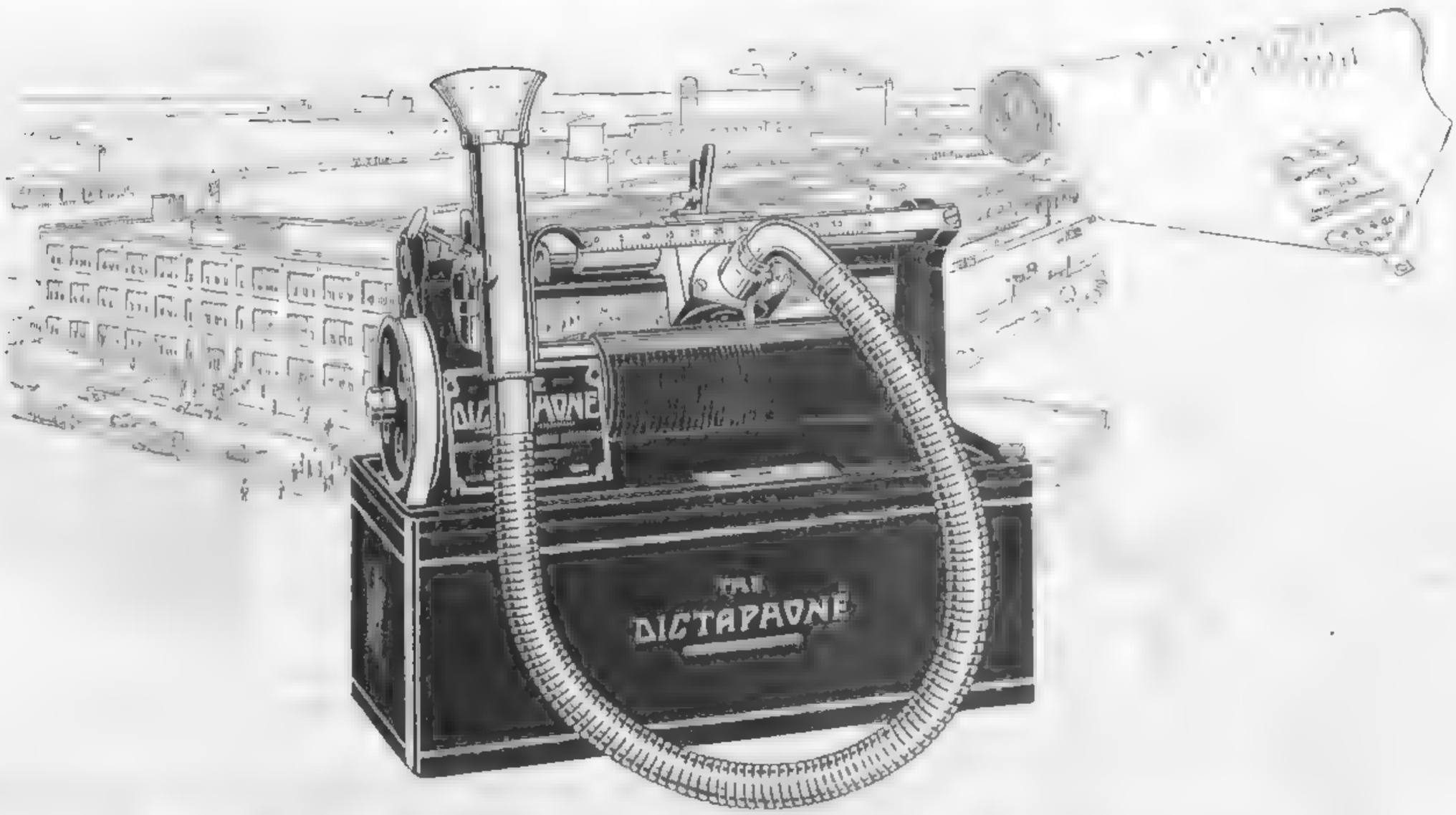

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Statement made by Miss Corinne Sexton, of the Q R S Music Company

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Statement made by Miss Florence Hansen, of the QRS Music Company

"No more last minute rush for me. I get a good part of the letters written while the boss is also dictating. That's easier, and there's less possibility of errors than when transcribing is crowded into the late afternoon. I like The Dictaphone."

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There is but one Dictaphone, trade-marked "The Dictaphone," made and merchandised by the Columbia Graphophone Company

(Continued from Page 146)

orderly means. The idea of revolution does not enter into it anywhere. But their unions have been invaded by radical agitators seeking to use them for revolutionary ends, and much of the recent violence in connection with labor disturbances is attributed to this invasion, against which conservative labor leaders are taking steps to protect their organizations.

The spread of radicalism in our colleges is perhaps most marked of all. The cartoon type of radical, with his whiskers and bomb, has a very limited field of activity—any policeman would arrest him on sight. The college radical, on the contrary, can move in every circle. It is not easy to explain him. Sometimes he is a self-seeker and loves notoriety. Again, his hostility to society is based on envy. Ambitious, but lacking energy, he hates people who succeed through energy, and sours on life. Some of this intellectual radicalism is attributed to the materialism of the age, socialism and similar philosophies being based on the material concept of history. Other observers charge it up to slipshod teaching of history and economics, students lacking the solid grounding that would put superficial radical theories in proper perspective.

There is discontent in our colleges rising from small salaries and difficulty with living problems. The teachings of a radical college professor may have great influence. In one college recently some of the students made a demonstration when a radical professor was dropped from the faculty. But loyalty to the man rather than to his doctrines seems to be characteristic of such cases.

We regard the parlor bolshevist, like the soap-box orator, with amused tolerance. Yet he is dangerous in two ways: First, as an out-and-out revolutionist who will take your property if he gets a chance, enslave or kill you and demonstrate his philosophy along Russian lines generally—though apart from this he may be a very likable fellow. Second, if not an out-and-out revolutionist, then he illustrates the strong intellectual appeal of radical philosophies. These are penetrating many quiet places by means of radical books and periodicals, and often crop up among teachers, clergymen and other leaders of normal American communities. That people who are comfortable themselves should want to make others comfortable, abolishing poverty and privilege, is entirely human and commendable. Granted that, the only debatable point is how to do it. Never having worked with his hands, nor mingled with wage earners, nor been creative or constructive in any way himself, the intellectual radical sees nothing difficult in the revolutionary program of first tearing everything down and then building from the ground up, entirely new.

Classifying Radicals

"No revolution in history was ever started by a workingman," Peter Collins says. "The man who works with his hands is constructive—a builder who knows the cost of building in terms of work, time and patience. Destructive revolutionists have almost invariably come from the intellectuals. Having no experience as manual workers, they are ignorant of these building costs and lightly tear down what the practical worker knows will take years to replace. The working class goes after results through bargaining and adjustment, avoiding violence and understanding that destruction will defeat its ends. This may be disputed, in the face of violence during recent strikes, but it is true of hundreds of labor organizations which have improved conditions the past generation without violence. Labor organizations have been invaded by radical elements seeking to divert them to revolutionary programs and to destroy them along with the employing class."

About the first step in counteracting radicalism through discussion, he adds, is to understand the separate elements in every radical group or gathering. These have become thoroughly familiar to him during ten years of lecturing and discussion before radical audiences.

First in activity, though not in numbers, the out-and-out revolutionist is under no illusions whatever about the philosophy or the program. Radicalism with him may assume various names and forms, but it all means violence and revolution. Idealism seldom enters into his make-up. He is a rough customer, sometimes bordering on the criminal, out to profit by tipping things over. Radicalism is his regular trade, and it pays well in lecture fees, collections, expenses and spoils generally.

Then comes the half revolutionist, with some idealism, but also understanding the real program and willing to tip things over for the common good.

After that the main group, largest in numbers, made up of believers who anticipate a peaceful revolution or believe that the radical program is to be achieved gradually by changes in established government, and the followers who have not yet become avowed radicals, but have grievances or are idealists, and, on the general assumption that the world needs improving, like to hear social questions discussed. Finally, there is a lunatic fringe of the erratic, fanatic and unbalanced.

Most Americans who read, mix with people, take an interest in affairs and watch tendencies, run across radicalism at some time in their lives—usually at an early age. Every intelligent, well-balanced young American might be advised to become a socialist in his youth, and then get over it like the measles. The temporary socialist is usually attracted by the literature. It may be a book like Looking Backward, in which he discovers for the first time that he has blundered into an imperfect world capable of improvement, and is invited to help on the improving job. It may be periodicals or pamphlets, and if he is a college man perhaps he digs into the formidable classics of radicalism, even the ponderous Kapital of Herr Marx himself. But workaday life soon absorbs him. Taking people as they are, with all their self-interest and shortsightedness, he deals with them as people. What originally made these theories fascinating was a streak of idealism in himself. He drops the theories, not because he has lost his idealism but because they seem to call for a new kind of humanity. On the principle that idealism will carry you just as far as you can make it work, he takes people as they come along, and tries to give his work and life an upward slant toward better things.

Unmasking Radicalism

Radicals lightly passing through this measles stage, together with those in whom the malady has been arrested, make up a very large proportion of radicalism in this country.

The best way to deal with radicalism, Collins says, is to let its followers see it at work. Three-quarters of them are deceived by one-sided radical reading and radical pleading, having heard no counterarguments. Their sympathies are roused by shortcomings in the social order, and idealism leads them to desire improvement. They have no suspicion of the antagonism to established government which is really at the bottom of the radical philosophies, or of the violent and revolutionary methods proposed to bring about the radical millennium. When radicalism is publicly unmasked, in meetings and discussions, deluded followers are often horrified, and disavow it, tearing up membership cards in radical organizations.

Unmasking radicalism is simply a matter of going to the writings and actions of radicals themselves, from the classic Marx to the pragmatic Lenine and Trotzky. Marx and socialism are at the bottom of all—communism, syndicalism, the I. W. W., and bolshevism. Socialism proposes in the plainest terms to overthrow present forms of government wherever violence will do the job, to upset and destroy industry, to abolish property and the family, and set up a class government of the workers. Recognizing only the material concept of history, it ignores the spiritual side of man, and though appealing to that spiritual side for the present, would abolish it when the time comes. It preaches class hatred, atheism, materialism. These basic principles are carefully camouflaged in the soap-box propaganda. To attract followers, both the good and bad in average humanity are carefully utilized, with clever adaptations to people and circumstances. At the bottom of it all, however, violent overthrow of society is the indispensable preliminary of radicalism for setting up a vague new order of things. That order has not been clearly defined in the radical classics, but the practical demonstration in Russia is awakening even radicals themselves to some of the basic things in the philosophy they have been advocating for years. For Russian bolshevism is simply socialism in action.

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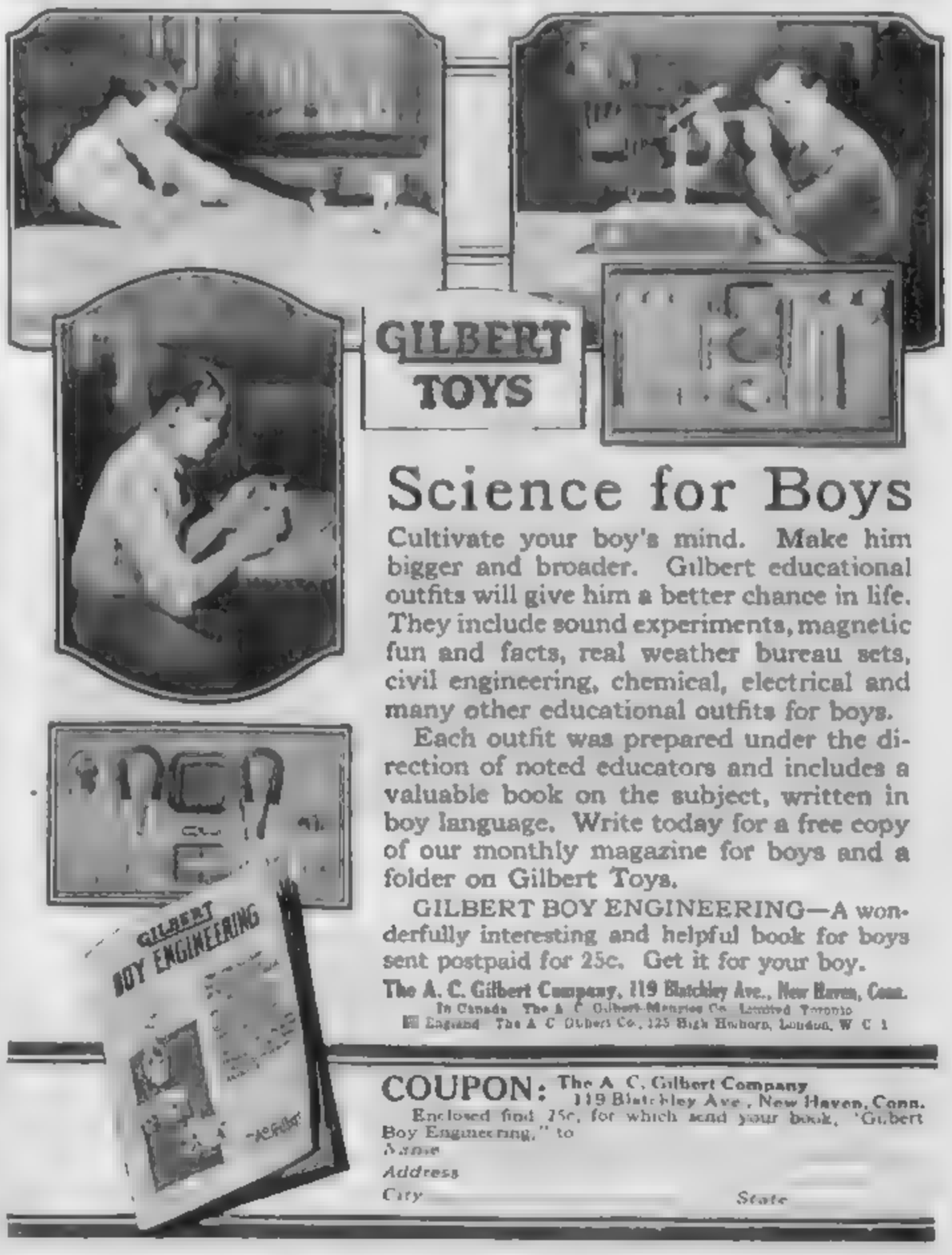

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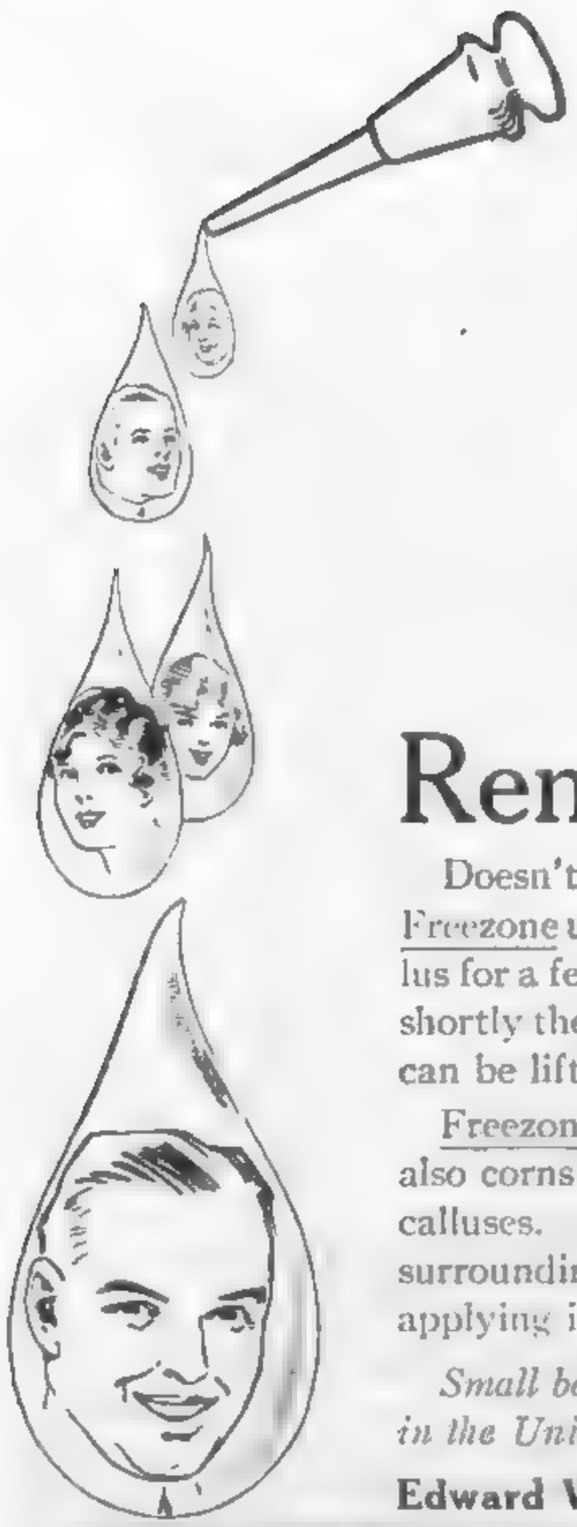

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"And it's so strong, and so convenient. It can't creep or crawl, and never has to be lifted to put on and take off circular garments."

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the most appreciated gift that Five Dollars will buy.

See your dealer and reserve one for wife, mother, daughter or sister.

RID-JID PRODUCTS CORPORATION, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS
Western Factory: Portland, Oregon

Neither force nor pussyfooting can be effective in meeting radical activities. Instead of suppressing the radical philosophies, people ought to have an opportunity to get them at first hand, in all their purity, and know exactly what they are going in for. Suppression simply strengthens the belief of misinformed followers that there must be something in them. The hush-hush spirit is even more futile. Like the politicians' method of ignoring radical minorities, it leaves the field to the special pleader, encouraging growth.

New York State's five socialistic assemblymen were elected by a radical element which had grown up in New York City without fair and open opposition from conservatives. They were unseated, not by changing the beliefs of voters in their own districts, but by mobilizing conservative forces in the state at large. The best service rendered by the investigation was bringing out facts about radicalism that woke many people to its real character.

What happened in New York, say those who are familiar with the growth of radicalism, is pretty nearly due to happen in other communities which have reached the same development in radicalism. Detroit, Toledo, Minneapolis, Butte, Seattle, Winnipeg, Toronto and Vancouver are radical strongholds, with turbulent minorities ready to upset things. Milwaukee, with its socialistic city government, is popularly regarded as extremely radical. On the contrary, observers pronounce it almost conservative, because success in gaining office has landed socialists in city jobs, and this new order of society is so satisfactory that they do not want to be turned out of office by a revolution. Boston's disorder during the police strike last year was not of a radical nature, but chiefly an outbreak of criminals and rowdies taking advantage of the situation.

The most practical way of dealing with the soap-box orator and everything he stands for and all that is behind him is to go right out into his territory, take his soap box and his audience and meet his arguments with facts.

That social conditions are not ideal can readily be admitted. There are grievances, but everybody has them. However, when the social advances made under our form of government are contrasted with those made by radicals, it is plain to the average American that the latter offer chiefly promises. Given the facts, there is plenty of sense in the average American. His idealism and desire for a better world will not allow him to run along revolutionary lines. If he has become a near-radical it is usually because he hasn't been getting the facts, and because people who stand for orderly progress and are working to make a better world through established American institutions have not answered radical claims.

Tireless Talkers, but Poor Debaters

In Detroit radicalism is being met by volunteer speakers. The Knights of Columbus have organized there the largest council of their order in the world, with eight thousand members. Instead of suppressing or ignoring the soap-box reformer, his methods are being adopted. Speakers go out into his territory, ask for the privilege of his soap box, and talk to his audience. These speakers are trained to state the case against every radical belief and to answer questions.

This adds interest to soap-box meetings and appeals to the American sense of fair play and a fair hearing for all sides. Soap boxes are plentiful. If the radical orator does not extend the platform courtesy, rival meetings are easily started, and conservative soap-box activity carried into fresh territory heads him off or puts him on the defensive.

Contrary to popular notions, most radicals are far from being good debaters. They are continually talking, talking, talking, but only on their own side. It is assumed that practice must have made them alert on every point, ready with the crushing reply. As a matter of fact, they are propagandists, speaking mostly to believers who never question their statements. Once interested in the new social philosophy, followers confine their reading chiefly to its publications, and become as one-sided in their information and views as the most hidebound follower of the old political parties. Facts on the other side often have, to them, the interest of news. There is always the interest of hearing answers to what they have been led to believe is unanswerable.

One of the most convincing features of radicalism is that it proposes to do something to make the world better. Any opposition that stops at mere refutation of radical arguments, therefore, is as negative and futile as force or silence.

Four years ago radicalism became so strong in Bridgeport, Connecticut, that quarantine measures were taken to prevent its spread to neighboring communities. The job was first handed over to the police. Good citizens in Bridgeport did not like to mention the local unrest for fear publicity would give the city a bad name. In the end, however, the cure was found neither through force nor silence. Investigation proved that radicalism rested on grievances. War had made the town a munition center. Thousands of workers, with their families, had been added to the population. Shortage of houses made living conditions intolerable, despite war wages. So the business men of Bridgeport began building houses. A corporation was formed by manufacturers, merchants, bankers and public-service companies. Capital was subscribed, limited to six per cent earnings, and put behind a housing plan. Including government housing activities, new homes were provided for seventeen hundred families. Rents ranged from eighteen and a half dollars to forty-six dollars a month, or houses were purchasable from fifty-two hundred dollars to ten thousand dollars, on installments. To-day Bridgeport is reported as crowded but orderly. Radicalism has subsided to a degree that justifies the town's housing slogan: "The home of the workingman is the balance wheel of democracy."

If that section of New York called—more vaguely than people suppose—the East Side could be set down somewhere by itself it would form a city certainly larger than Cleveland and perhaps as large as Philadelphia. That this East Side should have built up an industry characteristic of itself which will this year turn out one billion dollars' worth of products is little realized by the nation.

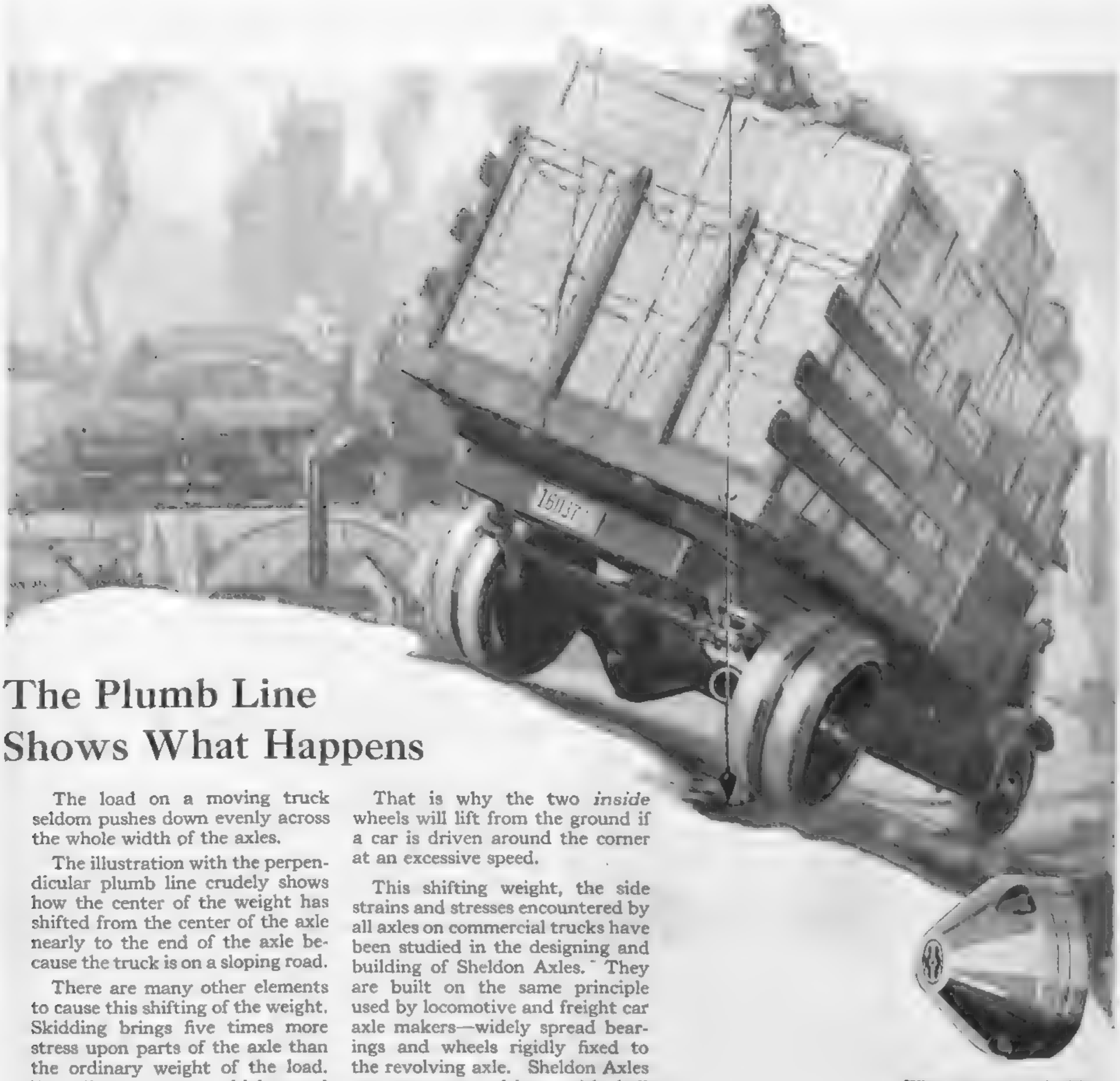
The Needle-Trade Workers

The needle trades are synonymous with the East Side, and the term is vague, because the nine hundred thousand Jewish and five hundred thousand Italian people more or less connected with that industry are now scattered through other parts of the city. Who they are, where they came from, why they came, what their living conditions and political ideas were before setting out for America, what they think now, what they have accomplished and what they want—few of us have been interested enough to inquire. Almost the first businesslike study of New York's needle trades has lately been published—a book entitled The New Unionism, by two labor experts, J. M. Budish and George Soule. The authors deal with East Side radicalism to-day and show how it has grown up among immigrants originally conservative. More than half the needle-trade workers are Jewish, and about one-third Italian. The industry has less than seven per cent native Americans among its employees and employers. The Jews came from agricultural countries with few industries, in Eastern Europe—Russia, Poland, Austria and the Balkan States. Barred by law from farming and the professional and administrative classes, they became traders, shopkeepers, artisans and money lenders. There was a large proportion of skilled tailors, dressmakers and furriers among them when they arrived. In business they were independent, self-reliant, ambitious, able to take care of themselves in competition. Their literacy was far above the average. Few had ever been wage earners in factories. The freedom that they sought in America was largely economic—they came here to make money.

The Italians, too, came from South Italy, where they were farmers, laborers, servants and artisans—among the latter a large proportion of people who already knew needle trades. They also came here for economic freedom—to escape taxation, landlordism and crowding at home, and to make money.

Landing in New York, handicapped by language, isolated from Americans and typical American industries, their energy was directed to the garment trades. With

(Concluded on Page 153)



The Plumb Line Shows What Happens

The load on a moving truck seldom pushes down evenly across the whole width of the axles.

The illustration with the perpendicular plumb line crudely shows how the center of the weight has shifted from the center of the axle nearly to the end of the axle because the truck is on a sloping road.

There are many other elements to cause this shifting of the weight. Skidding brings five times more stress upon parts of the axle than the ordinary weight of the load. Rounding corners at high speed momentarily slews the weight out of line, lifts it from one side of the axle and throws it to the other.

That is why the two *inside* wheels will lift from the ground if a car is driven around the corner at an excessive speed.

This shifting weight, the side strains and stresses encountered by all axles on commercial trucks have been studied in the designing and building of Sheldon Axles. They are built on the same principle used by locomotive and freight car axle makers—widely spread bearings and wheels rigidly fixed to the revolving axle. Sheldon Axles are worm-gear driven with ball bearings that never need adjustment. Made for trucks from ½ to 5-ton capacities.

When you see a truck with these torpedo-shaped hub caps and double anchor trade mark—it has Sheldon Axles.

SHELDON AXLE AND SPRING COMPANY, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Manufacturers of Sheldon Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Trucks and Automobiles

Sheldon Axle

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Makes wood endure

Wood is one of the most perishable of industrial necessities.

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It saves costly replacements and returns corresponding profit under conditions where timber is exposed to attack by bacteria, fungi or similar agencies which cause wood to decay.

The New Jersey Zinc Company produces Zinc Chloride which fully meets the specifications of the American Wood Preservers' Association, and aids in saving millions of dollars yearly, as well as in enhancing conservation of our timber supplies.

This is only one of our economic activities in the service of American industry. New Jersey Zinc Oxide in paint gives equal protection to structural wood, both for exterior and interior use; and through the scientific production of high-grade zinc pigments, chemicals, and metal products, this Company serves many lines of manufacture with materials just as indispensable to the economic production of their wares.

The coöperation of our Research Department is at the service of all our customers seeking to effect greater economy and to increase their output through the use of Zinc products.

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The world's standard for Zinc products

New Jersey Zinc

(Concluded from Page 150)

enterprise and experience, many of them became employers. The newly arrived greenhorn was exploited by his own countrymen, not only in wages and working conditions but in the slum dwelling where he lived under a landlord of his own nationality. As the industry developed it was exploited in turn by Americans, speculators in real estate, who drove it from section to section of the city, saddled it with high overhead expenses and brought it into disfavor by ruining each new section that it invaded. Nobody seemed to take any interest in the troubles of these people. Even the labor organizers in the characteristic American industries ignored them. So they were left to work things out themselves, and their struggle for better conditions took a radical trend. Instead of the straight business bargaining and gradual betterment through legislation typical of labor organizations in other industries, they concentrated upon a socialistic program. Their outlook was limited. Work, wages, hours, housing and opportunity were clearly wrong. Radical agitators easily persuaded them that the whole American political system was wrong. Set down by themselves in the slums of a great city, they lacked knowledge and skill in using American institutions to procure better conditions.

In working out their own betterment they have procured results by bargaining, arbitration, legislation—American results through the established system chiefly. Their future program, however, is frankly socialistic—nothing less than state ownership of their own industry and allied industries. It would probably take a plebiscite to show how many needle-trade workers anticipate a peaceful revolution and how many believe the change will come about otherwise, but they believe a change absolutely necessary.

Meanwhile constructive forces are at work among needle-trade manufacturers. Recently they have come together on a plan to erect coöperative factory buildings in an undeveloped section of the city. This gives the industry strength by bringing it together. The old migrations under the real-estate speculator will stop because the new center is permanent. There will be a decided saving in overhead expense. The real handicap of the industry to-day is its seasonal nature, with idleness part of the year for workers, and fluctuations in fashion and prosperity adding to employment difficulties. The same business ability which is now dealing with concentration of the industry can unquestionably deal with its seasonal fluctuations. One significant fact is that our needle-trade products, as peculiarly American as our typewriters and adding machines, as yet hardly exported at all, may find in foreign markets one solution of the industry's seasonal handicaps. Sounder economic knowledge, better business methods and closer contact with Americans and American institutions seem to promise much more than radicalism—certainly more than revolution.

The Test of Results

A good many people view the soap-box orator with alarm, and would suppress him. But it is evident that the situation calls for more soap boxes, with a little more variety in the doctrine preached therefrom. The answer to radicalism, however, is not simply counterstatement. Some things are wrong in every community. Radicalism usually grows where conditions call most urgently for betterment. Radical heat and class hatred can be dissipated best by setting everybody at work to improve conditions.

The whole appeal of radicalism can be expressed in one word, familiar in business—"results."

"Your present system of government is not giving you results," it preaches. "Change the system immediately, and let us manage it for you. We will give you more to eat and wear, a better house to live in, shorter working hours, more education, more entertainment."

Exactly what it has done in Russia, however, or anywhere else, radicals themselves all over the world begin to see and admit frankly.

"Given six months' operation, this philosophy will put itself into bankruptcy," was Herbert Hoover's prediction when Bolshevism first attained power in Russia.

Three years have passed. Bolshevism is still in power, but it is also bankrupt. Radicals themselves have investigated and disavowed it on results. Ultimately the system must fall in Russia, because it is unworkable. Its hundreds of thousands of city dwellers and industrial workers, misled by the fallacious teaching that they alone are producers, cannot even make commodities with which to purchase food from the one hundred and twenty million soil dwellers of Russia, the peasants who will not exchange bread and meat for theories or paper rubles. When it falls, or how, is not important, but fall it must. The longer Bolshevism persists the greater will be its ultimate deficit among liberals and industrial workers everywhere, and the wider their recognition that present schemes of government are flexible enough for all purposes of improvement when people know how to use them to the utmost advantage. There will still be, of course, deluded people who feel that the Russian soviets were suppressed by capitalism, and will want to try the experiment all over again; and the self-interested agitator, preaching false economics and stimulating one-sided sociological thinking for his own ends, will be with us always.

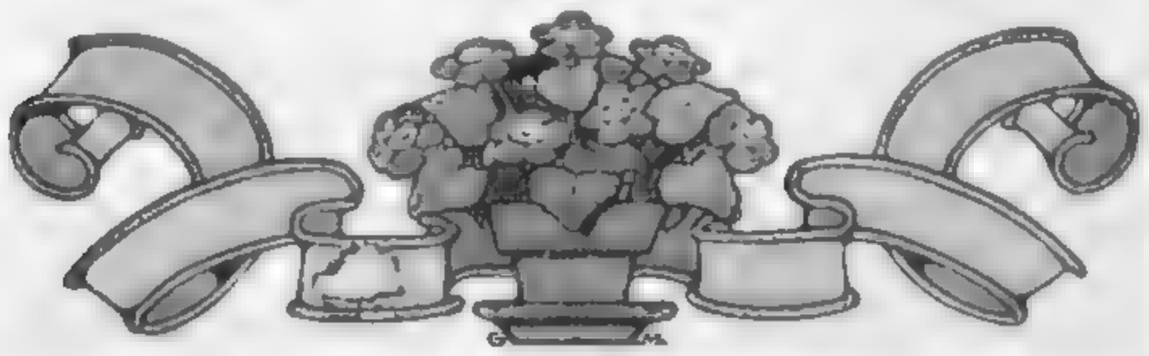
Americanism as a Cure

Radicalism is not the first fallacy upon which the American people have cut a wisdom tooth. Concentrate enough attention and discussion upon Bolshevism, populism, greenbackism, bimetallism or similar something-for-nothing schemes, and American sense will disprove them forever. The response to the soap-box orator shows widespread interest in economics and government. If it is made broad enough and sound enough there will be results in better citizenship, the more direct application of individual ability to community problems, a better knowledge of what will work and what won't. Radicalism proposes to attain many generations of growth overnight by destructive means. The thing will no more work in government than in physiology. But a great many people honestly believe it will when they first hear about it, and until they have facts on the other side, the long perspective of history and human progress, and a clear idea of what is humanly possible, radical theories will pass at face value.

The latest word in medical theory is glands. Yesterday it was blood pressure or suppressed wishes; the day before adenoids or Metchnikoff's microbes. To-day glands promise to explain everything from Willie's backwardness in school to the fat lady and the circus giant. And it may well be, the doctors say, that radicals are unbalanced, not mentally, but in the suprarenal region. Feed his starved glands with their counterparts taken from a sheep, and the soap-box orator will stop talking and seek the employment department. Maybe so.

But feed the glands of conservative progress too!

Straight Americanism is perhaps a little old-fashioned, but it has cured worse troubles than those of the nation to-day, and will cure these if honestly applied. Americanism is not too delicate, exclusive or complex for soap-box demonstration. It has a long record of results behind it, and far greater possibilities for future growth than any of the radical panaceas. Feed it up, and make the soap box its great outdoor dispensary.



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All those who depend upon their feet for a part of their success need *Jung's XXX Arch Braces.*

They strengthen and support the muscles. Correct fallen arches and foot-strain. Relieve tired and aching feet instantly; prevent that broken-down feeling.

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FROM inside the car, curtains can be attached or detached easily and quickly when equipped with the "Lift-the-Dot" fastener.

It is especially handy on front curtains. Holds them securely around the wind shield, keeping out wind and rain.

"Lift-the-Dot" is self-locking on three sides—cannot pull loose accidentally—yet opens by simply lifting the fourth side, the side with the dot. It is but one of six fasteners in "The Dot Line", which includes a fastener for every need. Full information upon request.

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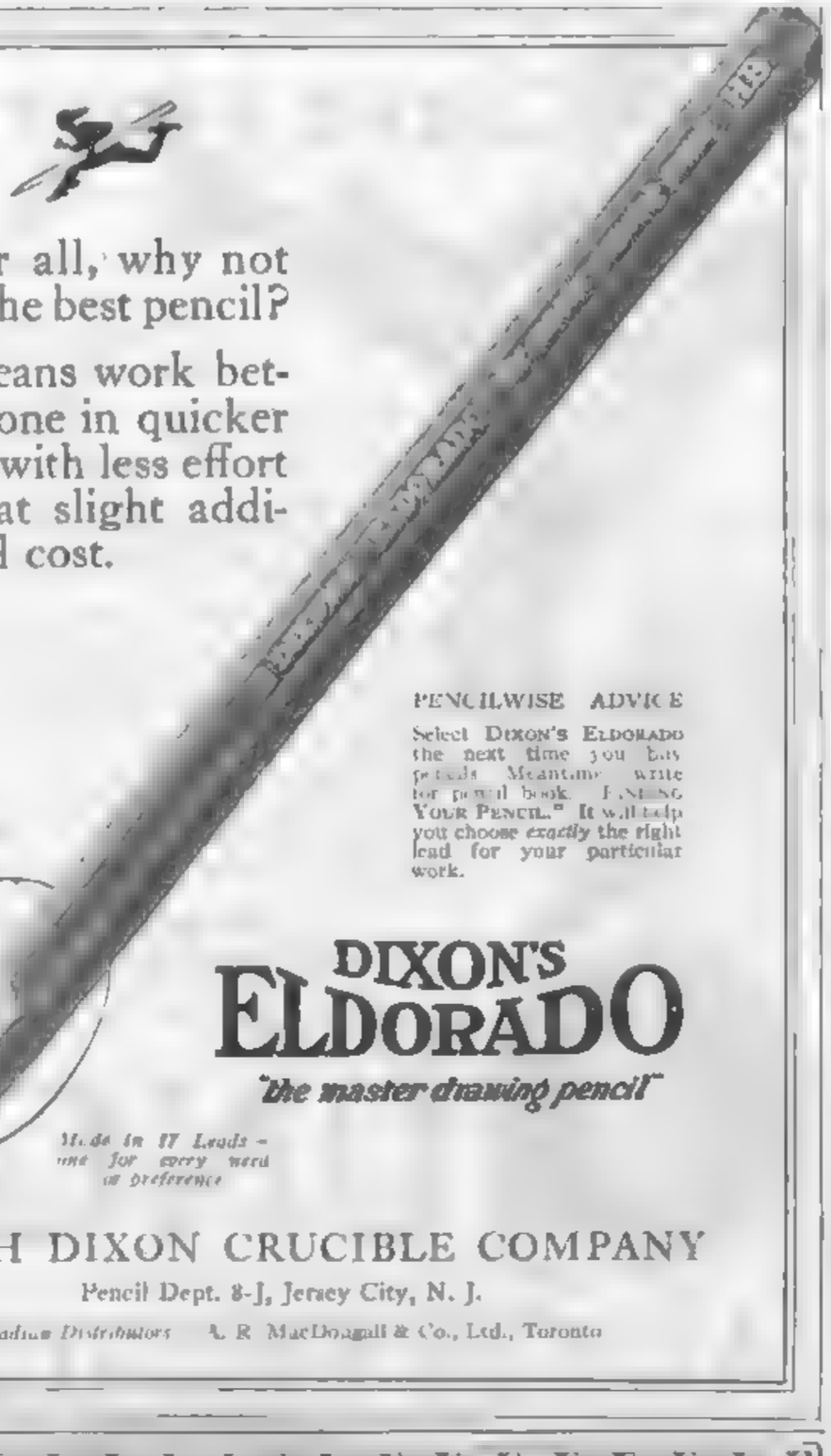

After all, why not buy the best pencil?

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A SILLY THING TO DO

(Continued from Page 17)

For a while I babbled away about what I had done at school, but it came over me that she wasn't listening very attentively.

"It's rather a feather to have won the Aitchin Schol.," I said.

"Must be," she nodded. "I'm glad he'll have someone to be pleased with."

"He?"

"Ralph."

"But why do you say that?"

"Don't know."

"Sounded as if he wouldn't be pleased with you."

"P'raps he won't."

"I say, Gerry, what's up?" I demanded. "You keep saying things I don't get the hang of."

"Nothing's up, Dennis. Just at present stock is very low."

She looked at me, then fired a direct question: "Dennis, have you ever been a disappointment to your father?"

"Chuck it," I said. "You're not going to come the heavy stepmother on me."

"I asked seriously."

"Oh, I don't know. P'raps, but not on purpose."

And I told her the yarn about the gambling business. I thought she looked even paler when I had finished.

"Did he forgive you?"

"Yes, rather. You see I promised I wouldn't touch another gamble at school."

"I see—and you kept your promise?"

"Yes, I have."

"Supposing you'd broken it?"

"I shouldn't have, because ——"

"Well?"

"I think he'd have been most awfully cut up."

"And you'd have hated that?"

"Of course."

Gerry rose and stood by the mantelpiece.

"I suppose it's easy for some people to do the right thing." She rapped with her foot. "It's jolly easy for others not to. Dennis, can you recognize the rebellion germ when you see it?"

"Rebellion germ?" I repeated.

She nodded.

"Someone shakes a head and says 'Be careful! The ice won't hold!' And you snap your fingers and slide across it."

"Oh, rather. I've done that."

"It isn't perverse, you know—only silly and independent; but it's so jolly hard to go home afterward and shiver before the fire while your wet clothes are steaming on the rack. That someone thinks you did it because you've no sense of right—that someone can't understand it was because you wanted to be right yourself—or be a help. There! That's lunch—come along."

"Gerry," I said, "I think you've forgotten our pact. You promised to let me help you if ever you were in need."

"But I'm not," she answered.

"Then answer me one question and I won't bother you again."

"Go ahead."

"Is—is there anything wrong between you and the guv'nor?"

She hesitated, then: "There isn't anyone in the world I love so much or I want to please more. If I'm down it's on my own account."

"Well then, why ——"

"Full stop," said Gerry, and taking my arm led me in to lunch.

I was pretty bucked when later in the afternoon I got a wire from the guv'nor saying he would be at Charing Cross at ten-thirty next morning. "Bravo you for earning the bike," he wrote. "We'll buy it to-morrow or burst."

Gerry had a wire, too, which read rather mysteriously: "Everything O.K. So don't worry any more."

I asked what it meant.

"Only that I'm much luckier than I've any right to be," she answered, and that was all.

I got up bright and early next morning and wandered into the drawing-room to have a glance at The Mirror.

I didn't notice Gerry until I almost stumbled upon her. She was seated at the writing table, her head in the angle of her arm, and her little shoulders shaken with dry silent sobs.

"Gerry, Gerry!" I cried. "Gerry, what is it?"

For answer she sat up quickly, snatched at two or three opened letters that lay on the flap before her, and dropped them into the drawer. She turned the key in the lock, withdrew it and put it in one of the pigeonholes

"You shouldn't have come in like that—you startled me."

"I'm sorry—I didn't know ——"

"It's all right—it's nothing. I—I'll go and finish dressing." She turned at the door. "I think you'd better go and meet Ralph at the station. I—I'm too miserable with myself."

"But, Gerry, it 'ud hurt him frightfully if you weren't there."

"Oh, let me alone!" she wailed, and the door closed.

To this day I don't know whether I acted rightly or wrongly. I only know I felt sure the two people I cared for most were drifting apart. There is a wholesome enough code about touching private correspondence, but there was never a code invented which covered every possibility. That's why I found myself unlocking Gerry's table drawer before I had time to realize the rights or wrongs of the case. The first letter I picked up was enough for me:

"*Dear Mrs. Casement:* I shall feel obliged if you would forward your cheque for £70 before the 27th inst. I trust that your unlucky bank will not discourage you from another visit to our tables."

It was signed "P. Babcock" and in the top right-hand corner was embossed an ace of spades and an address in the West Cromwell Road.

I put the letter back in the drawer and returned the key and sat down to think. Gerry had been gambling, and she couldn't pay. Sooner or later she would have to tell father. Of course I reasoned all wrong, but I guessed she was frightened to make the confession. Perhaps, like myself, she had promised to have nothing to do with gambling and knew what a stab it would give him to know she had broken her word. Poor little kid, and this ought to have been such a rippingly happy day for her too. I was certain she had meant no harm and probably had just tumbled accidentally into a gambling set and been thoroughly dunned. A wild desire to go round and punch the head of P. Babcock came over me, but there was no good in that notion. The money was owing and someone would have to parker up. Then I thought of my promise to Gerry, and with the thought came an idea. It was a good idea, but perhaps I shan't be blamed if I didn't jump at it and instead wasted time sorting my mind for a possible alternative. I came back to it at last, driven, I suppose, by the extremity of the situation. There was no other way that I could see and when I walked into the dining room I was resolved to follow it.

Gerry came in two minutes after and I tackled her straight away.

"Look here," I said, "you've got to come to the station, and what's more you've got to say nothing over Christmas about what's been worrying you."

"Any more orders?" said she.

"No, that's all. But as a favor I ask you to make the guv'nor's homecoming a cheery one. You're too much of a sport to refuse that."

"Did you ever hear Ralph say put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day?"

"He doesn't know everything," I answered. "You will do what I ask, won't you?"

"All right, have it your own way," she nodded.

The guv'nor looked tremendously fit, and I never saw him in better fettle. He was no end bucked about the Aitchin Scholarship.

"I think we'll have to put a side car on that motor bike," he said.

Gerry helped him unpack, and from the dining room where I was waiting I heard them chattering away like a couple of kids over the job. Presently he drifted in to me for a glass of sherry and a biscuit, and I chose that moment for the ordeal.

"I'm awfully pleased about you, old chap," he said. "It's first rate. Getting your remove is good too. I won't keep you talking now, as I expect you're crazy to get on with this shopping expedition."

I crossed over to the door and closed it.

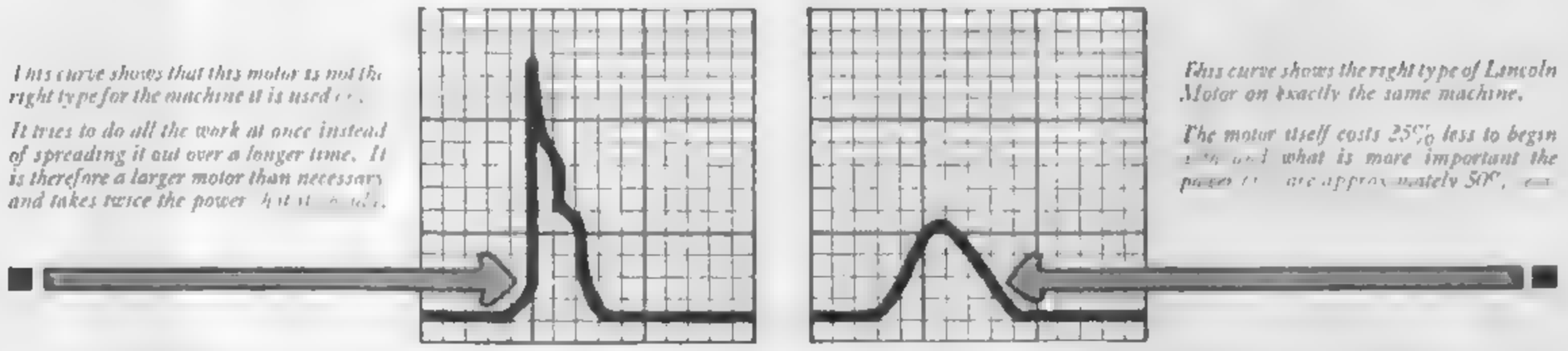
"There's something I wanted to say first," I blurted out.

"Well? On you go!"

(Continued on Page 157)

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS

What The Right Motor Means To Your Pocketbook


This curve shows that this motor is not the right type for the machine it is used on.
It tries to do all the work at once instead of spreading it out over a longer time. It is therefore a larger motor than necessary and takes twice the power that it should.
This curve shows the right type of Lincoln Motor on exactly the same machine.
The motor itself costs 25% less to begin with and what is more important the power bills are approximately 50%

Do you know what it means to *your* pocketbook to get the right electric motor on a piece of machinery?

The illustration above shows one actual instance out of thousands where firms are buying bigger motors and paying larger power bills than they should.

Such waste is not the fault of any one in particular. It simply results from the old system of taking a machine with an arbitrary and inaccurate horse-power rating and trying to drive it with an electric motor which rates "about the same."

There is a scientific way to select a motor for a machine so that the two will absolutely fit and do the maximum amount of work at the lowest possible cost for power. That is by actually trying the two together and checking the result.

Lincoln Engineers, because they specialize on this one subject, can select motors for a machine by this scientific method. They work with the machinery manufacturer—test out motors on machines in actual operation—measure the results with delicate instruments.

Then they recommend a motor of correct type and size for each model of machine—even design a special motor if that be necessary—and guarantee that motor to do the work in the best way, at the lowest power cost.

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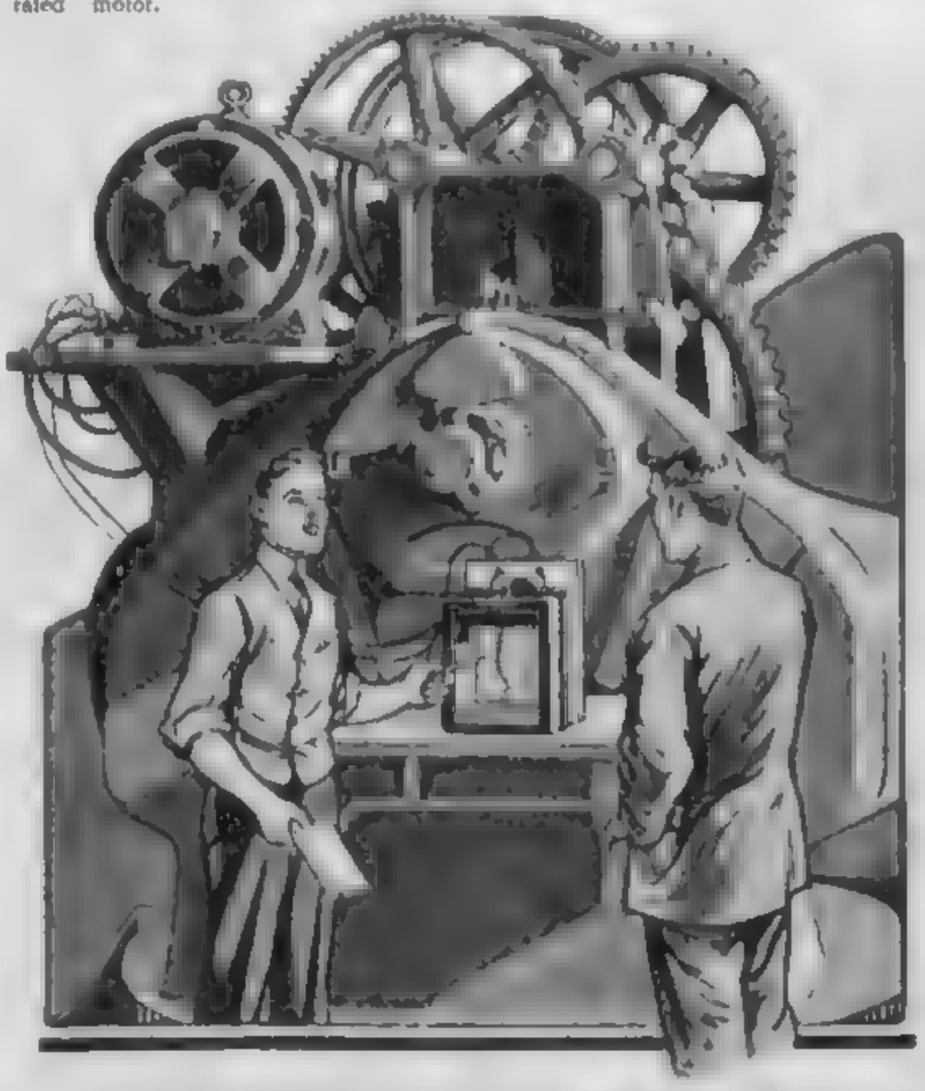
Lincoln Motors are 40 degree motors—their capacity for work is approximately 25% greater than the "continuous rated" motor.



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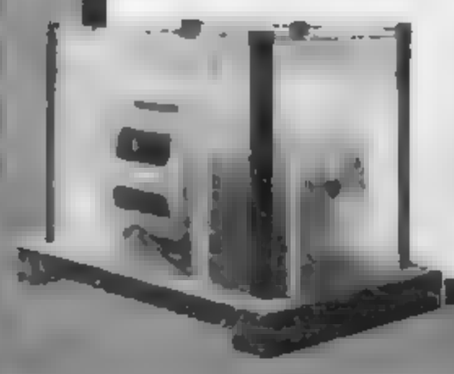

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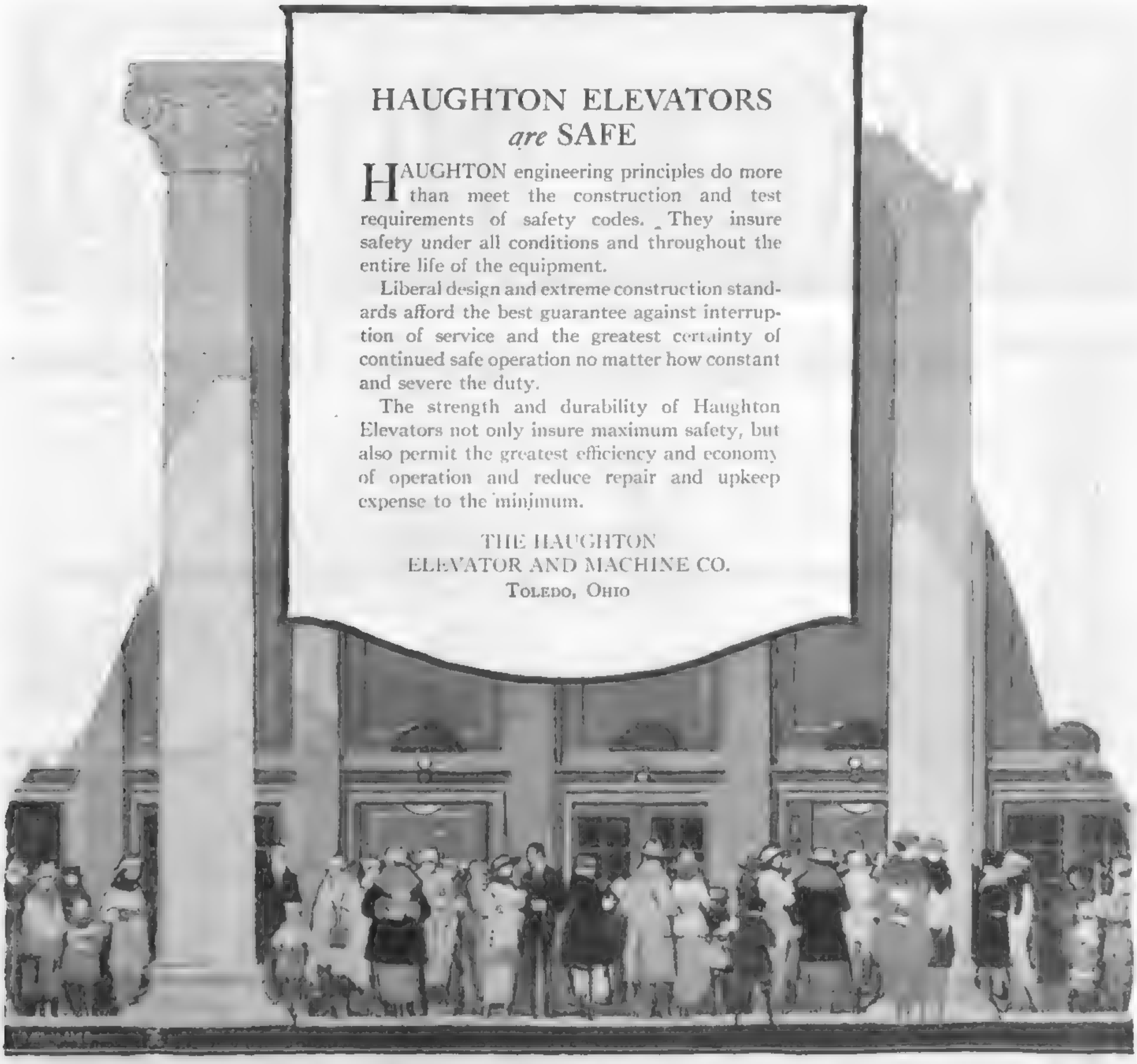

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HAUGHTON ELEVATORS

(Continued from Page 154)

"It—it's about—oh, look here, you remember that beastly gambling business?"

"Pff! We buried that ages ago."

"N-no—not altogether," I said

He shot a queer glance at me, then shook his head.

"My dear old fellow, when you gave me your word off your own bat that you'd never touch another card at school I knew there was nothing more to worry about on that score."

I grabbed at a straw—a very wispy one.

"It—it was a roulette board," I stammered

I had seen his mouth go hard before on one or two occasions, but never for anything I had done. Ugh! How I hated it.

"That's rather a miserable quibble, Dennis," he said slowly

"I know," I answered. "You you don't think I'm proud of myself!"

He lit a cigar and wandered toward the window. The silence seemed to last for ages.

"Aren't you going to say anything, Dad?"

"I'm doing my best," he answered, "to find what solace I can in the fact that you told me."

I knew how perfectly rotten my reply was bound to appear.

"I had to—because—because I lost such a lot."

The look on his face when he turned round almost made me chuck the whole business and tell him the truth.

"Oh, so that's the way of it? How much?"

I mumbled the amount under my breath.

"Seventy pounds," he repeated. "Seventy?"

Then it was that lying seemed to come easily and I told a rotten story about a rich chap I'd been playing with who'd taken the money off me.

"And he threatens," I added, "to write to the Head if I don't pay up straight away."

I received a very emphatic answer to that.

"Does he want to get expelled himself, then?"

One lie gives the lead to another.

"He left school this term," I replied.

It was characteristic of my father that he never asked the fellow's name.

"You gave him IOU's?"

I shook my head.

"Then he's no proof."

"None."

"And that never occurred to you as a solution?"

I flamed up.

"I shouldn't have thought you'd make a rotten suggestion like that!"

"I asked you," he said pointedly. "The sample of honesty you've given me is pretty imperfect."

And that was true enough, too. I dropped my head.

"And so," he went on, "you expect me to frank the debt?"

"Yes," I mumbled.

"I see—you break the rules and your word, and I pay. Is that the idea?"

"It's a debt of honor."

"I won't discuss the honor," he said, "except to remind you that that kind of debt should be met by the person who contracts it."

"I haven't the money, dad."

"Then you must raise a mortgage."

"There's nothing I can mortgage."

"I had put aside rather more than that sum to buy you a motor bike."

I saw then what he was driving at.

"Oh, dad!" I gasped.

"Anything wrong with the suggestion?"

It wouldn't have been so bad if I hadn't told some of my particular pals that I was going to have the motor bike. Selbourne and Cuffley both had them, and we'd fixed a run together for Boxing Day. Besides, I never had wanted a thing so much before.

The guv'nor put the question again.

"No," I blurted out; "it's fair enough"

He took out his note case and counted seven tenners upon the table.

"Take 'em," he said, "and get it into your head that I'm no better pleased to spend the money this way than you are. I think we can call it a disappointment all round." Then all of a sudden his voice went queer. "Oh!" he said. "Why did you give me your word?"

I just picked up the notes mechanically and put them in my pocket. At the door he turned, took a brace on himself, and said: "You can count yourself lucky I was able to pay. I didn't tell you before, but things have been touch and go. If I hadn't been on the spot at the right moment we should have gone under good and hard."

"If I'd known ——" I began

"I'll do you the credit to believe that," he cut in. "I left you in ignorance because I didn't want to worry you Gerry knew."

"Gerry knew?" I repeated.

But before he had time to answer, Gerry, wrapped in furs, came into the room.

"Taxi's waiting!" she cried. "We ought to hurry"

"I'll just get my coat," said the guv'nor, and went out.

"Hurry up, Dennis!"

"I'm not coming," I said.

"But we're going to Great Portland Street after lunch."

"I'm not going to buy a motor bike."

"Not going to buy "

"No. Gerry, did you know the guv'nor had been nearly broke?"

"'Course I did"

"And yet ——" I began.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

The guv'nor came in, buttoning his coat.

"Ready," he said.

"Ralph, what's wrong with Dennis? He says he's not coming out."

"I expect he has something else to do. Come along, dear."

I heard the front door slam and presently, from below, the hum of a taxi moving up the street.

Looking back I'm not really so ashamed of having blubbed. I'd let the guv'nor think me an absolute outsider. I'd done myself in for the bike, and, worst of all, Gerry had known all along that things were dicky, and in spite of that had fooled about and lost money when it was needed. Oh, Lord, that was a rotten day! After a bit I pulled myself together, stuck the notes in an envelope with a few lines to say where they came from, and registered it at the post-office at the corner of the street. Then I came home to a solitary lunch of cold mutton—pretty near the bone—and an afternoon without a soul to speak to.

It was after six before the guv'nor and Gerry returned. He had been making a great effort to seem in form, but I guessed it was only a sham. What I had told him earlier in the day had done away with his real high spirits. Gerry, too, in spite of her laughter and talk, had the air of being worried and nervous. I was frankly too miserable to pretend to be otherwise, and as soon as I could manage it slipped off to change for dinner.

While I was changing the guv'nor came into my room to me.

"Look here," said he, "the thing's over, Dennis, and there's no good brooding over it. We'll get it out of our heads as soon as we can."

"Are you likely to get it out of yours?" I blurted out.

"I shall do my best. Let's shake hands."

"No," I stammered. "You're only trying to be decent—but you think all the time I've behaved like a bounder."

He didn't answer that and I couldn't blame him.

"I've offered to shake hands," he repeated. "It's your own affair if you'd rather not."

He waited for a moment, but I did nothing.

"Very well," he said; "but I must ask you not to sulk in front of Gerry. That isn't playing the game."

The door clicked and he was gone. I suppose I owe it to his departure that I didn't swing round and give away the whole show. It gave me a minute to think and I saw what a measly trick it would be to croak just because the load was heavier than I'd bargained for. Besides, I always had wanted to do something for Gerry, and I'd got my wish. It's rather queer, but there's a kind of satisfaction in taking gruel for a thing you haven't done. You can be so jolly sorry for yourself, and somehow that kind of sets you up. 'T any rate I

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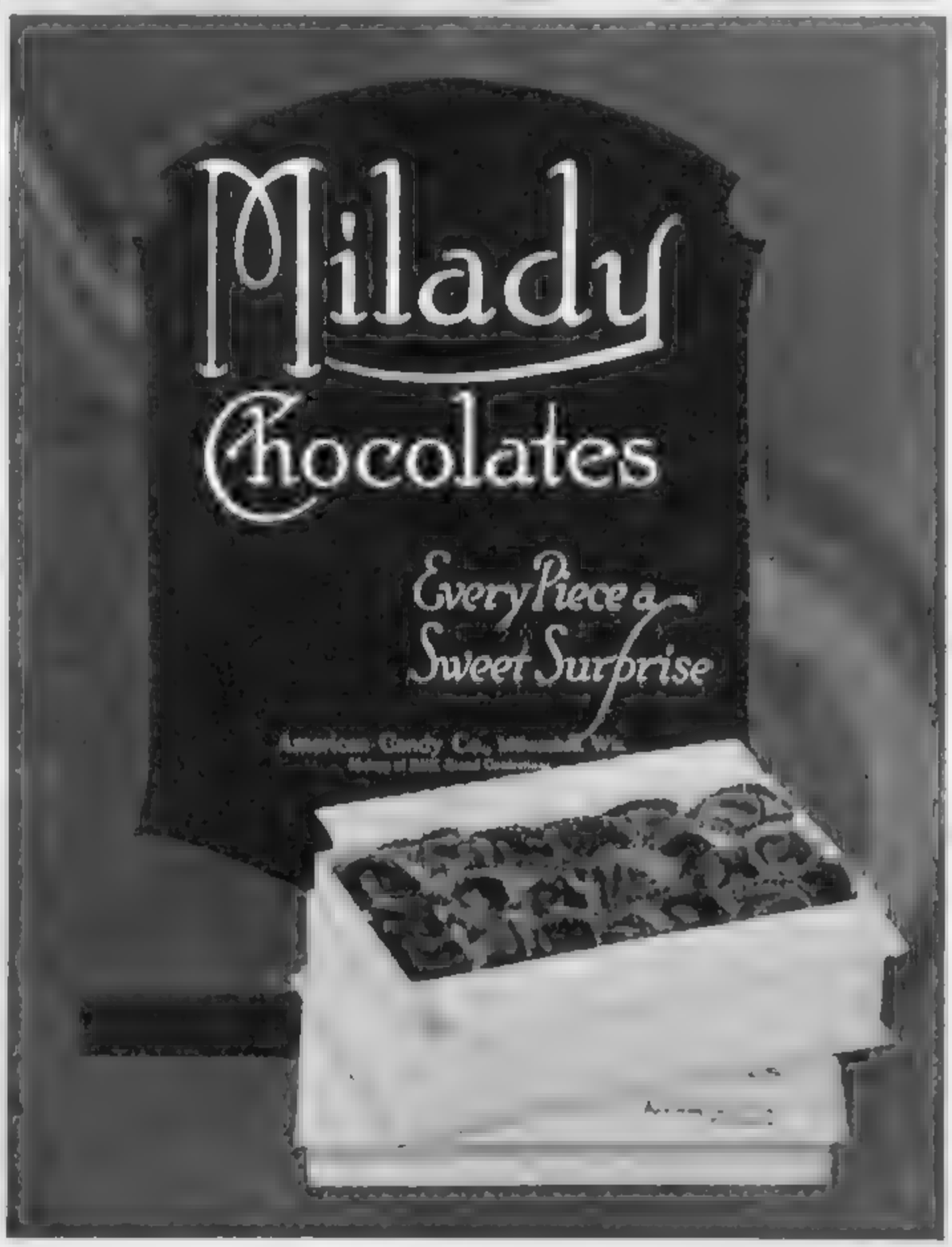

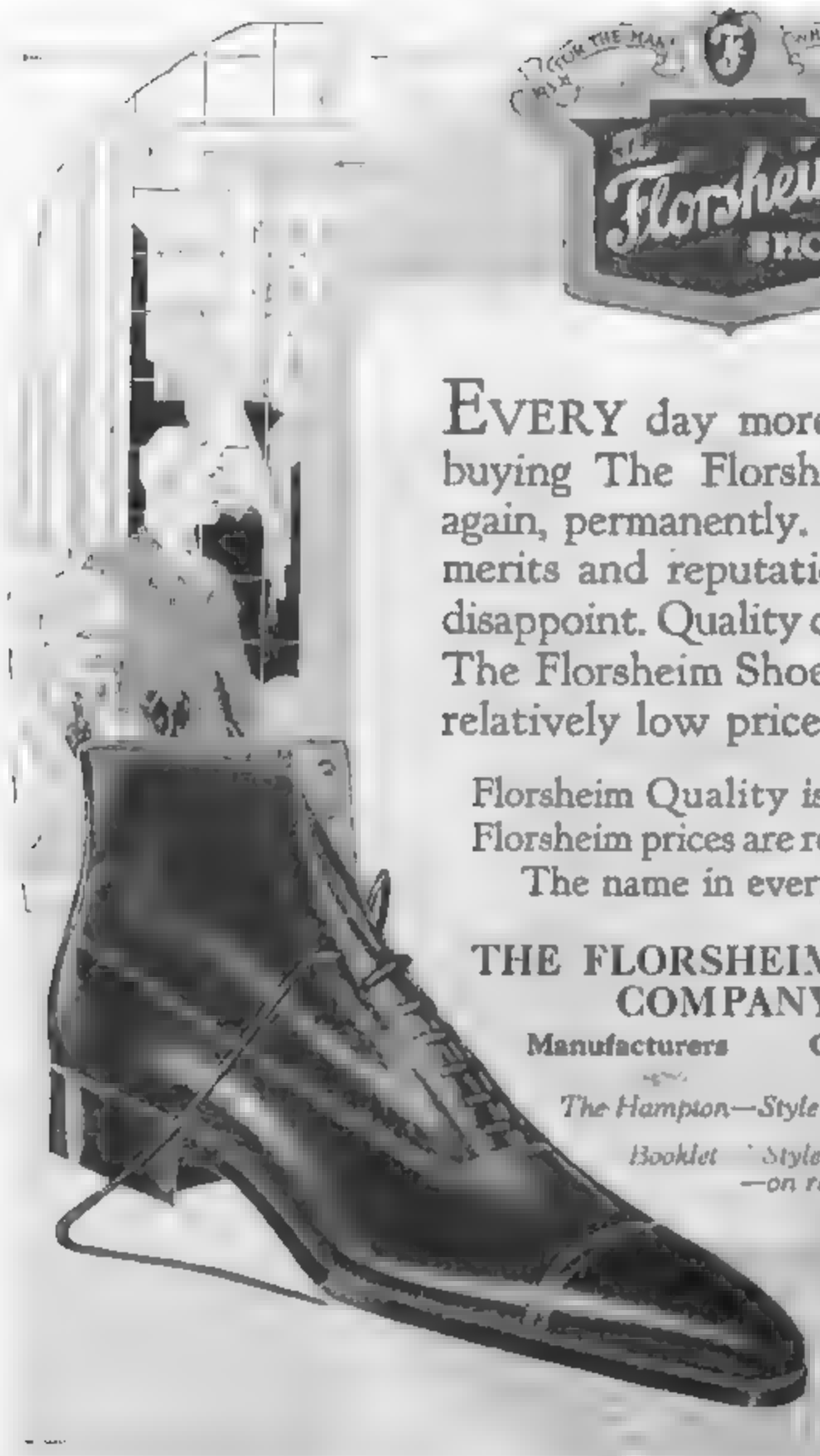

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came to dinner that night determined to make the best of it, and though I dare say it wasn't much of a show, I'm glad I made the effort. Once I saw the guv'nor looking at me approvingly, and that helped no end. While we were at dessert the maid entered with a note on a salver.

"A messenger brought it by hand," she said.

The guv'nor opened it in a mechanical sort of way and glanced at the contents.

"There's no answer," he said, and Nellie went out.

He seemed to puzzle for a moment, then he glanced queerly at me.

"I've made a mistake," he said. "This is intended for you."

I hadn't the smallest idea what it was, and held out my hand. As he passed the letter over I caught sight of an ace of spades in the top right-hand corner. Gerry must have seen it, too, for the glimpse I had of her face showed it to be quite white. I suppose I turned a pretty deep crimson. I know my cheeks felt on fire.

"Yes, it's for me," I stammered.

Then the gov'nor spoke one word very softly, and it cut across me like a whip:

"Liar."

I sprang to my feet. "That's not true! I ——"

"Every word was a lie! Get out of the room. I'll talk to you later."

For a second I faced him, then I saw how hopeless it all was, and turned to obey. As I touched the door handle Gerry spoke.

"I want to see that letter," she said.

"Let him go," said my father. "I'd rather you knew nothing of this."

"I want to see that letter," she repeated.

"You were told to go, Dennis. Is it your wish she should see the letter?"

"N-no," I stammered, and pulled open the door.

"Dennis, come back!"

"Oh, Gerry, shut up!" I cried. "Don't be such a fool!"

"I want—I'm going to see that letter!"

"Why?" he demanded. "What interest can it have for you?"

"I want it because I believe it is mine."

"It isn't yours—it isn't!" I returned.

"Then it has nothing to do with a debt for seventy pounds?" she asked.

For a second my father stared at her, bewildered, then he turned to me with what seemed the only explanation.

"So you tried to get the money from her first, eh?"

It was the only chance, and I took it.

"Yes," I said. "It's no good, Gerry; I had to pay up, so I went to the guv'nor and asked him for it."

"For what?"

"The seventy pounds. For heaven's sake don't ask any more about it! It's my pigeon, let's leave it at that." And I tried to signal her to be quiet.

Gerry looked at me very hard, then at the guv'nor.

"Ralph," she said, "I don't understand. That debt was mine. A gambling debt. I lost at roulette. Dennis has nothing to do with it—nothing at all."

"Yours?"

"Yes."

"Wait a minute," he said. "Let me understand this." Then he turned away and put his elbows on the mantelpiece.

"Oh, Ralph, I didn't mean any harm! You were hard up and I thought it would be so splendid to make some money—to pay for the flat and the housekeeping, so if things went really wrong I should have helped. Of course I lost, and I was miserable to have been such a fool. I didn't know you would feel like this about it."

"I shouldn't have cared if you'd lost a thousand," he answered, "but to let my boy be the scapegoat is more than I can swallow with comfort. Dennis, old chap, I'm sorry. Yours, at least, was a fine effort."

"No, it wasn't!" I cried. "It jolly well wasn't. I just butted in where I'd no right. She never asked me—never told me. I saw she was fretting about something, so I broke open her table drawer and found out. I thought it 'ud be easy to make you pay. I've messed up everything."

And suddenly I felt a warm soft arm go round my neck and a warm wet cheek touch mine.

"Oh, Dennis, Dennis, you perfect sweet!" trembled a voice in my ear. "You did all that for me!"

"Oh, rot—rats!" said I.

Then the guv'nor turned round and looked at us, and all the worry had gone out of his face.

"You queer kids," he said, "hanging to one another as if the bottom had fallen out of the universe. And, Lord knows, it hasn't. No, don't let go—but it comes over me very forcibly that if three isn't too many I'd like to join in."

Later on he said: "By the way, I ordered that bike this afternoon. It was weak of me, but I did it. A kind of offering to the gods, it was."

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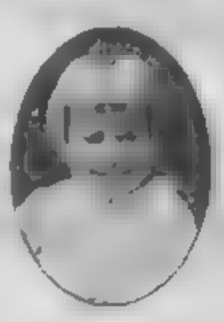

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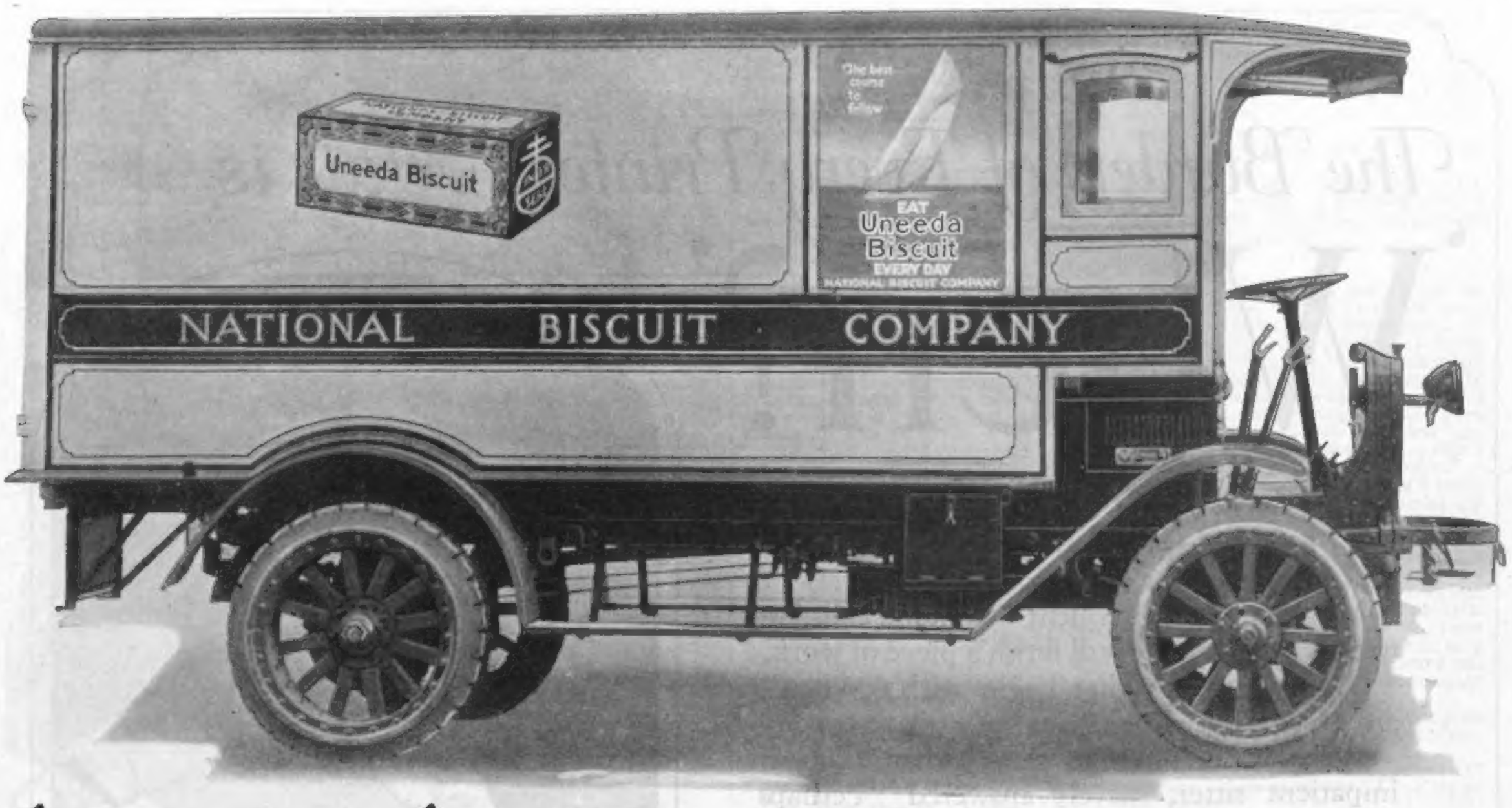

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